

22

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

DOXOLOGIES.

1.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts ;
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory ;
Glory be to thee, O Lord, most high !

2.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts ; heaven
and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.
Glory be to thee, O Lord, most high !

3.

To thine annointed Son,
Our songs, O God, we raise ;
To thee, O Father, God of love,
We'll render endless praise.
Halleluiah, praise the Lord !
Sing praises to his holy name. Amen.

4.

Lord, bless us still, O bless us still ;
Lord, hear our prayers, O hear our prayers ;
Accept our praise. Halleluiah,
Praised be thy holy name. Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

5.

Hosanna, blessed is he that came in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to our king.

6.

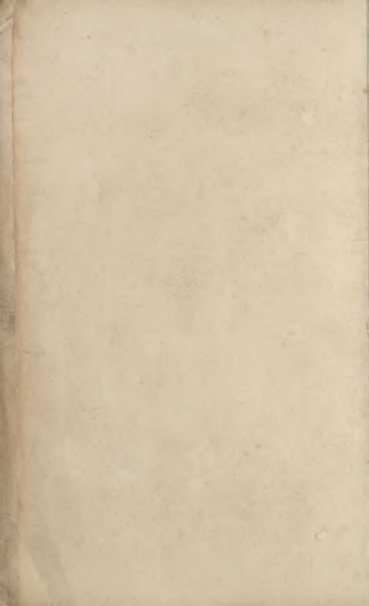
Lord, let mercy now attend us
As we leave thy holy place,
And from evil still defend us
As we run our heavenward race,
Halleluiah,
Till in bliss we see thy face.

7.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Lord, improve us when confessing
All thy love and all thy grace.
Halleluiah, Amen;
O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace.

8.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting; and let all the people say Amen, praise ye the Lord. Amen.



A
COLLECTION
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HYMNS.

1.

Psalm C.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone !
He can create, and He destroy.

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

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

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

5 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 !

2.

Genesis xxviii. 20—22.

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

2 Our fervent pray'rs 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 wand'ring footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
 Till all our wand'rings cease,
 And at our Father's lov'd abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.

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

3.

Submission under afflictions. Job i. 21.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And enter'd life at first ;
 Naked we to the earth return,
 And mix with kindred dust.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
 Belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;

The favours lent us for an hour
Are soon to be restor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

4.

Job iii. 17—20.

HOW still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease;
Their passions rage no more:
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rests the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;

And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All, levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their final doom.

6 O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled ;
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With blessings on our head !

5.

Job v. 6—12.

THOU' trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground ;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
In man's estate are found.

2 As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doom'd to endless cares and toils
Through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cause,
From him I seek relief ;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
Unbosom all my grief.

4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
Unsearchable his ways ;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.

6.

Job ix. 2—10.

- H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
 Be pure before their God ?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he should mark my words and thoughts
 With strict inquiring eyes,
 Could I for one of thousand faults
 The least excuse devise ?
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
 Who dares with him contend ?
 Or who that tries the unequal strife
 Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
 The hills their seats forsake ;
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 And all her pillars shake.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise ;
 Th' obedient sun forbears :
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
 And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea,
 Flies on the stormy wind ;
 None can explore his wondrous way,
 Or his dark footsteps find.

7.

Job xiv. 1—15.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man of woman born !

- Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."
- 2 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.
- 3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peace and rest !
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the bless'd.
- 4 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

8.

On the death of a believer.

- I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say, ' They're gone !'
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in her flight :
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely bless'd ;

- Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear ;
And, Lord, do thou the pray'rs fulfil,
They offer'd for us here.
- 7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day ;
But thou can'st ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.
- 8 We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went—
May double portions of thy grace
'To us who stay be sent !

9.

Grace.

- G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man :
Grace, from its dawn to perfect day,
Reveal'd the glorious plan.
- 3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;

Shall lay in heav'n the topmost stone,
And grace shall have the praise.

- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine !

10.

Christ's ascension. Psal. xxiv. 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high :
Captivity was captive led,
When he ascended to the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
“ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene :
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the King of glory, who ?”
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
“ Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 6 “ Who is the King of glory, who ?”
The Lord of boundless pow'r possess'd :

The King of saints and angels too ;
 God over all, for ever bless'd.

11.

Panting after God. Psal. lxxiii.

- L**ORD, thou art holy, just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God :
 And I am thine by sacred ties ;
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 2 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look ;
 As travellers, in thirsty lands,
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 3 With holy joy I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 4 My life itself, without thy love,
 No taste of pleasure can afford :
 'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 5 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
 When busy cares afflict my head,
 One thought of thee gives new delight,
 And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

12.

On the death of a young person.

† **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r—"I too must die"—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast!

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us prize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey!
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'ful arm can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing healing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's important hour.

13.

The house and feast of Wisdom. Prov. ix. 1—6.

† **S**EE the fair structure Wisdom rears,
Her messengers attend;

And charm'd by her persuasive voice,
To her your footsteps bend.

2 "Hear me, ye simple ones, (she cries)

"That lur'd by folly stray,

"And heedless meet eternal death

"In her detested way.

3 "Enter my hospitable gate,

"And all my banquet share ;

"For heav'nly wine surrounds my board,

And angels' food is there.

4 "Freely of every dainty taste ;

"Taste, and for ever life ;

"And mingle with your joys the hopes

"Of all that God can give."

14.

Isaiah ii. 2—5.

BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord

In latter days shall rise,

On mountain tops above the hills,

And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,

All tribes and tongues shall flow ;

Up to the hill of God, they'll say,

And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Sion hill

Shall lighten ev'ry land ;

The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs

Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge ;

His judgments truth shall guide :

His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore :
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine ;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

15.

Isaiah ix. 2—7.

THE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

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

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

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

- 5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
 For evermore ador'd,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.
- 6 His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know:
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

16.

The safety and protection of the church.

- H**OW honourable is the place,
 Where we adoring stand!
 Sion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell;
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling;
 Enter, ye just, that keep the truth
 And statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace;
 You that have known JEHOVAH'S name,
 And trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
 And banish all your fears;
 Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells,
 Eternal as his years.

- 6 What though the wicked dwell on high,
 His arm shall bring them low ;
 Low as the caverns of the grave
 Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
 In that triumphant hour ;
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor.

17.

Strength from Heaven. Isa. xl. 27—30.

- W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
 And where's our courage fled ?
 Have sin and Satan, restless foes,
 Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
 That form'd the earth and sea ?
 And can an all-creating arm
 Grow weary or decay ?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our JEHOVAH dwell ;
 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigour cease ;
 But we that wait upon the Lord,
 Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss,
 Unfainting till in heav'n arriv'd,
 Where perfect pleasure is.

18.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

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

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Things great and marvellous hath done,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their fancied strength,
Shall droop and wither, faint and die.

19.

Isaiah liii.

HOW few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring!
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal King!

- 2 The Saviour comes; no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh,
No earthly beauty shines in him,
To draw the carnal eye.
- 3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows,

- So, slighted by a rebel race,
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd by men,
Behold a man of woe !
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.
- 5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore ;
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
- 6 We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
An outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
Beneath his Father's rod.
- 7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain !
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our souls again.
- 8 We all, like sheep, have gone astray
In ruin's fatal road ;
On him were our transgressions laid,
He bore the mighty load.
- 9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he
In patient silence stood !
Mute as the peaceful harmless lamb
When brought to shed its blood.
- 10 Who can his generation tell ?
From prison see him led !
With impious show of law condemn'd,
And number'd with the dead.

- 11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay,
 The rich a grave supplied ;
 Unspotted was his blameless life,
 Unstain'd by sin he died.
- 12 Yet God shall raise his head on high,
 Though thus he brought him low ;
 His sacred off'ring, when complete,
 Shall terminate his woe.
- 13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then
 Shall prosper in his hand ;
 His shall a num'rous offspring be,
 And still his honours stand.
- 14 His soul rejoicing shall behold
 The purchase of his pain,
 And all the guilty whom he sav'd
 Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
 And baffle all his foes ;
 Though rank'd with sinners here he fell,
 A conqueror he rose.
- 16 He died to bear the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiv'n ;
 He lives to bless them, and defend,
 And plead their cause in heav'n.

20.

Isaiah liii.

WHIO hath our report believed ?
 Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own :
 Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,
 David's offspring sent to bless you,
 Comes too lowly to be known.

- 2 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
What is thy fond expectation?
Some fair spreading lofty tree?
Let not worldly pride confound thee:
'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
Mark the lowest—that is He!
- 3 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no waters kindly flowing,
No kind rains refresh the ground;
Drooping, dying, ye shall view him,
See no charms to draw you to him;
There no beauty will be found.
- 4 Lo! Messiah unrespected,
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected,
Wounds his form disfiguring:
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless he no law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the worst:
For, because the Lord would grieve him,
Ye who saw it did believe him
For his own offences curst.
- 6 But, while him our thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised,
Yea, for us the victim bled!
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
Purchas'd with the blood he shed.

- 7 Love amazing, so to mind us !
 Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
 Wand'ring sheep all gone astray :
 Lost, undone by our transgressions,
 Worse than stript of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay.
- 8 Death our portion, slaves in spirit,
 He redeem'd us by his merit,
 To a glorious liberty.
 Dearly first his goodness bought us,
 Truth and love then sweetly taught us ;
 Truth and love have made us free.
- 9 Glory be to Him who gave us—
 Freely gave his Son to save us !
 Glory to the Son who came !
 Honour, blessing, adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation,
 Be to God, and to the Lamb.

21.

The gospel invitation. Isa. lv. 2.

- H**O ! ye that thirst, approach the spring
 Where living waters flow,
 Free to that sacred fountain all
 Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight
 Will ye in crowds repair ?
 How long your strength and substance waste
 On trifles, light as air ?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies
 That health and pleasure give :
 Incline your ear, and come to me,
 The soul that hears shall live.

- 4 With you a cov'nant I will make
That ever shall endure ;
That hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.
- 5 Behold he comes ! your Leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd ;
A witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.
- 6 See ! nations hasten to his call
From ev'ry distant shore ;
Isles yet unknown shall bow to him,
And Isra'l's God adore.
- 7 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear
Is open to your call ;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
Before his footstool fall.

22.

The future peace and joy of the church. Isa. lx. 15—20.

- H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
O my people faint and few !
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Scenes of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways,
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign,
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

23.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

WHAT tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
 Though vines their fruit deny,
 The labour of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply :

- 2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see ;
 Tho' famine pines in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be :
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love,
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- 4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
 The swiftness of the roc,
 Till rais'd on high, I safely dwell
 Beyond the reach of woe.

- 5 God is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy ;
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

24.

Matt. vi. 9—13.

- F**ATHER of all ! we bow to thee
 Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
 But present still through all thy works,
 The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
 By all beneath the skies ;
 And may thy kingdom still advance,
 Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
 With hearts resign'd to thee ;
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,
 On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
 The hand that feeds us still ;
 Give us our bread, and teach to rest
 Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess,
 O may they be forgiv'n !
 As we to others mercy show,
 We mercy beg from Heav'n.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct,
 From evil guard our way ;
 And in temptation's fatal path
 Permit us not to stray.

- 7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
 All glory's due to thee :
 Thine from eternity they were,
 And thine shall ever be.

25.

Luke ii. 8—14.

- W**HILE humble shepherds watch'd their
 In Bethleh'm's plains by night, [flocks
 An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
 And fill'd their plains with light.
- 2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
 And this shall be the sign.
- 4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 To human view display'd,
 All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
 And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph,—and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 All glory be to God on high
 And to the earth be peace ;
 Good will is shewn by Heav'n to men,
 And never more shall cease.

26.

The Redeemer's message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- H**ARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisn'ers to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest shades of night
 To clear the inward sight,
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace !
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

27.

Will ye also go away ? John vi. 67—69.

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

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 " Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me ;
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the Christ of God,
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
 Could never reach my case ;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart :
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd
 If I will also go ?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No.

28.

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust,

- If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His children from his breast ;
He, in the greatness of his love,
Shall give them endless rest.

29.

Christ's sheep the joint care of him and his Father.

John x. 29, 30.

- I**N one harmonious cheerful song,
Let all the saints combine ;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave ;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 In Christ th' almighty Father dwells,
And Christ and he are one ;
The rebel power which Christ assails,
Attacks th' eternal throne.
- 4 That hand which heav'n and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his chosen well.

- 5 Now let the hostile lion roar,
 How vain his threats appear !
 When he can match JEHOVAH'S pow'r,
 Then I'll begin to fear.

30.

John xix. 30.

- B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
 A spectacle of woe ;
 See from his agonizing wounds
 The blood incessant flow.
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
 And trembling lips were spread ;
 Till light forsook his closing eyes,
 And life his drooping head.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice ;
 These sacred accents o'er,
 He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
 And suffer'd pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies
 For sins, but not his own ;
 The great redemption is complete,
 And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past ;
 His blood, his pain, and toils,
 Have fully vanquished our foes,
 And crown'd him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—legal worship ends,
 And gospel ages run ;
 All old things now are pass'd away,
 And a new world begun.

31.

Romans iii. 19—22.

- V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
 Upon their works have built ;
 Their hearts by nature are unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
 Without one vaunting word,
 And humbled low confess their guilt
 Before heav'n's righteous Lord.
- 3 No hope can on the law be built
 Of justifying grace ;
 The law that shews the sinner's guilt
 Condemns him to his face.
- 4 Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace !
 When in thy name we trust ;
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

32.

Death to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2. 6.

- S**HALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds,
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !
 Nor let it e'er be said,
 That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
 Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,

Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

33.

Love constraining to obedience.

HOW long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress !
I toil'd the precepts to obey,
But toil'd without success.

2 Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do ;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

3 Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

4 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow ?
What shall I render to the Lord ?
Is my inquiry now.

5 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

34.

The different success of the gospel.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme,
The doctrine which we speak
Is scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
 With joy receive the word ;
 They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
 Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
 Restores their fainting breath ;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

35.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

- H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ with his reviving light,
 To cheer our souls, arise.
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of Heav'n :
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways ;
 'Tis his th' infected heart to cure
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the hateful chain.

- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
 To bring us near to God,
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

36.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1. 5—8.

- T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal, and on high :
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Soon shall this earthly frame dissolv'd,
 To death and ruin fall :
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That makes thee meet for heav'n ;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 His Spirit here has giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith grounded on his word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 What faith rejoices to believe,
 We long and pant to see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

37.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

Eph. iii. 16—21.

- C**OME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls embrace
The depth, and height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length,
- 3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church through Christ his Son.

38.

Christian confidence.

WHEN firm we stand on Sion's hill,
And view our promis'd crown,
No pow'r on earth our hope can shake,
Nor hell can cast us down.

- 2 The lofty halls and stately tow'rs,
That lift their heads so high,
Shall all be levell'd in the dust;
Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heav'ns shalt melt away,
Built by JEHOVAH's hands;
But firmer than the heav'ns, the Rock
Of our salvation stands.

39.

1 Thess. iv. 13, to the end.

TAKE comfort, Christians! when your
In Jesus fall asleep, [friends
Their better being never ends,
Why then dejected weep?

- 2 Why inconsolable as those
To whom no hope is giv'n ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.
- 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend ;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake ;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.
- 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

40.

2 Tim. i. 12.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own his servant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

41.

2 Tim. iv. 6—8. 18.

MY race is run, my warfare's o'er,
The solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
Shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
Depending on his word.

3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade;

The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the sov'reign Lord decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But for all such as love, like me,
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
His grace shall me defend ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
Shall bring me in the end.

42.

Heb. iv. 14. to the end.

WHERE high the heav'nly 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 heav'n 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-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part ;

He sympathises with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

- 6 With freedom, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

43.

Heb. xii. 5—11.

- A**FFLICTIONS do not come alone,
A voice attends the rod :
By both he to his saints is known,
A Father and a God !
- 2 " Let not my children slight the stroke
For chastisement I send ;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.
- 3 The wicked I perhaps may leave
A while, and not reprove :
But all the children I receive,
I scourge, because I love.
- 4 If, therefore, you were left without
This needful discipline,
You might with cause admit a doubt
If you indeed were mine.
- 5 Shall earthly parents then expect
Their children to submit ?
And will not you, when I correct,
Be humbled at my feet ?
- 6 To please themselves, they oft chastise,
And put their sons to pain ;

But you are precious in my eyes,
And shall not smart in vain.

7 I see your hearts at present fill'd
With grief and deep distress ;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
The fruits of righteousness."

8 Break thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine ;
Let us perceive thee nigh :
And to each mourning child of thine
These gracious words apply.

44.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18—24.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spok :

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;

All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

45.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still :
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

46.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 3—5.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.
- 3 Though sin has doom'd our mortal flesh
 To mingle with the dust,
 Yet, as the Lord our Head arose,
 So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserv'd against that day ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
 Till the salvation come :
 We walk by faith as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

47.

Christ unseen, yet beloved. I Pet. i. 8.

- N**OT with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the Lord,
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face :
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow,
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heav'n begins below.

48.

1 *John* iii. 1—3.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On us, the sinful sons of men,
 To call us sons of God.

2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
 By this dark world unknown ;
 A world that knew not when he came,
 Ev'n God's beloved Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess,
 But higher we shall rise ;
 Though what we shall hereafter be
 Is hid from mortal eyes.

4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
 Shall bear his image bright :
 For all his glory, full disclos'd,
 Shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
 May trials well endure,
 And purge the soul from sense and sin,
 As Christ himself is pure.

49.

Persevering grace. Jude 24, 25.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,

Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

50.

Rev. i. 5—9.

TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God :

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !

3 Behold on flying clouds he comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 I am the First, and I the Last :
Time centres all in me ;

Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

51.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17. 20.

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

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

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!

Promis'd glory to inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home.
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

- 6 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne ;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own.
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

52.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6. 8, 9. 10. 12.

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

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odour sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
 And these the hymns they raise :
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free,

Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

53.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the
creation. Rev. v. 11—13.*

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 pow’r divine :
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

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

54.

Christ’s humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,

- When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name.
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of life that groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are *his* due,
Whom Pilate doom'd the cross to bear;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet for our sakes he suffer'd loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, *Amen*.

55.

Rev. vii. 13. to the end.

- H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,

- And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
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 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he leads his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

56.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

Rev. xxi. 1—4.

- L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes ;
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.
- 2 From heav'n the new Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord ;

See all things now at last renew'd,
And paradise restor'd.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing ;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode :
He dwells with men ; his people they,
And he his people's God.

5 His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye :
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

57.

Christ adored and served by angels.

BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps
To offer songs divine.

3 " Hail, Prince !" they cry, " for ever hail,
" Whose unexampled love

- “ Mov’d thee to quit these blissful realms,
 “ And royalties above !”
- 4 While from the sons of men on earth
 He suffer’d rude disdain,
 They laid their honours at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 5 Through all his travels here below
 They did his steps attend ;
 Oft gaz’d, and wonder’d where, at length,
 This wondrous scene would end.
- 6 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e’er broke before ;
 And rise in conqu’ring majesty,
 To stoop to death no more.
- 7 With chariots from above they bear
 Him to his heav’nly throne ;
 And with a shout, exulting cried,
 “ The glorious work is done !”

58.

Jesus unchangeable.

- T**HIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend :
 Whose love is as great as his pow’r,
 And knows neither measure nor end.
- 2 ’Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :
 We’ll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that’s to come.

59.

Prayer for the extension of the Gospel.

- O** LORD our God arise,
 The cause of truth maintain ;
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease ;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

60.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

- L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace ;
 But our loud song shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
 And send them to thy throne ;
 All glory to th' united Three,
 The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
 That form'd us by a word :
 'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame ;
 Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound ;
 Rocks, hills, and vales, return the voice
 In one eternal round.

61.

Grateful reflection.

HAIL sov'reign Love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul *an hiding-place*.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Secure without *an hiding-place*.

3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And loving darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek *an hiding-place*.

4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty grace, arrest that man!"
I felt the terrors of distress,
And found I had *no hiding-place*.

5 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is *no hiding-place*."

6 Ere long a gracious voice I heard,
And mercy's heav'nly form appear'd;
She led me on, with smiling face,
To Jesus, as *my hiding-place*.

7 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became *their hiding-place*.

- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast:
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see *my glorious hiding-place.*

62.

Christ the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

- T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No rich perfume, no bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullocks slain:
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When our Immanuel comes to be
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

63.

Redeeming love.

- C**OME, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's precious name.
- 2 The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!

- Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.
- 4 God's only Son (stupendous grace!)
Forsook his throne above,
And, swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 5 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.
- 7 On thee alone my hope relies:
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all!

64.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies—
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load;

He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of precious blood!

- 2 Here love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men :
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, though dead, revives again.
Now, rising, he forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies :
Celestial legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say, " Live for ever ! wondrous King,
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"
" And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

65.

The resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 55.

CHRI^ST, the Lord, is risen to-day !

- Now may we exulting say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns—and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.

- Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King :
" Where, O death, is now thy sting ?"
Once he died, our souls to save :
" Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we now receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n !
Praise to thee by both be giv'n !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection—thou.

66.

The resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

YES, the Redeemer rose ;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head :
In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground
And sink away.

- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands,
In full assembly meet,

To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To Jesu's tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
The joyful news to bear :
Hark, as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead—
 " He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell ;
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus who bled
 " Hath left the dead,
 " No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising Son of God !
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And kingdoms gain
 Beyond the skies.

67.

The resurrection of Christ.

BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force
To hold our Lord in vain ;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord !
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King !
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

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

68.

The same.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear ;
Let hope and joy succeed :

- The great good news with gladness hear,
The Lord is ris'n indeed !
- 2 The promise is fulfill'd,
 Salvation's work is done ;
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd,
 For God hath rais'd his Son.
- 3 He quits the dark abode,
 From all corruption free ;
 The holy, harmless Child of God
 Could no corruption see.
- 4 Angels, with saints above,
 The rising Victor sing ;
 And all the blissful seats of love
 With loud hosannas ring.
- 5 Ye pilgrims too below
 Your hearts and voices raise ;
 Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
 And ev'ry mouth sing praise.
- 6 My soul, thy Saviour laud,
 Who all thy sorrows bore :
 Who dy'd for sin, but lives to God,
 And lives to die no more.
- 7 His death procur'd thy peace ;
 His resurrection's thine :
 Believe, receive the full release,
 'Tis seal'd with blood divine.

69.

Praise to God for redemption.

CHRI**S**T is risen from the dead,
Hallelujah !

High ascended as our head,
Hallelujah!

Enter'd heaven with his blood,
Hallelujah!

Seated on the throne of God,
Hallelujah!

2 Now his work appears complete,—*Hal.*
For he reigns in glory great ;—*Hal.*
Angels sound his praise aloud,—*Hal.*
Praise him, all ye saints of God.—*Hal.*

3 God is pleas'd in Christ his Son—*Hal.*
For the work that he hath done,—*Hal.*
For the glory he hath giv'n—*Hal.*
To the Lord of earth and heav'n.—*Hal.*

4 Justice, now, has met with grace,—*Hal.*
Peace and right'ousness embrace ;—*Hal.*
Hope has lifted up her head :—*Hal.*
Christ is ris'n from the dead.—*Hal.*

70.

Another.

GLORY be to God on high,
Hallelujah!

Who hath brought the guilty nigh,
Hallelujah!

Through the true atoning blood
Hallelujah!

Of the precious Lamb of God.
Hallelujah!

2 Glory be to Christ on high,—*Hal.*
Who for sinners came to die,—*Hal.*

All JEHOVAH's wrath endur'd,—*Hal.*
Life to guilty men secur'd.—*Hal.*

3 Now the law's demands are paid,—*Hal.*
All its precepts Christ obey'd :—*Hal.*
Glory to redeeming grace—*Hal.*
Shines in our Immanuel's face.—*Hal.*

4 Glory to the sacred Three,—*Hal.*
Who are One, and all agree—*Hal.*
In their record of the Son,—*Hal.*
Shewing that the work is done.—*Hal.*

71.

It is finished ; or redemption completed.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
Rending rocks the words attesting,
Shaking earth and veiled sky :

“ It is finish'd ! ”

Was the Saviour's dying cry.

2 That which prophets long predicted,
That which legal sacrifice
Only shadow'd, not effected,
That which justice satisfies,
Now is finish'd !
So the dying Saviour cries.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
As his rising fully prov'd.

All is finish'd !

Here our hopes do rest unmov'd.

- 4 O the life, the peace, the pleasure,
Which these charming words afford ;
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
" It is finish'd !"
Let our joyful songs record.
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
All creation swell the chorus,
Dwell on this delightful theme ;
" It is finish'd !"
Glory to the worthy Lamb.

72.

The jubilee.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound :
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :

The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :

The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :

The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad :

The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

73.

The loving-kindness of the Lord. Psal. lxxiii. 3.

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

- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount, and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing with rapture and surprize,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

74.

Redeeming love.

- N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name:
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd the infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their boasted empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.
- 8 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

75.

The goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

YE humble souls approach your God
With songs of sacred praise ;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies :
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise ?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

76.

The wonders of redemption.

- A**ND did the Holy and the Just,
 The Sov'reign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high :
 Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
 To suffer, bleed, and die.

- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead :
 For man, (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood !
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free ; *
 And may I hope *that* love extends
 Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
 For favours so divine ?
 O take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it wholly thine.

77.

Salvation ascribed to Christ.

- S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs :
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

78.

Praise for the fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.

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

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Thou worthy Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 Ere 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 pow'r to save,
 When this poor lisp'ing stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !

7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but thine.

79.

Salvation.

SALVATION! what a glorious plan,
 How suited to our need!
 The grace that raises fallen man
 Is wonderful indeed!

- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
 To ransom us when lost:
 And love's unfathomable mine
 Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice, with approving look,
 The holy eov'nant seal'd;
 And truth and power undertook
 The whole should be fulfil'd.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love
 In all their glory shone,
 When Jesus left the courts above,
 And dy'd to save his own.
- 5 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love
 Are equally display'd,
 Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
 Our advocate and Head.
- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,
 Most hateful and abhor'd:
 And yet the sinner lives by faith,
 And dares approach the Lord.

80.

Praise for redeeming love.

LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
 Let us praise the Saviour's name;

He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame :
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies,
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptations
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqueror's crown :
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
 Join and point to mercy's store ;
 When through grace in Christ our trust is,
 Justice smiles and asks no more :
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Has secur'd our way to God.

5 Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthron'd on high ;
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky :
 " Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

6 Hark the name of Jesus sounded
 Loud from golden harps above !

Lord, we blush, and are confounded ;
 Faint our praises, cold our love !
 Wash our souls and songs with blood,
 For by thee we come to God.

81.

Praise for the incarnation.

- S**WEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Immanuel's name :
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high !"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil ?
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And can'st thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak ;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend !
 Ev'ry precious name in one,
 I will love thee without end.

82.

Jehovah-Jesus.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode,

- Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense:
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns JEHOVAH bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.
- 6 He kindly pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine:
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

83.

The name of Jesus.

- 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 treas'ry fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 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.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath :
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

84.

Grateful remembrance of Christ.

- R**EMEMBER thee ! remember Christ !
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by his grace ?
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
On heav'n's exalted throne,

- Forgets not those for whom on earth
He heav'd his dying groan.
- 3 The promis'd joy he then obtain'd,
When he ascended hence,
Up from the grave to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince.
- 4 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 5 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was giv'n;
For this he fought and vanquish'd death;
For this he pleads in heav'n!
- 6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

85.

Grateful recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me ever to adore thee;
May I still thy goodness prove;
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;

And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

86.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee !
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ?

And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

87.

Jesus precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. ii. 7.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;

Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;

Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;

The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;

And, undismay'd, into thy hands
Commit my soul in death.

88.

Christ the burden of the song.

THOU great Redeemer, bleeding Lamb !
We love to hear of thee ;

No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
 To us in mercy speak ;
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 The great Melchisedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing our Jesus' blessed name,
 When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all thy favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

89.

Christ crucified and glorified.

- H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, derided, injur'd King !
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on thee laid !
 For the glorious work anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made !
- 4 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood :
 Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God,

- 5 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide !
 All the heav'nly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
- 6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

90.

Christ's intercession typified by Aaron's breast-plate.
 Exod. xxviii. 29.

- N**OW let our cheerful hearts survey
 Our great High Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honours crown'd :
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
 Deep graven on his heart ;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
 Are moulder'd down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

91.

Gratitude the spring of true religion. Hos. xi. 4.

MY God, what gentle cords are thine !
 How soft, and yet how strong !
 While pow'r, and truth, and love combine,
 To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
 Of Satan and of sin ;
 Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
 Our worthless hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One off'ring takes away ;
 And grace, when first the war begins,
 Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
 In rich profusion flows,
 And glory of unnumber'd years
 Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move
 Till round thy throne we meet ;
 And captives in the chains of love
 Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet.

92.

The dying love of Christ constraining to thankful devotion. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow
 Adoring low before thy throne !
 Accept our humble cheerful vow—
 Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.

2 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing
 In concert with the choir above,

- The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.
- 3 Amazing love that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men deserving endless woe !
Amazing love ! did Jesus die ?
- 4 He died to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone ;
O let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run !
- 5 He died !—ye seraphs tune your songs,
Resound, resound the Saviour's name ;
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

93.

The power of the gospel.

- T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
In this JEHOVAH bids us trace
The strength of his almighty grace.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This heav'nly balm, whose sov'reign pow'r
Can guilty, ruin'd man restore.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live ;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloath'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb ;

While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

- 5 May but this grace my soul renew,
Tho' sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

94.

Praise the Redeemer.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He stoop'd to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

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

95.

Walking with God.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heav'n my journey's end in view ;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray ;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Tho' snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares :
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.
- 5 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free ;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.
- 7 I pity those who vainly talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end :
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my guide, my guard, my friend.

96.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,

Let me to thy mercy fly,

While the raging billows roll,

While the tempest still is high !

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life is past ;

Safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;

Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me

All my trust on thee is stay'd,

All my help from thee I bring ;

Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Lord, art all I want ;

All in all in thee I find :

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,

I am all unrighteousness ;

Vile and full of sin I am,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,

Grace to pardon all my sin ;

Let the healing streams abound,

Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let me take of thee ;

Let thy love within my heart
Dwell to all eternity!

97.

The meal and cruise of oil.

- B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustain'd;
Tho' small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, tho' in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour:
But for to-morrow they must live
Upon his word and pow'r.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess
On which they can depend:
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let no fears your minds assail,
Remember God has said,
"The cruise and barrel shall not fail,
"My people shall be fed."

98.

The fulness of Christ. John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

A FULNESS resides
In Jesus our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need.

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

2 Whate'er be our wants
We need not to fear,
Our num'rous complaints
His mercy will hear :
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies ;
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.

3 The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress,
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace :
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive ;
He has a redundance
For all that believe.

4 Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear ;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us through life :

And when we are fainting,
 And ready to die,
 Whatever is wanting,
 His hand will supply.

99.

The Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

- A**LL-HAIL the pow'r of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small !
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall ;
 Now joy with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

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

100.

Trust of the wicked and the righteous compared.

- A**S parched in the barren sands,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 The worthless bramble with'ring stands,
 And only grows to die :
- 2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
 Who makes the world his trust,
 And dares his confidence to place
 In vanity and dust.
- 3 A secret curse destroys his root,
 And dries his moisture up ;
 He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
 Then dies without a hope.
- 4 But happy he whose hopes depend
 Upon the Lord alone !
 The soul that trusts in such a friend,
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 5 Tho' gourds should wither, cisterns break,
 And creature-comforts die ;
 No change his solid hope can shake,
 Or stop his sure supply.
- 6 So thrives and blooms the tree, whose roots
 By constant streams are fed ;
 Array'd in green, and rich in fruits,
 It rears its branching head.

- 7 It thrives tho' rain should be deny'd,
 And drought around prevail ;
 'Tis planted by a river side,
 Whose waters cannot fail.

101.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

- O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption
 Freely purchas'd win the day.
- 4 By the beams of gospel-mercy,
 Let the path of life be shewn ;
 To the idol-serving nations
 Let thy holy name be known :
 For possession
 Give the heathen to thy Son.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease ;

May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

102.

Another.

GREAT Sun of Rightcousness arise,
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd, in sins forgiv'n ;
 Forgive our sins, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

103.

The increase of the church.

SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
 Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread,
 And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
 Own him their Saviour and their Head.

- 2 God's sons and daughters from afar,
 Daily at Sion's gates arrive ;
 Those who were dead in sin before,
 By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
 And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue !
 While angels celebrate his praise,
 And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below and all above ;

In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

104.

The excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these reviving lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heav'nly pages be
Through life my chief delight !
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near !
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

105.

The refuge, river, and rock of the church.

Isa. xxxii. 2.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains ;
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With an unerring skill:
 And countless worlds, extended wide,
 Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
 In yonder world above,
 His saints on earth admire his ways,
 And glory in his love.
- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
 Wrought out for guilty worms,
 Affords a hiding-place and shield
 From enemies and storms.
- 5 This land, through which his pilgrims go,
 Is desolate and dry;
 But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
 Their thirst to satisfy.
- 6 When troubles, like a burning sun,
 Beat heavy on their head,
 For shelter to this rock they run,
 And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious he! how happy they
 In such a glorious Friend!
 Whose love secures them all the way,
 And crowns them at the end.

106.

Resignation.

SOON will the toilsome strife be o'er
 Of sorrow and of care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.

- 2 Courage, my soul! on God rely,
 Deliv'rance soon will come;
 A thousand ways JEHOVAH has
 To bring believers home.
- 3 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free,
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Appointed were for me.
- 4 But thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my weary head
 On Christ, "the corner-stone."
- 5 So comforted, and so sustain'd,
 With dark events I strove,
 And found them, as I walk'd by faith,
 All messengers of love.
- 6 With silent and submissive awe,
 Adore a chast'ning God,
 Revere his judgments, trust his word,
 And humbly kiss the rod.

107.

Love to Christ.

- 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 wounded, heal'd thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward 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 weak and faint:
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

108.

Precious promises.

- H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding with wealth:
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As days may demand, so thy succour
shall be."
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:

- I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I cause thee
 to go,
 The rivers of trouble thee shall not o'erflow !
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy journey shall
 lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Ev'n down to old age, all my people shall
 prove
 My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples
 adorn,
 My children shall still in my bosom be borne.

109.

How shall I put thee among the children ? Jer. iii. 19.

- A**LAS ! by nature how deprav'd,
 How prone to ev'ry ill !
 Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
 How obstinate our will !
- 2 And can such sinners be restor'd ?
 Such rebels reconcil'd ?
 Can grace itself the means afford
 To make a foe a child ?
- 3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
 Which shall effectual prove,

- To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.
- 4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And dies that we may live ;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, " Forgive !"
- 5 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God,
Or we shall slight the Lord who dy'd,
And trample on his blood :
- 6 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth ;
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.
- 7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd, and sav'd by grace,
Rebels, in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

110.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
In such a lifeless state ?

- Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great !
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

111.

Invitation to rest.

- COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 LORD, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come, believing we rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Blest Saviour ! let thy pow'ful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

112.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 How shall I stand the trying day?
 He has engag'd, by firm decree,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
 For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
 That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
 Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
 Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

113.

Grace reigning to the chief of sinners.

WHEN I my wicked heart survey,
 And course of life from day to day;

- There's nought to meet my wretched view
But sin, and death, its proper due.
- 2 But honour, praise, and glory rise
To Him who reigns above the skies !
To pardon guilt of deepest stains
Unbounded mercy ever reigns !
- 3 JEHOVAH'S Fellow—wondrous grace !
Appear'd and suffer'd in our place ;
His blood upon the cross was shed,
And he was number'd with the dead !
- 4 His chosen he redeem'd from death,
When he for them resign'd his breath,
Bearing the curse, the wrath divine,
That mercy might for ever shine !
- 5 See from the dead the First-born come !
The Lord of life hath burst the tomb !
To all the world, from this blest hour,
Declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.
- 6 This is enough—'tis all we need ;
The Lord of life is ris'n indeed :
The vilest wretch that breathes the air
Has now no reason to despair.
- 7 O may our joy and boasting be
In him who died upon the tree !
Still may the work He finish'd there
Preserve from doubt and dark despair.

114.

Buried and risen with Christ.

ATTEND, ye children of our God,
Ye heirs of glory hear ;

- For accents so divine as these
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptiz'd into our Saviour's death,
 Our souls to sin must die;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair;
 Yet owns himself a brother still,
 And our forerunner there.
- 4 We from these earthly trifles rise,
 Impell'd by faith and love;
 Above, our choicest treasure lies,
 And be our hearts above.

115.

Love to Christ.

- L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all conceal'd;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;

His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my wand'ring heart.

- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes ! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

116.

Description of Sion.

SION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place ;
The Saviour, there, has his abode,
And sinners see his face.

- 2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove ;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die ;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.
- 4 O Lord, regard thy people's pray'r,
Thy promise now fulfil :
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Sion's hill.

117.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. xxxii. 26.

- L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy ;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once, a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need ;
This emboldens me to plead :
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last.
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

118.

The great Shepherd.

- T**HE Lord my shepherd and my guide
 Will all my wants supply ;
 In safety I shall still abide
 Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
 He leads the wand'rer home ;
 And shows my erring feet the way,
 Where dangers cannot come.
- 3 Though hast'ning to the silent tomb,
 And death's dark shades appear,
 Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
 And banish ev'ry fear.
- 4 No evil can my soul dismay
 While I am near my God :
 The strength and comfort of my way
 His staff and guiding rod.
- 5 Thy favours compass me around ;
 Thou giv'st me peace and food :
 By thee my fleeting life is crown'd
 With ev'ry needful good.
- 6 Thus let thy love, extended still
 Through all my future days,
 Keep me obedient to thy will,
 And fervent in thy praise.

119.

Man by nature, grace, and glory.

LORD, what is man ? extremes how wide
 In this mysterious nature join !

The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd,
The soul immortal and divine.

- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath ;
Till stain'd by sin it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, O amazing grace !
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood ?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be ?
With honour, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise :
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

120.

The death of Christ the only source of peace of mind.

WHEN to my sight the Lord shines forth
I'm fill'd with awe and fear ;
Thy justice with uplifted arm,
O'erwhelms me with despair.

- 2 Not former signs of grace can then
Relieve my troubled heart ;

- Ah ! past experiences of love
 Add torture to my smart !
- 3 Is there no room for mercy left ?
 Is grace for ever gone ?
 I'll mind the years of thy right hand,
 And wonders thou hast done :
- 4 When to be one with sons of men
 Immanuel did not scorn,
 And when from Jesse's humble house
 The holy Child was born.
- 5 I'll mind the greatness of that love
 Which glow'd within his breast,
 When all the wrath of God for sin
 His holy soul oppress'd :
- 6 When God's own well-beloved Son
 Went mourning to the grave,
 And died beneath the curse, that grace
 Might dying sinners save.
- 7 This sign of love my soul relieves :
 'Tis ease from all my pain ;
 I will not dread to see the Lord,
 For Christ the Lamb was slain !

121.

Running the Christian race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

- A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun :
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our trophies down.

122.

The Christian's happiness.

HAPPY indeed the Christian's state !
His sins are all forgiv'n !
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

- 2 Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh :
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod ;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

123.

Gospel privileges.

- O** HAPPY they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell !
 He feeds and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour,
 His throne of grace is near ;
 And, when they plead his love and pow'r,
 He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
 Who trusted in his name ;
 And we can witness, to his praise,
 His love is still the same.
- 4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
 And bade us seek his face ;
 Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
 And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines
 Before our wond'ring eyes ;
 We wish not then for golden mines,
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,
 And makes our burdens light ;
 A word from him dispels our fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine :
 But give us still to find thee near,
 And own us still for thine.

- 8 Let us enjoy, and highly prize
 These tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
 To worship thee above.

124.

The Christian's future rest.

WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day :
 Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way.

- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame
 Hear and obey his word :
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

125

The Lord will provide.

THOUGH troubles assail,
 And dangers affright,
 Though friends should all fail,
 And foes all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us,
 Whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures 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 deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written,
 The Lord will provide.

- 3 We may like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps
But cannot be lost :
Tho' Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold :
For tho' we are strangers,
We have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith :
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain ;
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions,
The Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own,
 Or goodness we claim ;
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 The Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This 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.

126.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. Neh. viii. 10.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil :

All we can boast, till Christ we know,
 Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known,
 There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
 Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A sense of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.

- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the Lord's,
 Resign to them that know him not
 Such joys as earth affords.

127.

Divine mercy.

- SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
 Deseends to rebels doom'd to die :
 'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound ;
 How grand, how gladsome is the sound !
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
 The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
 When God announc'd the early news,
 " The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
 When Christ the holy Child was born ;
 And in its fullest splendour shone,
 When Jesus dying, cried, " 'Tis done."
- 4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
 And broke the pow'r of all his foes ;
 And since he took his seat on high,
 Now mercy reigns eternally.

- 5 Till we shall join the happy throng,
 This mercy shall be still our song ;
 And ev'ry scheme shall God confound
 Of such as strive its course to bound !

128.

Grounds of rejoicing in Christ.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
 The Prince of life adore ;

O Sion, shout and sing,
 And triumph evermore :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our sins,
 He took his seat above :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow at his command,
 And fall beneath his feet :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

5 He all our foes shall quell,
 Shall death itself destroy,
 And all his people fill
 With pure celestial joy :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home.
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice !"

129.

Delight in the character of God.

PARENT of good ! thy works of might
 I trace with wonder and delight,
 In them thy glories shine :
 There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
 Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
 But what is wholly thine.

2 The riches of thy matchless grace,
 Display'd in the Redeemer's face,
 Still more attract my mind :
 Here wisdom, love and mercy meet,
 In all their dignity complete,
 With truth and justice join'd.

3 Thy glories here immensely rise,
 They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
 And heav'nly pleasure yield ;
 An ocean vast without a bound,
 Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
 And ev'ry want is fill'd.

- 4 Thy love is my unfailing store,
 Thy light in darkness I implore,
 To set my heart at rest :
 Were I depriv'd of all below,
 And thou thy gracious smile bestow,
 I should be richly blest.
- 5 This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
 And banish ev'ry painful fear
 That can my soul invade :
 Should earth and hell against me join,
 The beamings of thy love divine
 Would give me sov'reign aid.
- 6 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
 My God, through my remaining days,
 Or how thy name adore ?
 To thee I consecrate my breath ;
 May I be thine in life and death,
 And thine for evermore !

130.

Heavenly joy on earth.

- C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God,

But children of the heav'nly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
 Whose thunder rends the clouds,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the raging floods—

5 This awful God is our's,
 Our Father rich in love :
 He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
 To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin :
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

8 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching thro' this barren ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

131.

Christ the hope of his people.

IN all my troubles sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies ;
 My anchor hold is firm in him
 When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
 I trust a faithful God :

The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name ;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

132.

I will trust, and not be afraid.

- B**E GONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear :
By pray'r let me wrestle,
And he will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide :
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink :
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,

- Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death :
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?
He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up
That sinners might live !
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine :
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food :

Tho' painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long;
 And then, O! how pleasant
 The conqueror's song.

133.

Faith's review and expectation. 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

- A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
 That sav'd a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears reliev'd;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come,
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil
 A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who call'd me here below,
 Will be for ever mine.

134.

Faith in Christ.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers pray'r ;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh :
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest,
 By war without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 My fierce accuser I may face,
 And tell him, " Thou hast died."

5 Oh, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

135.

Confidence.

YES! since God himself has said it,
 On the promise I rely ;
 His good word demands my credit,
 What can unbelief reply ?
 He is strong, and *can* fulfil ;
 He is truth, and therefore *will*.

2 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me
 By his watchful tender care ;
 Sure 'tis he himself has taught me
 How to seek his face by pray'r :
 After so much mercy past,
 Will he give me up at last ?

3 In my Saviour's intercession
 Therefore I will still confide ;
 Lord, accept my free confession,
 I have sinn'd—but thou hast died :
 This all I have to plead,
 This is all the plea I need.

136.

The word, a system of knowledge and joy.

Psal cxix. 105.

HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration giv'n !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears :
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

137.

The light and glory of the word.

THE Spirit, by his holy word,
 Restores the blind to sight ;

- Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 By it JEHOVAH still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

138.

Encouragement to perseverance.

- B**EHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around ;
Men once like us by suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like their's inspir'd,
Pursue the Christian race,
And freed from each encumb'ring weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path !

Jesus, at once the Finisher,
And Author of our faith.

- 4 He, for the joy before him set,
So gen'rous was his love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame ;
And now he reigns above.
- 5 If he the scõrn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur or complain ?
- 6 No ; let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more ;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

139.

Death swallowed up in victory.

WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake ;
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake :

- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall uncorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold what holy prophets sung
Is now at length fulfil'd,
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And vanquish'd quit the field.
- 4 Let faith lift up her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing,

- “ O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?”
- 5 Thy sting was sin and conscious guilt,
“Twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
To pierce the sinner's heart.
- 6 But God, whose name be ever blest,
Disarms the foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living Head.
- 7 Then stedfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Still more and more abound.
- 8 Assur'd that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain:
But through the grace of Christ our Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

140.

Love to the brethren.

- B**LESS'D be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;

But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

141.

Christian love. Gal. iii. 28.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove :
Each to each, unite, endear ;
Come and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church a pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,

On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

142.

Love and unity.

HAIL, everlasting Prince of peace!

Hail, governor divine!

How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!

What gentle laws are thine!

2 Thy tender heart with love o'erflow'd,
Love spoke in ev'ry breath,
Vig'rous it reign'd through all thy life,
And triumph'd in thy death.

3 All these united charms how strong
Our stubborn hearts to move!
And this the proof of love to thee,
"That we each other love."

4 O be the sacred law fulfil'd
In ev'ry act and thought;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be all our hearts dilated wide
By our Redeemer's grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love,
His followers all embrace.

143.

Watchfulness and prayer.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,

What snares beset my way!

Of these, my soul, be still appris'd,

And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 The world, the devil, and the flesh,
 My feeble soul invade ;
 I find my own resistance vain,
 And ask my Saviour's aid.
- 3 Whene'er temptations would allure,
 Or fill with dread my heart,
 My God, to help in time of need,
 Thy pow'ful grace impart.
- 4 May fear of thee, and hate of sin,
 My watchful soul possess ;
 And lively faith and joyful hope
 My vigilance increase.
- 5 Help me to pray, and watch, and strive ;
 O bid the tempter flee !
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

144.

A prayer for humility.

- L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Cloth'd with mild humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child ;
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee ;
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in thy precious love.

- 4 O that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

145.

Meekness.

- Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond its own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone :
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

146.

The request.

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

- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 " From ev'ry murmur free :
 " The blessings of thy grace impart,
 " And make me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 " My life and death attend :
 " Thy presence through my journey shine,
 " And crown my journey's end."

147.

Patience.

O LORD, though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up ;
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

- 2 'Tis mix'd by thy unchanging love,
 And not a drop of wrath is there ;
 The saints, who now are bless'd above,
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will,
 And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

148.

The shortness and misery of life.

- O**UR days, alas ! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too :
 Evil and few the patriarch says,
 And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
 That Heav'n allows to men,
 And pains and sins run through the round
 Of three-score years and ten.
- 3 Lord, let thy grace prepare my soul
 And call me to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

149.

Confidence.

- S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
 I dare approach thy throne, O God ;
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears !
- 2 Th' incircling rainbow, peaceful sign !
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine ;
 And while by faith I see it near,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay ;
 With courage sing, with fervour pray :
 And though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree,
 Expir'd to set the vilest free :

On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

150.

An hymn for morning or evening.

WE praise thy great and blessed name,
For thy supporting hand:
Thou, Lord, art evermore the same,
And hence secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, rejoicing that the bed
Has not been made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To snatch our lives away.

5 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry breath we draw.

151.

Contentment. Phil. iv. 11.

FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

- 2 In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will,
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heav'nly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.
- 4 Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
"Then how canst thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd
With everlasting pain!
- 5 If thou of murm'ring would'st be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well;
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell.
- 7 In life my grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to thy day;
At death thou still shalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."
- 8 Thus I who once my wretched days
In vain repinings spent,
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

152.

Looking upwards in a storm.

- G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not that word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r ;
 But a pray'r-hearing, answering God,
 Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
 I have an advocate with thee :
 They whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not :
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

153.

Temptation.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;

- Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Controul the waves, say, "Peace be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though by the tempest's fury tost,
Let not my hope in him be lost;
Then neither winds nor stormy main,
Shall ever force me back again.

154.

Submission.

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,

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

4 Thy favour all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant :
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

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

155.

Welcome cross.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss :
Trials must, and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil ;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r ;

Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-away ?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

156.

Prayer answered by crosses.

- I** Ask'd the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;

Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cry'd;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

157.

Light shining out of darkness.

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

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

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

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

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

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

158.

Perseverance.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Tho' he is not perceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near ;
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you :
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

159.

Ebenezer—new year.

- LET hearts and tongues unite,
 And loud thanksgivings raise ;
 'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
 To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 To him we owe our breath,
 He took us from the womb,
 Which else had shut us up in death,
 And prov'd an early tomb.
- 3 When on the breast we hung,
 Our help was in the Lord ;
 'Twas he first taught our infant tongue
 To form the lisping word.
- 4 When in our blood we lay,
 He would not let us die,
 Because his love had fix'd a day
 To bring salvation nigh.
- 5 In childhood and in youth,
 His eye was on us still ;
 Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
 And prone to ev'ry ill.
- 6 And since his name we knew,
 How gracious has he been !
 What dangers has he led us through !
 What mercies have we seen !
- 7 Now through another year,
 Supported by his care,
 We raise our Ebenezer here,
 " The Lord has help'd thus far."

- 8 Our lot in future years
 Unable to foresee,
 He kindly, to prevent our fears,
 Says, "Leave it all to me."
- 9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
 Our cares upon thy breast!
 Help us to praise thee for the past,
 And trust thee for the rest.

160.

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him good.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

- I**T is the Lord, enthron'd in light,
 Whose claims are all divine;
 Who has an undisputed right
 To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
 Or contradict his will?
 Who cannot do but what is just,
 And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
 My wealth, my friends, my ease;
 And of his bounties may recal
 Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
 Beneath the heaviest load;
 From whom assistance I obtain
 To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
 Can from afflictions raise
 Matter, eternity to fill
 With ever-growing praise.

- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name,
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend,
 Should nature's self expire,
 And the great Judge of all descend
 In awful flames of fire.
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
 Be sullen or repine?
 No, gracious God, take what thou please,
 To thee I ALL resign.

161.

Sion's deliverance. Isa. lii. 7.

- O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo the sacred herald stands!
 Welcome news to Sion bearing,
 Sion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive!
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Sion still is well lov'd.
- 3 Lo thy sun is ris'n in glory!
 God himself appears thy friend:
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.

Great deliv'rance
 Sion's King vouchsafes to send.

- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past :
 For thy shame thou shalt have double ;
 Days of peace are come at last.
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

162.

The death and burial of a saint.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?

There the exalted Saviour lay,
 And cheer'd its dreary gloom.

- 3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed :

Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head ?

- 4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
 And shew'd our feet the way :

Up with the Lord to heav'n we'll fly
 On time's concluding day.

- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :

Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

163.

The Sabbath.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
 One glorious Sabbath more behold!
 Our Shepherd, let us meet with thee,
 Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.

- 2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
 And let thy presence fill the throng;
 Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
 And bid the feeble heart be strong.
- 3 Gather the lambs with thine own arm,
 And satisfy their ev'ry want,
 And those with young defend from harm,
 And gently lead them lest they faint.
- 4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay
 Thy wand'ring sheep, and bring them back;
 O bring the wand'ring home to-day,
 And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 5 Thou tender-hearted Shepherd look,
 And let our wants thy pity move;
 And kindly lead thy chosen flock
 To the rich pastures of thy love.

164.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

HOW vain are all things here below!
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Shine with deceitful light;

We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 O Saviour, let thy glories be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

165.

Believers worshipping.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord ;
Blest Saviour, on thy people smile,
According to thy faithful word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee ;
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet !
Let this the " gate of heaven " be.

3 " Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face !
O speak that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place !

4 Lord, thou hast cast a pleasant lot
For those whom thou hast call'd thine own ;

'Tis true the world esteems them not,
But thou wilt place them on thy throne.

166.

Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.

- A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 What though corruption's worm
Devour this mould'ring flesh,
Soon my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, our Redeemer, lives,
He knows his people's dust;
He'll raise it up a purer frame,
His promise is our trust.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We will adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.
- 5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

167.

Happiness approaching.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
 Ye mortal pow'rs decay :
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

168.

The end of the world.

- W**HY should this world delight us so ?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On this poor spot, where sorrows grow,
 And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time's relentless hand prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 A joy beyond his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
 The sun must end his race,
 The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before our Saviour's face.
- 4 Then shall that glorious morning rise,
 When the last trumpet's sound
 Shall call the righteous to the skies
 Who rest beneath the ground.

169.

Divine forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die!
 Publish the bliss the world around,
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
 'Tis full, effacing ev'ry crime:
 Unbounded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
 What grateful honours shall we show!
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
 Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 4 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With ev'ry heav'nly grace be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

170.

The example of Christ.

MY great Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such defence to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;

The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

171.

The example of Christ and the saints.

GIVE us by faith in Christ to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And 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 griefs, and fears.
- 3 We ask them whence their vict'ry 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 inspir'd their breast ;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his example giv'n,
While all the saints, whose race is run,
Shew the same path to heav'n.

172.

The church of Philadelphia.

THUS saith the Holy One and true,
 To his beloved faithful few,
 "Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys
 To shut, or open, as I please.

- 2 I know thy works, and I approve
 Tho' small thy strength, sincere thy love :
 Go on, my word and name to own,
 For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 Before thee see my mercy's door
 Stands open wide to shut no more ;
 Fear not temptation's fiery day,
 For I will be thy strength and stay.
- 4 Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
 The trying hour will soon be past ;
 Rejoice, for, lo ! I quickly come,
 To take thee to my heav'nly home.
- 5 A pillar there no more to move,
 Inscrib'd with all my names of love ;
 A monument of mighty grace,
 Thou shalt for ever have a place."
- 6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
 Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord !
 Let him that hath the ear of faith
 Attend to what the Spirit saith.

173.

Praising God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry 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.

174.

Acknowledging God.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

175.

Praise for the blessings of providence and grace.

Psal. cxxxix.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy peculiar care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace,
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
 For favours more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And death shall close mine eyes,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light
 In everlasting praise.

176.

The mercies of God.

- 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 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom these comforts flow'd.

- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Resume the glorious theme.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 8 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise :
 For, O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

177.

Praise for Divine goodness.

- L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose breath our souls inspir'd ;
 Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
 With grateful ardour fir'd.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose tender care sustains
 Our feeble frame, encompass'd round
 With death's unnumber'd pains.

- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 Whose goodness, passing thought,
 Loads ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 With benefits unsought.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 From whom salvation flows ;
 Who sent his Son our souls to save
 From everlasting woes.
- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
 For hope's transporting ray,
 That lights through darkest shades of death
 To realms of endless day.

178.

The blessed state of glorified saints.

- F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns !
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair !
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

- 5 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint, sick'ning ray ;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

179.

The grave ; or Christ a guide through death to glory.

- G**UIDE me, O thou great JEHOVAH !
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'ful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 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.

180.

The Christian dying.

THE hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice that calls me home :
 At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.

- 2 The race appointed I have run :
The combat's o'er—the prize is won !
And now my witness is on high ;
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust :
I bow before thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms !
- 6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

181.

Social worship.

- J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew :
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glory of thy saving name.

- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
 O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own !

182.

The day of judgment.

- D**AY of judgment ! day of wonders !
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee ;
 While rejoicing,
 Saints to Christ shall gather'd be.
- 4 Then to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,

He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 "See the kingdom I bestow :
 "You for ever
 "Shall my love and glory know."

- 5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise.
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze !

183.

The blessedness of gospel times. Isa. lii. 7.
 Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Sion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
 How good the tidings are !
 "Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
 "He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heav'nly light !
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

184.

The Son of God incarnate. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

THE lands that long in darkness lay
Have now beheld a heav'nly light ;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born ;
Behold th' expected Child appear :
What shall his name or titles be ?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.
- 3 He shall be call'd the mighty God,
Who shall be evermore ador'd ;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.
- 4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne ;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

185.

The Christian's voyage.

BELIEVERS now are toss'd about
 On life's tempestuous main ;
 But grace assures beyond a doubt,
 They shall their port attain.

- 2 They must, they shall appear one day,
 Before their Saviour's throne ;
 The storms they meet with by the way,
 But make his power known.
- 3 Their passage lies across the brink
 Of many a threat'ning wave ;
 The world expects to see them sink,
 But Jesus lives to save.
- 4 Lord, though we are but feeble worms,
 Yet since thy word is past,
 We'll venture through a thousand storms
 To see thy face at last.

186.

King of saints.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name
 And joy to make it known ;
 The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wond'ring nations round,
 How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite pow'r and boundless grace
 In him unite their rays :

- Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King;
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our song to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heav'n and earth shall raise,
With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise!

187.

Salvation by grace.

- L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.
- 4 Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And justify'd by grace,

We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

188.

Christ and Aaron. Heb. vii. and ix.

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

- 2 They first their own burnt-off rings brought
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race ;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own pow'ful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's holy hill ;

Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

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

189.

Christian sympathy.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All pow'ful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So JESUS look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies ;
And 'midst the glories he possess'd,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground ;
And shed his own most precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

190.

The true Aaron. Lev. viii. 7—9.

- SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
 Within the veil appear,
 In robes of mystic meaning drest,
 Presenting Isra'l's pray'r.
- 2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows
 His holiness describes ;
 His breast displays, in shining rows,
 The names of all the tribes.
- 3 With the atoning blood he stands
 Before the mercy-seat :
 And clouds of incense from his hands
 Arise with odour sweet.
- 4 Urim and Thummin near his heart,
 In rich engravings worn,
 The sacred light of truth impart,
 To teach and to adorn.
- 5 Through him the eye of faith descries
 A greater Priest than he ;
 Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
 For sinners lost like me.
- 6 He bears the names of all his saints
 Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
 Attentive to the state and wants
 Of all his love has sav'd
- 7 In him a holiness complete,
 Light and perfection shine ;
 And wisdom, grace, and glory meet—
 A Saviour all divine.

- 8 The blood, which as a priest he bears
 For sinners, is his own :
 The incense of his pray'rs and tears
 Perfume the holy throne.
- 9 In him my weary soul has rest,
 Though I am weak and vile ;
 I read my name upon his breast,
 And see the Father smile.

191.

Fortitude.

- A**RE we the soldiers of the cross,
 The followers of the Lamb ?
 And shall we fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Now must we fight, if we would reign ;
 Increase our courage, Lord :
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer tho' they're slain ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And shall with Jesus reign.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine ;
 One blissful song shall rend the skies :
 The glory, Lord, be thine !

192.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend ? 2 Sam. xvi. 17.

POOOR, weak and worthless, tho' I am,
 I have a rich Almighty Friend ;

- Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes control'd :
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :
Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me !
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns ;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask :
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Before the world that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame ;
Loath to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 8 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite ;
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

193.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring :
 For his grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin !
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face,
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer :
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Shew me what I have to do,
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

194.

The same.

- B**EHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shews a gracious face,
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkl'd round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can be withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and pow'r can bless ;
To those who ask he always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide :
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supply'd.
- 6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love ;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

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

195.

The refuge.

- T**HOU refuge of the weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise ;
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word affords a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?
- 4 No ; still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r ;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there !
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
 Here let my soul retreat :
 With humble trust attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

196.

Worthy the Lamb.

- G**LORY to God on high !
 Let earth and skies reply,
 Praise ye his name !

- His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord our God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name :
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won ;
Sing his great name alone,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless ;
 Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 4 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 5 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
 Praise his great name :
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity :
 Worthy the Lamb.

197.

Israel's journey.

- SAVIOUR, thro' the desert lead us ;
 Without thee we cannot go :
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us ;
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low.
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price thy love has bought us :
 (Saviour, what a love is thine !)
 Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us :
 (Pow'r and love in thee combine !)
 Lord of glory,
 Ever on thine Isra'l shine.
- 3 Thro' a desert waste and cheerless,
 Tho' our destin'd journey lie ;
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy.
 Nought shall move us
 While we see our Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt, (no track discov'ring,)
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us ;
 Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us ;
 Manna shall our camp surround :
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt lead us ;
 Streams shall from the rock abound.

Happy Israel !

What a Saviour thou hast found !

- 6 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay ;
 And thy people
 Led by thee shall win the day.
- 7 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band ;
 Be our guide, and our protector,
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand ;
 Shouts of vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

198.

The believer's safety. Psal. xci.

- I**NCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
 Thy name's mysterious pow'r,
 Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
 To feeble, helpless worms,
 A buckler and a refuge prove
 From enemies and storms.
- 3 In vain the fowler spreads his net
 To draw them from thy care ;
 Thy timely call instructs their feet
 To shun the artful snare.
- 4 When, like a baneful pestilence,
 Sin sweeps its thousands down,

On ev'ry side without defence,
 Thy grace secures thine own.

5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
 No arrow wounds by day:
 Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
 If found in duty's way.

6 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
 And bear them in their arms,
 Support their spirit when it faints,
 And guard their life from harms.

7 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
 To them that love his name,
 Ready to save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.

8 Crosses and changes are their lot
 Long as they sojourn here;
 But since their Saviour changes not,
 What have the saints to fear?

199.

What shall I render? Psal. cxvi. 12, 13.

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 dy'd with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
 For all he has bestow'd,

- I in my mouth his name will 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.

200.

Salvation by grace. 1 Tim. i. 15.

- T**HE Gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me :
Their various schemes let others choose ;
Saviour, I come to thee !
- 2 Of sinners sure I am the chief,
But grace is rich and free ;
This precious truth affords relief
To *sinners*, ev'n to *me*.
- 3 Of merit now let others speak,
But merit I have none ;
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 4 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
'Tis grace that holds me fast :
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
What God hath done for me ;

And celebrate redeeming grace
Throughout eternity.

201.

Vanity of life. Eccl. i. 2.

THE evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.

- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings, and flies away.
- 4 A fever or a blow can shake,
Our wisdom's boasted rule,
And of the brightest genius make
A madman or a fool.
- 5 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain :
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 How foolish those who seek no more
Than such a world can give !
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.
- 7 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die,

Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

202.

O Lord, I will praise thee. Isa. xii.

- I** WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away:
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my grateful song.
- 4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations send it round!
Sion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

203.

Sion, or the city of God. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, 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 drought remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage—
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings ;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, since of Sion'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 shew ;
 Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
 None but Sion's children know.

204.

The birth of Christ.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King !
 " Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 " God and sinners reconcil'd !"

- 2 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the heav'nly host proclaim,
 " Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Lowly lays his glory by ;
 Born for men, for men to die.
- 4 Hail ! thou glorious Prince of peace ;
 Hail ! thou Sun of Righteousness ;
 Ris'n with healing on thy wings,
 Light and life thy rising brings.

205.

The true light.

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

- 2 Darkness long involv'd us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound :
Then our darkness fled away,
Chas'd by truth's effulgent ray.
- 3 They are bless'd, and none beside,
They who in the truth abide ;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 4 Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode,
Till we see thee thron'd above,
As thou art, the God of love.

206.

Ephraim repenting. Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- M**Y God, till I receiv'd thy stroke,
How like a beast was I !
So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply.
- 2 With grief my just reproach I bear,
Shame fills me at the thought ;
How frequent my rebellions were !
What wickedness I wrought !
- 3 Thy merciful restraint I scorn'd,
And left the pleasant road :
Yet turn me, and I shall be turn'd,
Thou art the Lord my God.
- 4 Is Ephraim banish'd from my thoughts,
Or vile in my esteem ?
No, saith the Lord, with all his faults
I still remember him.

- 5 Is he a dear and pleasant child ?
 Yes, dear and pleasant still ;
 Though sin his foolish heart beguil'd,
 And he withstood my will.
- 6 My sharp rebuke hath laid him low,
 He seeks my face again !
 My pity kindles at his woe,
 He shall not seek in vain.

207.

The safety of Sion.

YE who love the cause of Sion,
 Though despis'd of men, and few ;
 On the word of God relying,
 Fear not all that men can do.
 What though all the world oppose,
 God is stronger than her foes.

- 2 Sion's foes may all assemble,
 But their counsel shall not stand :
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
 When the Lord shall raise his hand.
 Who to her would ruin bring,
 First must conquer Sion's King.
- 3 Now, ye people, walk around her,
 View her walls and count her tow'rs :
 See how God, her gracious Founder,
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs.
 Sion's children live secure,
 God has made her dwelling sure.
- 4 See her firm and deep foundation !
 Sion stands upon a rock :

God hath call'd her walls salvation,
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock.
 Strength and glory here unite,
 Sion is the Lord's delight.

208.

The Friend of sinners.

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 Jesus' kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ;
 Jesus died, that he might have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God.

This was boundless love indeed,
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;

Now above all glory raised,

He rejoices in the same.

Still he calls us brethren, friends,
 And to all our wants attends.

4 Give us 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 to our home we're brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

209.

They shall be mine, saith the Lord.

Mal. iii. 16—18.

WHEN sinners utter boasting words,
And glory in their shame,
The Lord, well pleas'd, an ear affords
To those who fear his name.

- 2 They often meet to seek his face,
And what they do or say
Is noted in his book of grace
Against another day.
- 3 For they by faith a day descry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, descending from the sky
His jewels will collect.
- 4 Unnotic'd now, because unknown,
A poor and suffering few ;
He comes to claim them for his own,
And bring them forth to view.
- 5 With transport then their Saviour's care
And favour they shall prove ;
As tender parents guard and spare
The children of their love.
- 6 Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest ;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.

210.

The love of Christ.

AWAKE our souls ! awake our tongues !
The subject is divine :

A Saviour's love demands our songs ;
Let all his people join.

2 This Saviour is the mighty God,
Who fills the throne above ;
Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
And thus declar'd his love.

3 Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought ;
But this at least we see,
The soul that feels its pow'r is taught
To part with all for thee.

4 And though thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise ;
Without this view we still had been
Engag'd in folly's ways.

5 But when we lay this flesh aside,
And gain the realms of light,
Obscuring clouds no more shall hide
Thy glory from our sight.

6 Then to the praise of love divine,
We'll tune our sounding lyres :
With heart and voice we'll sweetly join
The everlasting choirs.

211.

Desiring the spread of the gospel.

HARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee ;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners, rich and free :
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious ?
 Does his love your spirits cheer ?
 Do you find him kind and gracious,
 Still removing doubt and fear ?
 Think that what he is to you,
 Such he'll be to others too.
- 3 Were you once at awful distance,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ?
 Could no arm afford assistance,
 Nothing save but Jesus' blood ?
 Think how many still are found,
 Strangers to the joyful sound.
- 4 Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord ;
 'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word.
 Father, let thy kingdom come,
 Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.
- 5 Brethren, let us freely offer ;
 All we have is from above :
 Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer* ;
 What is this to Jesus' love ?
 Did he die our souls to save ?
 Then we're his, and all we have.

212.

An evening song.

DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise ;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around ;
 But O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for Him that died
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign
 To be renew'd by thee.

213.

Prayer for the spread of the gospel.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
 Are by creation thine ;
 And in thy works, by all beheld,
 Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
 Thy gospel to mankind,
 Unveiling what rich stores of grace
 Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
 The spacious earth around,
 Till every tribe, and every soul,
 Shall hear the joyful sound ?

- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heav'nly word,
 And vassals, long enslav'd, become
 The freed men of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd race,
 Sit down at our IMMANUEL's feet,
 And learn and feel his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love ;
 Soften the tyger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile thou on ev'ry effort, Lord,
 To spread the gospel's rays ;
 And build on sin's demolish'd throne
 A temple to thy praise.

214.

Liberality to the poor.

- J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall I count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine :
 What can my poverty bestow ?
 The universe is thine.
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace ;
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.

- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd ;
 And in their accents of distress,
 My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see ;
 O let us rather beg our bread,
 Than keep it back from thee !

215.

Praise out of the mouth of babes. Matt. xxi. 15, 16.

- W**HEN Jesus to the temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard ;
 The very children own'd his claim,
 And in his train appear'd.
- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
 For many tongues agreed ;
 Hosanna to the heav'nly King !
 To David's promis'd Seed !
- 3 When some would have rebuk'd their zeal,
 Thou, Lord, the thought did'st check :
 " If they were harden'd, stones would feel ;
 " If silent, stones would speak."
- 4 O let those scenes be now renew'd,
 Let children lisp thy praise !
 Thou art as powerful and good,
 As in the former days.
- 5 Work, Lord, on all our children's hearts,
 For this will loose their tongues ;
 The love which heav'nly truth imparts,
 Will animate their songs.

216.

The Christian's confidence. Rom. viii. 31—39.

- LET Christian faith and hope dispel
 The fears of guilt and woe :
 The Lord Almighty is our friend,
 And who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
 Gave up for us to die,
 Shall he not all things freely give
 That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
 Of everlasting love !
 Behold the pledge of peace below,
 And perfect bliss above !
- 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
 Since God has justified ?
 Who shall charge those with guilt or crime,
 For whom the Saviour dy'd ?
- 5 The Saviour dy'd, but rose again
 Triumphant from the grave ;
 And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
 Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Who then shall e'er divide us more
 From Jesus and his love ?
 Or break the sacred chain that binds
 The earth to heav'n above ?
- 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
 And days of darkness fall ;
 Through him all dangers we'll defy,
 And more than conquer all.

- 8 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
 Nor time's destroying sway,
 Can e'er efface us from his heart,
 Or make his love decay.
- 9 Each future period he will bless,
 As he has blest the past :
 He lov'd us from the first of time,
 He loves us to the last.

217.

Look unto me, and be ye saved. Isa. xlv. 22.

- A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses
 Heal'd the burning serpent's bite ;
 Jesus thus himself discloses
 'To the wounded sinner's sight :
 Hear his gracious invitation,
 " I have life and peace to give,
 I have wrought out full salvation ;
 Sinner, look to me and live.
- 2 Mercy now reject no longer,
 Mercy reigns to pardon guilt ;
 For my love than death is stronger,
 I my blood have freely spilt :
 Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,
 Look on me—it soft will grow ;
 Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
 And I'll wash you white as snow.
- 3 I have seen what you were doing,
 Tho' you little thought of me ;
 You were madly bent on ruin,
 But I said—It shall not be :

You had been for ever wretched,
 Had I not espous'd your part ;
 Now behold my arms outstretched
 To receive you to my heart.

- 4 Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
 All your inward passions move ;
 I could crush you with my thunder,
 But I speak to you in love :
 See ! your sins are all forgiven,
 I have paid the countless sum !
 Now my death has open'd heaven,
 Thither you shall shortly come."

218.

Sion comforted.

- O SION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort, whom no
 man can save :
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
 may'd, [cay'd.
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-
 2 Loud roaring, the billows would thee over-
 whelm,
 But skilful's the Pilot that sits at the helm ;
 His wisdom, his power, his faithfulness stand
 Engag'd to conduct thee in safety to land.
- 3 " O fearful, O faithless, (in mercy he cries,)
 " My promise, my truth, are they light in
 thine eyes ?
 " Still, still I am with thee, and faithful to
 keep, [to sleep.
 " Though seeming, amid the rough tempest,

- 3 Here, often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine ;
There, we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun will always shine.
- 4 Here, griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears distress us sore ;
But there, eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.

220.

The resurrection and the life. John xi. 25.

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

- 6 Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd
 From death to set us free ;
 And often since our life had fail'd,
 If not renew'd by thee.
- 7 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
 To thee for help we call :
 Our life and resurrection thou,
 Our hope, our joy, our all !

221.

Dismission.

- O**NCE more, before we part,
 We'll bless the Saviour's name ;
 Record his mercies ev'ry heart,
 Sing ev'ry tongue the same.
- 2 Let us hold fast his word,
 And feed thereon and grow ;
 Let's follow on to know the Lord,
 And live by what we know.

222.

Joy in believing. John xx. 20.

- G**LAD, when they saw the Lord !
 The sight their doubts remov'd :
 They saw a precious Friend restor'd,
 The Master whom they lov'd.
- 2 Glad, when they saw the Lord !
 We ne'er beheld the sight ;
 But, trusting in JEHOVAH's word,
 We share the blest delight.
- 3 Glad, when they saw the Lord !
 Let us proclaim our joy ;

Our hearts in unison accord,
And songs our lips employ.

4 Jesus, the risen Lord,
Triumphant o'er the grave,
Now reigns, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Omnipotent to save.

5 Jesus, exalted Lord,
Thy saints with thee are heirs :
Firm is the hope thy words afford ;
Thy life's the pledge of theirs.

223.

Praise for salvation.

HAIL, Son of God ! the op'ning grave
Proclaims thy pow'r divine :
Thou to the uttermost canst save ;
We know, for we are thine.

2 Thou the atoning work hast done,
The precious ransom paid ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
On thee our help is laid.

3 Salvation finish'd, up on high
The Conqueror ascends ;
He claims his mansions in the sky,
Prepares them for his friends.

4 Our eyes, O Lord, are fix'd on thee,
Us for our house prepare :
Then where thou art, there we shall be,
And all thy glory share.

224.

Delight in God.

O LORD, we would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
 Our best, our only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same :
 May we with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name !

3 Impart to us a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil ;
 To credit what our Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail.

4 He that has made our heav'n secure,
 Will here, all good provide :
 When Christ is rich, can we be poor ?
 What can we want beside ?

5 O Lord, we cast our care on thee,
 We triumph and adore :
 Henceforth our great concern shall be,
 To love and please thee more.

225.

Salvation drawing nearer. Rom. xiii. 11.

DARKNESS overspreads us here,
 But the night wears fast away ;
 Jacob's Star will soon appear,
 Leading on eternal day !

2 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
 Trim our lamps, and stand prepar'd,

For our Lord strict watch to keep,
Lest he find us off our guard.

3 Let his people courage take,
Bear with a submissive mind
All they suffer for his sake,
Rich amends they soon shall find.

4 He will wipe away their tears,
Near himself appoint their lot ;
All their sorrows, pains, and fears,
Quickly then shall be forgot.

5 Though already sav'd by grace
From the hour we first believ'd,
Yet, while sin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd.

6 Still we for salvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes !
Death will break the prison gate,
And admit us to our homes.

226.

The offices of Christ.

WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood ;
And lives to shew his constant love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King :
(How sweet are his commands !)

Who keeps our souls from hell and sin
In his almighty hands.

- 4 Hasanna to his glorious Name!
Wondrous are all his ways;
His mercy gives a rightful claim
To our unceasing praise.

227.

The friendship of Christ.

- A** FRIEND there is, (your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name;)
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near:
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains:
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.
- 5 And if our earthly comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all—
He is our portion still.

228.

God is love.

COME, ye that know a Saviour's name,
 And raise your thoughts above :
 Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
 To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word reveals,
 And all his mercies prove :
 Jesus, the best of gifts, appears,
 To show that God is love.

3 His patience, bearing much and long
 With those who from him rove,
 His kindness when he calls them home—
 Both mark that God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
 By pow'r from heav'n above ;
 And ev'ry step, from first to last,
 Declares that God is love.

5 O may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove ;
 Till nobler songs, in brighter worlds,
 Proclaim that God is love !

229.

The publication of the gospel.

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

2 The solemn jubilee proclaim ;
 Proclaim the great sabbatick day :

Assert the glories of thy name ;
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

- 3 Lord, shed thy light, make plain the way
 That leads to Sion's lofty tow'r :
 Pierc'd by thy beams, let night be day ;
 So shall we sing and praise thy pow'r.

230.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

THERE 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-with'ring flow'rs :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from 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 tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 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.

231.

Prayer for a blessing.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

4 And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

232.

Satisfaction and security.

YES, 'tis enough—I'm safe and blest,
 If God be truly mine :
 To others I can leave the rest,
 Nor at their stores repine.

2 I shall not live without my share
 Of all that's good below,
 Beneath his providential care
 I shall securely go.

3 Or should I suffer for his sake,
 He'll needful strength impart ;

- Peace to my troubled soul he'll speak,
And raise my sinking heart.
- 4 And when I pass the vale of death,
With darkness overspread,
He on my soul will vigour breathe,
And heav'nly comfort shed.
- 5 Soon as the cords of life untie,
Shall full release be giv'n ;
Kind angels will be waiting by
To bear my soul to heav'n :
- 6 To heav'n, where boundless glories shine,
And boundless pleasures flow ;
Where bliss consummate and divine
No period e'er shall know.

233.

Devotion springing from gratitude.

- M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by thy God.
- 2 Through ev'ry winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide ;
And in his long experienc'd care
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace, on Sion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
'Thy courts on earth I love ;

But Oh! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

- 5 Joining with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

234.

Christ's ascension and reign.

NOW raise a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high,
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's 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 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song:
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

235.

Man honoured above angels.

- N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,
 And emulate the angels' songs:
 Yea, sinners may address their King
 In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
 But we can add a higher strain;
 Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,"
 But that "He suffer'd all for us."
- 3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
 Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die:
 And still he makes it his abode;
 As man he fills the throne of God.
- 4 Our next of kin, our brother now,
 Is he to whom the angels bow:
 They join with us to praise his name,
 But we the nearest int'rest claim.
- 5 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
 Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
 That we who share his richest love,
 So cold and unconcern'd should prove.
- 6 Oh! glorious hour, it comes with speed,
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see His face, who died for man,
 And praise him more than angels can.

236.

Praise for grace and truth.

BE thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;

Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches ev'n above the sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When worlds dissolve and creatures die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

237.

There the weary are at rest.

COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the skies
For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest:
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd:
Each acts a too successful part
In harassing my mind.

4 But fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,

I shall a conqu'ror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

- 5 Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

238.

Divine worship.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
Thus, Lord, &c.

- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Thus, Lord, &c.

- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.
Thus, Lord, &c.

239.

The wisdom of God a reason for resignation.

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

- 2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws,
 His work performs, conceals the cause ;
 But, though his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees :
 And by his saints it stands confest,
 That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;
 And, 'midst the terrors of the rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

240.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

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

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from his sacred word :
 " Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
 And rest upon the Lord."
- 3 Our souls obey th' Almighty's call,
 And run to this relief ;

We now believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help our unbelief.

- 4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue :
Drive sin and Satan from their seat,
And still our souls renew.
- 5 Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
On thy kind arms we fall :
Thou art our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour and our all.

241.

The Lord's day—hosanna to the risen Saviour.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
The day he calls his own :
Let heav'n 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 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in great JEHOVAH'S name
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

242.

Lord's day morning.

- H**AIL! morning known among the blest;
 Morning of hope, and joy, and love!
 Of heav'nly peace and holy rest;
 Pledge of the endless rest above!
- 2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
 Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
 Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
 And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
 To chase the shades of night away,
 When Christ arose—unsetting Sun!—
 The dawn of joy's eternal day!
- 4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye,
 When our Immanuel left the dead:
 Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
 And Hope with gladness rais'd her head.
- 5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
 Who to his saints this day hath giv'n,
 For rest and holy joy design'd,
 To fit our longing souls for heav'n.
- 6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
 Thy fire to ev'ry bosom bring;
 Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
 And teach our lip's God's praise to sing.

243.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;

- Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thy gracious teaching makes us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and goodness work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering word awakes our joys ;
Thy word allays the storm within,
And saves us from the pow'r of sin.

244.

Restoring and preserving grace.

- W**ITH all our pow'rs of heart and tongue,
We'll praise our Maker in our song ;
Angels shall hear the notes we raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 We'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
We'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory shew.
- 3 To God we cried when troubles rose,
He heard us, and subdu'd our foes ;
He did our rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all our soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares we stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;

Thy words our fainting souls revive,
And still our faith is kept alive.

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

245.

The folly of self-dependence.

THE swift not always in the race
Shall seize the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labour of the wise.

- 2 Fond mortals but themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest ;
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 3 Evil and good before thee stand,
Thy missions to perform ;
The blessing comes at thy command,
At thy command the storm.
- 4 O Lord, in all our ways we'll own
Thy providential pow'r,
Intrusting to thy care alone
The lot of ev'ry hour.

246.

God's unchanging compassion.

YE heav'ns send forth your song of praise,
Earth, raise your voice below !
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow !

- 2 Behold, how gracious is our God !
 Hear the consoling strains
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 And mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
 In sad dismay to mourn,
 As if the Lord could leave his saints
 Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
 The infant whom she bore ?
 Or can its plaintive cries be heard,
 Nor move compassion more ?
- 5 She may forget ; nature may fail
 A parent's heart to move :
 But Sion on my heart shall dwell
 In everlasting love.
- 6 Full in my sight, upon my hands,
 I have engrav'd her name ;
 My hand shall build her ruin'd walls,
 And raise her broken frame.

247.

Praise to Christ.

- H**OSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
 Be endless blessings giv'n ;
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,
 Who made our peace with Heav'n.

248.

The way of access.

- ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
 Pierces all nature through :
 Not heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
 A shelter from thy view.
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
 At once before thee lies ;
 And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
 Is open to thine eyes.
- 3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,
 Thou seest my inward frame ;
 To thee I always stand reveal'd
 Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
 What in myself I see,
 How vile and black must I appear,
 Most holy God, to thee !
- 5 But since my Saviour stands between
 In garments dy'd in blood,
 'Tis he, the righteous One, is seen,
 When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, tho' a sinner, I am safe :
 He pleads before the throne
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wondrous love, what matchless grace,
 In this appointment shine !
 My breaches of the law are his,
 And his obedience mine.

249.

Divine mercies and judgments compared.

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
 What soft compassion reigns !
 What gentle accents of thy voice
 Assuage thy children's pains !

2 " When I correct my chosen sons,
 " A father's bowels move ;
 " One transient moment bounds my wrath,
 " But endless is my love."

3 By faith, amidst our griefs below,
 We view thy gracious face ;
 And hope, amidst our sighs, shall tune
 An anthem to thy grace.

4 Bring home at length my weary soul
 To join thy saints above ;
 For I would learn a song of praise
 As lasting as thy love.

250.

Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ; [heart,
 And let the joys of heav'n impart
 Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
 And discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;

- But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright !)
 Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire :
 'Till in thy blissful courts above,
 We join the angelic choir.

251.

Home in view.

- A**S when the weary trav'ler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
 He slights the space that lies between ;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

252.

Victory in the spiritual warfare.

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

- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me for the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise :
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

253.

John xiv. 1—7.

LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd ;
But trust in providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.

- 2 I to my Father's house return ;
 There num'rous mansions stand,
 And glory manifold abounds
 Through all the happy land.
- 3 I go your entrance to secure,
 And your abode prepare ;
 Regions unknown are safe to you,
 When I, your friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
 To take you home with me ;
 There we shall meet to part no more,
 And still together be.
- 5 I am the way, the truth, the life :
 No son of human race,
 But such as I conduct and guide,
 Shall see my Father's face.

254.

John xiv. 25—28.

- Y**OU now must hear my voice no more ;
 My Father calls me home :
 But soon from heav'n, the Holy Ghost,
 Your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heav'nly teacher sent from God,
 Shall your whole soul inspire,
 Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
 Your hearts with sacred fire.
- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
 My peace to you bequeath ;
 Peace that shall comfort you through life,
 And cheer your souls in death.

- 4 I give not as the world bestows,
 With promise false and vain :
 Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
 In which my words remain.

255.

Titus iii. 3—9.

- H**OW wretched was our former state,
 When slaves to Satan's sway,
 With hearts disorder'd and impure,
 O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
 Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 Vain and presumpt'ous is the trust
 Which in our works we place ;
 Salvation from a higher source
 Flows to the human race.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin :
 His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
 And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
 His sacred fire imparts,
 Refines our dross, and love divine
 Rekindles in our hearts.
- 6 Thence rais'd from death, we live anew,
 And justify'd by grace,
 We hope in glory to appear,
 And see our Father's face.

- 7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
 In holy deeds abound ;
 Thus faith approves itself sincere,
 By useful labours crown'd.

256.

The Spirit of love and comfort.

- COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Our longing breasts inspire
 With the pure flame of heav'nly love,
 And fan the sacred fire.
- 2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
 By sin and sorrow prest ;
 Life to the dead thou dost impart,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Let no false comfort lift us up
 'To confidence that's vain :
 Nor let our courage ever droop,
 For whom the Lamb was slain.
- 4 The Father sent his Son to die,
 The willing Son obey'd ;
 The Witness thou to testify
 The purchase Christ has made.

257.

God magnified.

- GOD of salvation, we adore
 Thy boundless love, thy saving pow'r,
 And with our utmost stretch of thought
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain ;
 The sword, by which our sins are slain :

And, while abas'd in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.

- 3 We'll pour contempt on all our pride,
Let God alone be magnify'd:
His glory let the heav'ns resound,
Sent forth from carth's remotest bound.

258.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
When faith shall be exchange'd for sight.

- 2 The want of sight faith now supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abram by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

259.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

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 heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

260.

Quietness under affliction.

PEACE ! 'tis the Lord JEHOVAH's hand
Removes our friends by death ;
Changes the visage once so dear,
When he recalls their breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice ;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our cov'nant God and Father he,
In Christ our dying Lord ;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Silent we own JEHOVAH's name ;
We kiss thy chast'ning hand :
And yield our comforts, and our life,
To thy supreme command.

261.

Christ's pity to his troubled disciples.

PEACE, all the sorrows of the heart,
And all my tears be dry :
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn,
Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 " Let not your bosoms throb, (he says)
Nor be your souls afraid ;
Trust ye in God's 'almighty name,
And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 Fair mansions in my Father's house
For all his children wait ;
And I, your elder Brother, go
To open wide the gate.

4 And if I thither go before
A dwelling to prepare,
I surely will return again,
That I may fix you there.

5 United in eternal love,
My chosen shall remain ;
And with rejoicing hearts shall share
The honours of my reign."

6 Yes, Lord, thy gracious words we hear,
And cordial joys they bring :
Frail nature may extort a groan,
But faith shall learn to sing.

262.

Christ's power.

HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell ;

- The spacious world unseen is his,
And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.
- 2 In shame and torment once he dy'd;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And, ye angelic bands, adore.
- 3 Now live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love:
Worthy to rule with sov'reign pow'r
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade,
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy,
Control'd by thee, their rage promotes
The cause they labour to destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known;
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimar praises near thy throne.

263.

The good Shepherd. Isa. liii. 6.

- L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,

- And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
His precious blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his life
Were taken both away ;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
He lay as low as they.
- 5 But God hath rais'd his head
O'er all the sons of men ;
And made him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.
- 6 " I'll give him (saith the Lord)
A portion with the strong :
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long."

264.

Evening hymn.

- J**ESUS, thou great atoning Lamb,
Lover of lost mankind,
Salvation in whose name alone
A sinful world can find !
- 2 We ask thy grace to make us clean ;
We come to thee our God :
Open, O Lord, for this day's sin,
The fountain of thy blood.
- 3 Hither our sinful souls be brought,
And ev'ry idle word,

And ev'ry work, and ev'ry thought,
That hath not pleas'd our Lord.

4 Hither our actions, righteous deem'd
By man, and counted good,
As filthy rags by God esteem'd
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

5 Jesus, we hail thy mighty pow'r!
For pardon still we'll flee:
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We'll draw fresh strength from thee.

265.

Christian love.

LET Christians all agree,
And peace among them spread!
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

266.

Encouragement for the weak.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
 Only lean upon his word ;
 Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
 His eternal faithfulness.

- 2 He sustains thee by his hand,
 He enables thee to stand ;
 Those whom Jesus once hath lov'd
 From his grace are never mov'd.
- 3 Human counsels come to nought ;
 That shall stand which God hath wrought :
 His compassion, love, and pow'r,
 Are the same for evermore.
- 4 Heav'n and earth may pass away,
 God's free grace shall not decay ;
 He hath promis'd to fulfil
 All the pleasure of his will.
- 5 Jesus, guardian of thy flock,
 Be thyself our constant rock :
 Make us by thy pow'rful hand,
 Long as Zion's mountain stand.

267.

To the Holy Spirit.

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

- 2 Raise our desponding hearts
 While we with trials meet ;

Give us to lie with humble faith,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To illuminate the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And still be blest in thee.

268.

Praise to Christ.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph will sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King

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3 Salvation to God
Who sits on his throne,

Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son :
 Our Jesus's praises
 All angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

- 4 Then let us adore,
 And give him his right ;
 All glory and power,
 And wisdom and might :
 All honour and blessing,
 With angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing,
 For Jesus's love.

269.

The song of Moses and the Lamb.

· **A** WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power,
 Sing how he interceeds above
 For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing !
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.

- 2 Soon shall we hear him say,
 Ye blessed children, come ;

Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

- 5 There shall each raptur'd tongue
His nobler praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

270.

The kingdom of Christ exalted. Psal. lxxii.

JESUS shall reign wherc'er the sun
His vast successive course shall run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And ceaseless praises crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the fallen race can boast
More blessings gain'd than e'er were lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;

Angels, descend with songs again ;
And earth, repeat the long Amen !

271.

Happiness of the saints in death. Rev. xiv. 13.

BLEST are the souls, the word proclaims,
That are in Jesus dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
How soft their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And free from ev'ry care.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
And ever with the Lord,
The labours of this mortal life
End in a large reward.

272.

Encouragement to joy and confidence.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;

Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid ev'ry string awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench this love divine.

- 4 Blest is the man that hopes,
And stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

273.

Christ's new commandment. John xiii. 34, 35.

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands,
His sorrowful disciples wait
To hear what he commands.

- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips,
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

- 3 " Love one another fervently,
" As I have loved you :
" To my poor brethren turn your eye,
" And deeds of mercy shew.

- 4 " To meanest offices of love
" With cheerfulness submit ;
" And me your Lord and Master prove,
" Who wash'd my servants' feet.

- 5 " The time is now at hand when I
" My life will give for you :
" Remember this endearing tie,
" And love my chosen few."

274.

The Lord's Supper.

IN this one act redemption shines
In all its parts complete :

- Eternal love! thy wondrous plans
Here view'd at once do meet.
- 2 This shews the covenant of peace
Firm seal'd and ratify'd:
This opens all that store of grace
By which we're justified.
- 3 Here God inviolably just
And holy doth appear:
Here he shines forth the jealous God,
At once our hope and fear.
- 4 Great God! did e'er thy justice shine
With such unsully'd flame,
As when the Son of God for sin
A sacrifice became?
- 5 When we this broken body see,
And this shed blood behold;
Tho' vile, O holy God! to thee
Approaching we are bold.
- 6 High seated on thy throne of grace,
Thy looks our souls invite;
Appeas'd justice now gives place
To mercy thy delight.

275.

The wisdom of God made known by the church.

Eph iii. 10.

- T**HE love which thought on helpless man,
Does angels' tongues employ:
The grace which stoop'd to Adam's race,
Fills heav'n itself with joy.
- 2 From all eternity this love,
Glow'd in JEHOVAH'S breast;

The grand design of sov'reign grace
The church doth manifest.

- 3 When we survey that structure fair,
Where heav'nly beauties shine,
In wonder lost, our souls pronounce
The Architect divine.
- 4 Th' angelic throng with rapture view
Salvation's structure rise:
By it God's wisdom manifold
With wonder strikes our eyes.
- 5 When the head-stone shall be brought forth
To crown his work on high,
Grace! Grace! shall saints and angels shout,
In songs that ne'er shall die.

276.

Mercy reigning.

- T**O guilty mortals why so kind,
So long indulgence shown?
So many bounties round the year
Thus copiously sent down?
- 2 Why does the sun renew the day,
With all reviving beams?
The skies, like springs which ne'er run dry,
Refreshment send in streams?
- 3 Does judgment sleep? Can God the judge,
On sin forget to frown?
Nay; death, devouring ev'ry hour,
The human race cuts down.
- 4 But 'midst the rage of sin and death,
Proceeds a grand design;

- The glorious light of endless life
 Across the gloom doth shine.
- 5 The Lord is ris'n, the King of peace,
 The King of righteousness ;
 He bore the curse, he reigns on high,
 The nations he will bless.
- 6 He spares the world, till he complete
 His grand design of love :
 For this he makes his sun to shine,
 And rain sends from above.
- 7 For this the pow'rs ordain'd of God,
 Preserve the world in awe :
 Lest violence overwhelm the earth,
 Till thence his folk he draw.
- 8 Then let us raise our voice to God,
 And daily praise his name,
 Since all the bounties of the day,
That mercy reigns, proclaim.

277.

Christ our Shepherd. John x.

- J**ESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Gracious is thine arm to keep
 All thy flocks with tender care,
 Fed in pastures large and fair.
- 2 Thee the sheep profess and own,
 Thee they love, and thee alone ;
 Known of them, and known to thee,
 They will never from thee flee.
- 3 Strangers they will not obey,
 Still they own thy sov'reign sway ;

- They delight to find thee near,
They delight thy voice to hear.
- 4 Walk before us in the way,
Keep us lest we go astray ;
Teach us in thy steps to tread,
Make us like our living Head.
- 5 When we shall in judgment stand,
Place us then at thy right hand ;
Speak the sentence of the blest,
Bid us enter endless rest.

278.

Christ's kingdom exalted. Psal. xlv.

- W**E sing the glories of our King ;
His form how wondrous fair !
None of the sons of mortal race
Can with our Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed ;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thine hands,
To rule the saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thy state,
And mercy leads thee on,

Till all thine enemies shall yield
Obedience to thy throne.

279.

The pilgrim's song.

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

Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place.

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

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

2 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;

Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.

Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;

All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

280.

The love of Christ.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;

How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for me !

2 Hark how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;

The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul," he cries !
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head, and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine ?

281.

Heaven begun on earth.

- H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
 And sav'd by grace alone :
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know :
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne :
 We in the kingdom of thy grace ;
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 No more we seek the joy that fades,
 To thee our spirits rise ;
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

282.

Christ's grace sufficient. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- A**LTHO' temptations threaten round,
 And feeble as the moth I'm found ;

- 'Midst greatest dangers let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
- 2 And when my faith is like to fail,
And doubts and darkness most prevail ;
Hold thou me up, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
- 3 When heav'n's forgot, and my weak heart
In this vain world would choose its part ;
Call back the wanderer, Lord, to thee,
And let thy grace my safety be.
- 4 When warring passions vex me sore,
And I dare trust myself no more ;
Thy strength, my stay in weakness be,
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.
- 5 When all conspires to work my woe,
And in despair to plunge me low,
When terror takes fast hold on me,
Lord, let thy grace my safety be.
- 6 And when thro' death's dark vale I go,
O let me then thy guidance know !
Then comfort send, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient, Lord, for me.

283.

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

- L**ORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place !
- 2 But O what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state !

What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born !

- 3 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 4 The world to come, redem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

284.

The highway to Sion.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer sing ;
Pilgrims for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your faithful God.

285.

God's condescension in becoming the Shepherd of men.
Ezek. xxxiv. 31.

- A**ND will the Majesty of heav'n
Accept us for his sheep?
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such worthless creatures keep?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arm
Round our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?
- 4 What thanks can mortal man repay
For favours great as thine?
Or how can feeble tongues like ours,
Proclaim such love divine?
- 5 Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious thou!
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

286.

Prisoners delivered by the blood of the covenant.
Zech. ix. 11.

YE pris'ners, who in bondage lie,
In darkness and the pit,
Behold the grace that sets us free,
And to that grace submit.

- 2 The tidings of deliv'rance hear,
 Confess the cov'nant good,
 And bless the ransom God hath found
 In our Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Justice no more asserts its claim
 Our forfeit lives to take :
 But smiling mercy quick descends
 Our heavy chains to break.
- 4 We walk at large, and sing the hand
 To which we freedom owe :
 And drink those rivers with delight,
 Which through this desert flow.
- 5 He that hath liberty bestow'd,
 Will give a kingdom too ;
 He that hath loos'd the bonds of death,
 The path of life will show.

287.

The Christian Sabbath.

- A**WAKE our languid souls,
 Shake off each slothful band ;
 The wonders of this day
 Our noblest songs demand :
 Auspicious morn ! thy blissful rays
 We hail in grateful songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
 The Prince of life arose :
 He burst death's feeble bands,
 And spoil'd our cruel foes :
 And now he reigns with pow'r complete,
 To crush them all beneath his feet.

- 3 " All hail ! triumphant Lord !"
 Heav'n with hosannas rings ;
 While earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings—
 " Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
 " Through endless years to live and reign."
- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
 Ascend thy conqu'ring car ;
 While justice, truth, and love,
 Maintain the glorious war :
 Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.

288.

Prayer for a blessing.

- N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love !
- 2 How wretched do our souls appear,
 If thou refuse to bless !
 Our lips will utter heartless pray'r,
 And offer vain address.
- 3 Now may we prove thy worship sweet,
 And love thy sacred courts,
 Where saints in blest communion meet,
 And God, our God resorts.

289.

The blessed gospel.

- B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;

Peace shall attend their path below,
And light their steps surround.

2 This gospel bears their spirits up,
They know their Saviour's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, their glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Isra'l, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

290.

Christ the foundation of his church.

CHRIST is the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Sion lays;
We build our hopes on him alone,
To him ascribe the praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We know his precious name;
They place their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And Satan rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

291.

A blessing requested.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed:

Let each heart thy grace inherit,
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From thy Gospel

Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which thy word's design'd to give;

Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive:

And for ever

To thy praise and glory live.

292.

The same.

AS the dew from heav'n distilling
 Gently on the grass descends,
 And revives it, thus fulfilling

What thy providence intends:

Let thy word, Lord, ever gracious,
 Thus descending from above,

Blest by thee, prove efficacious
 To fulfil thy work of love.

2 Lord, behold thy congregation;

Now thy promises fulfil:

From thy holy habitation

Let the dew of life distil:

Let our cry come up before thee,

And thy influence shed around;

So thy people shall adore thee,

And confess the joyful sound.

293.

The same.

THY promise, Lord, and thy command,
 Have brought us here to-day ;
 And now we humbly waiting stand
 To hear what thou wilt say.

- 2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
 And fill our hearts with love ;
 That from our follies we may cease,
 And henceforth faithful prove.

294.

The same.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,
 Thy bounty to obtain.

- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we must starve indeed ;
 For we no money have to buy,
 No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want
 Thy hand alone can give ;
 O hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live.

295.

The preaching of the gospel.

MAY the pow'r that brings salvation,
 Now exerted in the word,
 By its quick'ning operation,
 Life impart and joy afford !

Life to sinners !

Joy to those who know the Lord !

- 2 Hark the voice of love proclaiming
 Mercy through a Saviour's blood !
 Vain the schemes of human framing ;
 This alone is own'd of God.
 'Tis the gospel
 Opens heav'n, and shews the road.

296.

A blessing requested. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

297.

The same. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

NOW may He who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
 All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight ;
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood.

Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

298.

Prayer for a blessing on the word.

PRAISE we him, by whose kind favour,
Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears !
May its sweet reviving savour,
Fill our hearts, dispel our fears !
Truth—how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

- 2 Lord, the truth we have been hearing
Now to ev'ry heart apply ;
In the day of thine appearing,
May we share thy people's joy.
Till thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with thine eye ;
May this be our sole endeavour,
Thine to live, and thine to die !

299.

Baptism.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed !
" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great fathers giv'n ;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
 His love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out the children's name.

300.

Lord's supper. Matt. xxvi. 26—29.

- 1 'T' WAS on that night, when doom'd to
 The eager rage of every foe, [know
 That night on which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread.
- 2 And after thanks and glory giv'n
 To Him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 The symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his followers spoke :
- 3 My broken body thus I give,
 For you, my friends, take, eat, and live ;
 And oft the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view.
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
 To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
 Let saints partake the sacred draught ;
 Through latest ages let it pour
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

301.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.

Gal. vi. 14.

- 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 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my heart, my life, my all.

302.

Christ and his church.

- T**HE King of saints how fair his face,
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The bride array'd in purest gold ;
 How fair appears her heav'nly dress,
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own ;
 He calls and seats her near his throne :

- Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread :
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescension of his love.

303.

Jesus hasting to suffer.

- T**HE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When hasting to Jerusalem,
He march'd before the rest !
- 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross ;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can ;
Our hearts shall sound abroad

Salvation to the Son of man,
Who brought us back to God.

- 5 And while thy matchless suff'rings here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

304.

The faithfulness of God.

- I**SRA' L, tho' freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Yet long in desert stray'd ;
Their promis'd rest, from year to year,
To prove them was delay'd.
- 2 Yet Abram's God forsook them not,
Nor false his promise made :
His word was past ; and them at length
To Canaan's land he led.
- 3 So is it for a season here
With all the chosen race ;
And so at last shall ev'ry saint
Be brought to endless peace.
- 4 The storm may rage, the floods may swell,
Awak'ning all our fear ;
But still his grace in raging storms
And floods does most appear.
- 5 Our cov'nant God, who call'd us forth
When we in bondage lay,
In faithfulness will guard our steps
Thro' perils of the way.
- 6 Our toils, our pains, and sorrows deep,
Under his skilful hand,

Shall blessings prove, and lead us on
Safe to the promis'd land.

7 The path is try'd ; the num'rous host,
That now surround the throne,
Had fears like ours, had suff'rings great,
And comforters had none :

8 Yet, by our tender Shepherd's care,
Thro' all the darksome way,
Safely they pass'd, and wond'ring came
To everlasting day.

305.

Communion with the saints in glory.

REFRESHED by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Saviour's love,
Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.

2 Do they sing, " Worthy is the Lamb ?"
Although we cannot reach their strains,
Yet we, through grace, can sing the same,
For us he died, for us he reigns.

3 If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpse can only see ;
Yet equal debtors to his grace,
As safe and as belov'd are we.

4 They had, like us, a suff'ring time,
Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew ;
But they have conquer'd all through him,
And we ere long shall conquer too.

5 Though all the songs of saints in light
Are far beneath his matchless worth,

His grace is such, he will not slight
The feeble praise of worms on earth.

306.

The believer's righteousness. Phil. iii. 7—9.

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

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
May I at last be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !

4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne :
But Jesus answer'd thy demands ;
I plead, O Lord, what he hath done.

307.

Life and immortality brought to light by the gospel.

BEHOLD what human glory is !
A fading, dying flow'r ;
How vain a toy is worldly bliss !
How empty earthly pow'r !

2 The foremost of the human kind,
The great, the wise, the just,
The men to mercy's deeds inclin'd,
Mingle alike with dust.

- 3 But Jesus, risen from the dead,
 Eternal life displays,
 And shews us joys, that never fade,
 Before his Father's face.
- 4 He sits, a priest, on heav'n's high throne,
 And intercedeth there,
 That all his flock may be with him,
 And in his glory share.
- 5 Then let us follow where he leads,
 And gladly bear his cross ;
 And for his knowledge let us count
 All other things but loss.
- 6 Let his reward our hope inspire,
 And raise our souls above :
 Our life, through him, is to enjoy
 The kindness of his love.

308.

Christ's condescension a pattern to his followers.

- Y**E who the name of Jesus bear,
 His sacred steps pursue ;
 And let that mind which was in him
 Be also found in you :
- 2 Who, though the form of God he bore,
 His nature though the same,
 Nor deem'd it robb'ry in himself
 To equal God supreme ;
- 3 Yet as a man on earth appears,
 And stoops a servant low ;
 Submits to death, nay, bears the cross
 In all its shame and woe.

- 4 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
 With honours just hath crown'd,
 And rais'd the name of Jesus far
 Above all names renown'd :
- 5 That in this name, with sacred awe,
 Each humbled knee should bow,
 Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below :
- 6 That all the vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
 Might tremble at his word,
 And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 Confess that he is Lord.

309.

Charity shall last when faith and hope shall cease.

- A** TIME shall come, when constant faith
 And patient hope shall die ;
 One lost in certainty of sight,
 And one dissolv'd in joy :
- 2 But love shall last, when these no more
 Shall warm the pilgrim's breast,
 Or open on his weary eyes
 His long expected rest.
- 3 Love's unextinguish'd ray shall burn,
 Through death unchang'd its frame ;
 Its lamp shall triumph o'er the grave
 With uncorrupted flame.

310.

Psalm ciii.

- E**XTOL JEHOVAH'S name,
 Whose mercies are so great ;

- Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread ;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r :
If one sharp blast blows o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

311.

The sufferings of Christ for the sins of his people.

- “ SAVE me, O God, because the floods
“ Break in upon my soul :
“ I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
“ Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 “ I cry till all my voice is gone :
“ In tears I waste the day :

- “ My God, behold my longing eyes,
 “ And shorten thy delay.
- 3 “ They hate my soul without a cause,
 “ And still their number grows ;
 “ More than the hairs around my head,
 “ And mighty are my foes.”
- 4 Thus Jesus utter'd his complaint
 In time of deep distress,
 While guilty men derided all
 His perfect rightcousness.
- 5 Then—then he paid that dreadful debt
 Which men could never pay,
 And gave those honours to the law
 Which sinners took away.
- 6 Now shall his chosen surely find
 Salvation in his name :
 For he hath borne their heavy load
 Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 7 'Twas in a most accepted hour
 His pray'r arose on high ;
 And for his sake the Lord shall hear
 The needy when they cry.

312.

On receiving members into a church of Christ.

- L**ORD, we adore thy sov'reign grace,
 Who crown'st thy gospel with success,
 Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
 And bringing to the fold thy flock.
- 2 May those who have thy truth confest,
 As their own faith, and hope, and rest,

From day to day still more increase
In faith, and love, and holiness.

3 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear ;
And active in their stations prove
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations now defend,
And keep them stedfast to the end ;
While in thy house they still improve,
Until they join the church above.

313.

Prayer for pastors.

CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May ev'ry under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee !

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will :
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.

3 Enflame their minds with holy zeal
The flock to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

4 O never let the sheep complain,
That toys which fools amuse,
Ambition, pleasure, praise or gain,
Debase the shepherd's views.

314.

Intreating the presence of Christ.

WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise :

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
"Amid this little company ;
"To them unveil my gracious face,
"And shed my glories round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

315.

The kingdom of Christ.

TRUE to his word ! the God of grace
Our hope no more delays :
Time's tardy footsteps onward speed,
And bring the latter days.

- 2 Self-mov'd, his heart has ne'er forgot
The love that once he knew ;
In all the ways of Providence,
The kingdom was in view.

- 3 Great though the guilt of Jacob's seed,
And for destruction fit,
"Destroy the cluster not," he said,
"The new wine's found in it."

- 4 Shook were the kingdoms of the earth,
And oft to others giv'n :

- But when the Heir of all is born,
 He shakes both earth and heav'n.
- 5 Hewn without hands, that chosen Stone
 Breaks down the image great—
 The kingdom that the Lord sets up,
 Survives each earthly state.
- 6 Soon shall the angel, in the sea,
 The heavy mill-stone cast :
 And Bab'lon mourn her woes to come,
 More than she mourn'd the past.
- 7 Thy chosen from the four winds sought—
 Oh ! gather into one :
 Due is each life indeed to thee,
 For which thou gav'st thine own !

316.

At parting.

- B**LESS'D be the dear uniting love
 That will not let us part,
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
 We wait his will to know,
 That we in all his steps may tread,
 And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
 But Jesus crucified !
- 4 To him still closer let us cleave,
 And all his laws embrace,

Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

317.

Love and unity. Eph. v. 2.

NOW, be that sacrifice survey'd,
That ransom which the Saviour paid;
That sight familiar to my view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.

- 2 The Lamb of God that groan'd and bled,
When all our sins were on him laid:
What love to sinners fir'd his heart,
When he endur'd the piercing dart!
- 3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth, and heav'n, that all may see
My love to him, who dy'd for me?
- 4 That tribute, Lord, thy word hath taught,
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their Master's death can move,
Thy servants should each other love.
- 5 While we thy wondrous cross descry,
This makes each hurtful passion die;
And mercy, seal'd with blood divine,
Melts our cold hearts to love like thine.

318.

Dismission Hymn.

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 ! &c.

Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

May thy presence, &c.

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 ready, &c.

Rise and reign in endless day.

319.

The marriage-feast. Isa. xxv. 6.

HOW sweet and solemn is the place,
Where Jesus meets his friends :

Who there receive with songs of praise,
The food his bounty sends.

- 2 While ev'ry heart, and ev'ry song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each cries aloud with thankful tongue,
" Lord, why was I a guest ?

- 3 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" And enter while there's room,
" When thousands make a wretched choice,
" And rather starve than come ?"

- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That kindly brought us in :

Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

- 5 Pity the blinded world, O God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy all-conqu'ring word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see the truth prevail,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

320.

The wisdom of God foolishness with men.

O SAVIOUR, thou thy mysteries,
Hast often cover'd from the wise,
And babes thy glory shew'd ;
Thy wisdom far surpasses all,
That studious mortals wisdom call,
Thou holy Lamb of God.

- 2 The nat'ral man cannot conceive
The glorious things which we believe,
How thou didst us redeem ;
The things thy Spirit teaches us,
The merits of thy blood and cross,
Are foolishness to him.
- 3 They this world's wisdom seek, and gain,
That wisdom which thou callest vain,
But ah ! are strangers still,
To that which makes our spirits wise,
And sets before our waiting eyes,
What is our Saviour's will.

- 4 Thrice happy then are we who prove
 The peace of God, his truth, and love,
 Things freely to us giv'n :
 These earnest are of greater bliss,
 The earnest of that happiness
 Which we shall have in heav'n.

321.

Israel's happiness.

- W**ITH Israel's God who can compare?
 Or who like Israel happy are?
 O people saved by the Lord,
 He is thy shield and great reward!
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
 Thou art secure from foes and harms;
 In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
 Our refuge is the Lord of hosts.

322.

An evening hymn.

- G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done:
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
 And balmy sleep mine eye-lids close ;
 Sleep that my frame shall vig'rous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

323.

The traveller's psalm.

- H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
 High on the broken wave,
 They know thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to thy will :
 The sea that roars at thy command,
 At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness we'll adore :
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

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

324.

A welcome to Christian friends.

- K**INDRED in Christ for his name's sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give !
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above,
 Make our communication sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him,
 Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below,
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

325.

x

Dismission hymn.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us all depart in peace ;
 Still on bread of heaven feed us,
 And our love to thee increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise ;
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

3 And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
 For ever and ever, for ever and ever !
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

326.

The same.

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

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