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A
COLLECTION
OF
CHRISTIAN SONGS
AND
HYMNS.
IN THREE BOOKS.

- I. Translations and Paraphrases of Scripture Texts.
- II. On a variety of Divine Subjects.
- III. On the Peculiar Institutions of the Kingdom of Christ.

For the use of the Scotch Baptist Churches

*Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom,
teaching and admonishing one another; in Psalms and
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in
your hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16.*

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P R E F A C E.

THAT it is the duty of the Saints to sing the praises of the Lord, is evident from the many earnest calls to that delightful exercise in the word of God; and particularly in the book of Psalms, where we are also furnished with the example of the ancient Church, as well as the matter of their songs. Under the New Testament, the grounds of joy and thankfulness are much enlarged; for now God hath performed the mercy promised unto the Fathers, and the Seed hath come in whom all nations are blessed. If the saints of old, who saw these things afar off, and thro' various obscure mediums, were so enraptured with the distant prospect, as to express their joy in the most elevated strains, what may be expected of New Testament believers, who have seen the accomplishment of the promises, and enjoy the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom? If the heavenly hosts, who did not stand in need of redemption, announced the glad tidings of it, "praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will "towards men"; surely those who partake of this great salvation, have much more cause to shew forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light; and to express their warmest gratitude to the Lamb who hath loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and hath made them kings and priests unto God and his Father.

The joy and gladness that should take place under the gospel is frequently mentioned in prophecy, and Christ himself is represented as leading the worship and song of his redeemed church, declaring his Father's name unto his brethren, and praising him in the midst of the congregation, Ps. xxii. 22—27. Through him the prayers and praises of all his ransomed brethren come up before God with acceptance; and so they are exhorted, "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of "praise unto God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name," Heb. xiii. 15. And they are directed to perform this duty in songs, "Let the word of Christ "dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing "one another; in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord," Col. iii. 16. Again, "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms "and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody "in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all "things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord "Jesus Christ." Eph. v. 18, 19, 20.

P R E F A C E.

Such as have tasted that the Lord is gracious, will consider this part of divine worship, not merely as a duty, but as a high privilege, suited to remove their languor, to warm and elevate their minds, and to excite and strengthen every devout affection. To do it with grace in the heart, is an anticipation of the joyful exercise of heaven, and the beginning on earth of that delightful melody, which shall fill the regions of bliss thro' endless ages of eternity.

To assist the children of God in the matter of their song, the following Collection is published; tho' it is more immediately intended for a few Christian Churches in Scotland, commonly known by the name of Baptists.

There are indeed a great number of good hymns already in print; but the Editors have not met with any one *Collection* which they could wholly approve, or adopt as it stands; those of them which are most unexceptionable in point of doctrine, contain so little variety, that they were deemed unfit to answer the purpose.

In this Collection there are but a few original songs. The greater part of them have been selected from a number of different books, without any regard to the sentiments of the Authors, farther than as expressed in the hymns which are here adopted. The books mostly made use of, are Watts' Hymns, Glas's Christian Songs, and the Assembly's Translations and Paraphrases.

Considerable alterations have been made upon some of these songs; by which no offence is intended to those who may think themselves concerned in them. If the alterations are reckoned to the worse, they who made them are willing to bear the blame. Their chief object was to make them more agreeable to the doctrine of the gospel as they understand it, for which they have sometimes sacrificed the smoothness of the verse. At the same time it is hoped, that several improvements will be found in this Collection, and that the poetry in general is such as will not offend the ear of any simple Christian.

E R R A T A.

Book I. Hymn 8. ver 6. line 1. for stormy, read raging. H. 38. v. 1. l. 3. for nature's, read natures. H. 69. v. 2. l. 1. for are, read were. H. 104. v. 3. l. 1. for almighty, read Almighty's. — Book II. h. 32. v. 4. l. 6. for crus't, read crush'd. H. 52. v. 8. l. 4. for deceiv'd read deceive. — Book III. h. 14. v. 1. l. 4. for the, read these. H. 26. v. 1. l. 2. of Part 2d. for breath, read breadth. H. 54. v. 2. l. 3. for Spirit's heav'nly, read Spirit, heavenly. H. 57. v. 4. l. 3. for eyes, read eye.

The reader is requested to alter the above with his pen.

A TABLE to find any HYMN by the first Line.

A		Book.	Hymn.	Page.
A	WAKE our souls, away our fears,	I.	23	17
	Attend and mark the solemn fast		31	25
	As parched in the barren sands		33	27
	Awake, O Sion's daughter, rise;		37	30
	And is salvation brought so near,		63	48
	Awake ye faints, and raise your eyes,		64	48
	All mortal vanities be gone		101	74
	Altho' temptations threaten round	II.	53	121
	Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!		56	123
	And must this body die?		90	148
	Awake, from dust, ye faints, awake;		102	158
	And shall we then go on to sin,	III.	8	166
	A Saviour ris'n to day we praise		11	168
	A glory gilds the sacred page,		21	174
	At thy command our dearest Lord		37	187
	As the sun's enliv'ning eye		52	196
B				
B	BEHOLD my servant, whom I send	I.	24	18
	Behold the grace appears		40	32
	Behold the Saviour on the cross,		55	42
	Behold the potter and the clay,		62	47
	But few among the carnal wise,		66	49
	Bury'd in shadows of the night,		67	50
	Behold what witnesses unseen		88	63
	Bless'd be the everlasting God,		90	66
	Behold what wond'rous grace		93	69
	Behold the glories of the Lamb		100	73
	Behold, the blind their sight receive	II.	12	88
	Behold the woman's promis'd seed		13	89
	Behold what love the father hath		46	115
	Bright King of glory! dreadful God!		47	116
	Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart.		63	129
	Behold the sons, the heirs of God		72	135
	Behold! the bright morning appears,		82	142
	Bless'd morning, whose first dawning rays	III.	10	167
	Begin my tongue some heav'nly theme		25	177
	Behold, where breathing love divine,		40	188
	Bless'd be the tie that binds		48	193
	Bless'd be the dear uniting love,		51	196
C				
C	CHRIST and his cross is all our theme	I.	65	49
	Could I with elocution speak,		72	53
	Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell		76	56
	Come, let us join in songs of praise		85	61
	Come let us join our cheerful songs		102	75
	Come with united voices raise	II.	15	90
	Come, all harmonious tongues,		18	92
	Christians dismiss your fears,		22	95

A T A B L E O F

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Christ is risen from the dead	II.	28	100
Come, ye that love the Lord,		60	126
Come, holy Spirit, from above		68	132
Come, all ye sons of God, and view	III.	6	164
Come, thou desire of all thy saints,		18	172
Chief Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,		55	199
D			
DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell	I.	2	2
Deep in the dust, before thy throne		58	44
Dearest of all the names above	II.	27	99
Do we not know that solemn word	III.	9	167
E			
ERE the wide heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,	I.	49	39
Eternal love's the darling song,	II.	43	111
F			
FEW are the days and full of wo,	I.	9	6
Far from these narrow scenes of night		21	16
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,		52	40
Father how wide thy glories shine!	II.	9	86
From heav'n the sinning angels fell		45	115
Father, I long, I faint, to see		91	148
Father of mercies, in thy word	III.	20	173
Far from affliction, toil and care		58	201
G			
GREAT God, I own the sentence just	I.	10	8
Glory unto Jesus be,	II.	29	101
Glory be to God on high		30	101
Great was the day, the joy was great,		33	104
Go worship at Immanuel's feet		48	117
Give me the wings of faith to rise		55	123
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,		67	132
God moves in a mysterious way		80	141
Great God, this sacred day of thine	III.	14	170
Giver of concord, Prince of Peace,		42	190
Glory to God the Father's name,		61	203
H			
How still and peaceful is the grave!	I.	5	4
How should the sons of Adam's race		8	6
How vast must their advantage be!		13	10
How beauteous are their feet		16	12
How honourable is the place		20	15
How few believe the glad report		27	20
Hosanna to the royal Son		38	31
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!		45	36
How heavy is the night,		68	50
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews		70	52
How oft have sin and Satan strove		86	62
How bright these glorious spirits shine!		105	77
He dies! the friend of sinners dies!	II.	20	94
Hosanna to the Prince of Light,		24	98
Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!		26	99
He who surveys the heart of man,		34	105

THE FIRST LINES.

Book. Hymn. Page.

How glorious is thy name	II.	37	107
How vain are all things here below!		69	133
Hail! blessed scenes of endless joy,		87	146
How long shall it be, ere thy saints, Lord with thee		92	149
Hark! the trump of God doth sound		96	153
Hail! hail! the happy wish'd for time		97	154
He comes! he comes! the Saviour comes!		99	156
Hungry, and faint, and poor,	III.	17	171
Hail! everlasting prince of peace!		45	191
Hosanna to the Son		64	204

I

JESUS, the man of constant grief,	I.	46	37
In one harmonious cheerful song,		54	41
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,		80	58
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold		87	63
Jesus, who died his church to save	II.	23	96
I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death,		25	98
Join all the names of love and pow'r		49	118
Join all the glorious names,		50	119
Infinite grief! amazing woe!		57	124
I've seen the lovely garden flow'rs		75	137
In all my troubles, sharp and strong		78	140
In Jordan's tide the baptist stands,	III.	1	161
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace!		28	181
Jesus, our Lord, the Prince of Life,		29	ib.
Jesus, that he might sanctify		30	182
Jesus invites his saints		34	185
Jesus is gone above the skies,		35	186
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,		44	191
I love the sons of grace,		47	192

K

KEEP silence all created things	II.	5	84
Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,		62	128
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake	III.	50	195

L

LET heav'n arise, let earth appear	I.	1	1
Like sheep we went astray,		29	23
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,		30	24
Let Christian faith and hope dispel		60	45
Let Pharisees of high esteem		71	52
Lord we confess our num'rous faults,		83	60
Lo! in the last of days behold		92	67
Let the sev'nth angel sound on high		106	78
Lo! what a glorious sight appears		108	79
Lift up, ye saints, your weeping eyes		109	80
Lord, when our raptur'd thought surveys	II.	3	82
Let them neglect thy glory Lord,		6	84
Lord, what is man, extremes so wide,		42	111
Let the saints all rejoice and exult in their King,		52	120
Lord what a wretched land is this,		66	131
Lo! he comes with clouds descending		100	157

A T A B L E O F

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
Lo! comes that blessed morning	II.	101	158
Laden with guilt and full of fears,	III.	19	173
Let devils hate the book divine		26	178
Let Christians all agree,		41	189
Let Sion's watchmen all awake		56	199
Let God the Father live		62	203
M			
MY soul, with joy attend	I.	53	41
My race is run; my warfar's o'er;		81	59
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!	II.	54	122
My God and Father, ever blest'd,		73	136
Man like a flow'r at morn appears		76	138
My God, how endless is thy love!		79	140
N			
Naked as from the earth we came	I.	4	3
Not from the dust affliction grows		6	4
Not the malicious or profane,		69	51
No more my God, I boast no more		78	57
Not to the terrors of the Lord,		89	65
Not with our mortal eyes		91	66
Now to the Lord that makes us know		96	70
Nature with open volume stands	II.	8	86
Now to the Lord a noble song		10	87
Now for a tune of lofty praise		19	93
Now may he who from the dead	III.	39	188
Now be that sacrifice survey'd,		43	190
Now, by the bowels of my God,		46	192
Now let our mourning hearts revive		57	200
O			
OUR Father we approach to thee,	I.	36	29
Our souls shall magnify the Lord,		41	33
O for an overcoming faith,		74	55
O Lord, when tempted to despair,	II.	21	95
O Jesus! the glory, the wonder, and love,		32	103
Our days, alas! our mortal days,		74	136
Our sins, alas! how strong they be!		88	146
O Lord, thy holy Spirit send	III.	31	183
Oft have we, in this church of God,		49	194
P			
PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,	II.	31	102
Prostrate, O Lord, beneath thy feet		40	109
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid,	III.	24	176
R			
RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground	II.	2	82
Raise your triumphant songs		11	88
Rejoice, the Lord is King!		61	127
S			
SEE Isra'l's gentle Shepherd stand	I.	39	32
Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,		43	34
So did the Hebrew prophet raise		51	40
Shall we go on to sin,		59	45

THE FIRST LINES.

	<i>Book.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
So let our lips and lives express	I.	82	59
Say, faith, who bleeds on yonder tree?	II.	16	91
Salvation! O, the joyful sound;		35	106
Shall earth born man with God contend;		36	ib.
See mercy, mercy from on high,		41	110
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,		64	129
Sitting around our Father's board,	III.	38	188
Since we now begin to be		54	198

T

THE rush may rise where waters flow,	I.	7	5
The spacious firmament on high		11	9
The Lord my shepherd and my guide		12	9
The race that long in darkness pin'd		17	13
The people that in darkness walk'd,		18	14
The lands that long in darkness lay,		19	15
The Lord on high proclaims		25	19
The law by Moses came,		50	39
'Tis finished? the Saviour cry'd		56	43
There is a house not made with hands		75	55
Take comfort, Christians! when your friends		79	57
To God the only wife		94	69
To him that lov'd the souls of men,		95	70
Thy worthiness is all our song		97	71
Thus faith the Lord to Ephesus		98	ib.
Thus faith the holy one and true		99	72
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist	II.	1	81
The earth and all the heav'nly frame		4	83
The Lord descending from above		7	85
The true Messiah now appears		14	89
Thus faith the Ruler of the skies,		17	92
The love which thought on helpless man		44	114
The Lord is kind in all his ways		58	125
'Tis by the faith of joys to come		83	143
There is a land of pure delight		85	144
Tho' I'm in pain, and tho' a load		86	145
To guilty mortals why so kind		95	152
Thus faith the Church's head,		98	155
The heav'nly King that came to save	III.	2	162
'Twas the commission of our Lord,		3	163
The great Redeemer we adore		4	ib.
Thou, Lord, to save our souls		5	164
This is the day the first ripe sheaf		13	169
This day let all our voices rise,		15	170
'Twas by an order from the Lord,		22	175
This is the word of truth and love,		23	ib.
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night		32	184
'Twas on that night when doom'd to know		33	ib.
Thou from whom all blessings flow		53	197
The God of love will sure indulge		60	202
To God the Father, God the Son,		63	204

A T A B L E O F &c.

V

V A I N are the hopes that rebels place	I.	35	28
Vain are the hopes the sons of men		57	44

W

W I T H Isra'l's God who can compare	I.	3	3
When we our weary limbs to rest,		14	11
While others croud the house of mirth		15	12
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?		22	17
Who hath our report believed?		28	22
What mighty man, or mighty God,		32	25
What tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe		34	28
While humble shepherds watch'd their flocks		42	34
With what divine and vast delight		44	35
Who can describe the joys that rise		47	37
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?		61	46
When the last trumpet's awful voice,		73	54
With joy we meditate the grace		84	61
What equal honours shall we bring		103	75
What happy men or angels these,		104	76
We sing the glories of thy love,		107	78
Where shall the guilty who hath lost	II.	38	108
Wherewith shall I, o'erwhelm'd with sin		39	ib.
We bless the prophet of the Lord,		51	120
Why is my heart so far from thee,		59	125
While I my merit all explore		65	130
When in the light of faith divine,		70	134
When Isra'l marched thro' the sea,		71	ib.
What is our live in this vain world?		77	139
We seek a rest beyond the skies,		81	142
When I can see my title clear,		84	144
What tho' these bodies shall decay,		89	147
When Jesus comes again		93	150
Why should this earth delight us so		94	152
We sing the love of Christ our Lord,	III.	7	165
While we the op'ning tomb survey,		12	169
Welcome to us the sacred day,		16	171
We who need mercy ev'ry hour,		27	180
When I survey the wond'rous cross		36	186
Why do ye mourn departing friends		59	201

Y

Y E heav'ns send forth your song of praise	I.	26	19
Yes, the Redeemer rose;		48	37
Ye who the name of Jesus bear		77	56

A
COLLECTION
OF
CHRISTIAN SONGS.

B O O K I.

I. Genesis i.

- 1 **L**ET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
Said the Almighty Lord:
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness overspread the deep:
God said, "Let there be light;"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gath'red by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then high in heav'n's resplendent arch
He plac'd two orbs of light;
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

- 7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
 Did vital beings frame;
 Fowls of the air, of every wing,
 And fish of every name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
 He gave their wond'rous birth;
 At once the lion and the worm
 Sprung from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
 Tho' sov'reign of the rest;
 Design'd for nobler ends than they,
 With God's own image blest.
- 10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
 The whole creation stood.
 He view'd the fabric he had rais'd,
 And he pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
 Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
 But the new world of grace demands,
 A more exalted song.

II. Gen. iii. 1. 15. 17. Gal. iv. 4.

- 1 **D**Eceiv'd by subtle snares of hell,
 Adam, our head, our Father fell;
 When Satan in the serpent hid,
 Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
 To take possession of the man;
 His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
 And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward,
 Thus faith the vengeance of the Lord,
 " Let everlasting hatred be
 " Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 " The woman's seed shall be my Son,
 " He shall destroy what thou hast done;

" Shall break thy head, and only feel
 " Thy malice raging at his heel."

- 5 He spake, and bid four thousand years
 Roll on; at length his Son appears;
 Angels with joy descend to earth,
 And sing the great Redeemer's birth.
- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,
 And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

III. Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.

- 1 **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 secur'd from foes and harms!
 In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
 Our refuge is the Lord of Hosts.

IV. Job i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
 And enter'd life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be restor'd anon.
- 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.

V. Job iii. 17—20.

- 1 **H**OW 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 rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' 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.

VI. Job v. 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance?

- 2 As sparks break out of burning coals,
And still are upwards born;

- So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn;
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

VII. Job viii. 11—22.

- 1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.
- 2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
Or if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.
- 3 Fixt on his house he leans; his house,
And all its props, decay:
He holds it fast; but while he holds,
The tott'ring frame gives way.
- 4 Fair in his garden to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand a while.
- 5 But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n
That sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.
- 6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
Who Heav'n's high laws despise;
They quickly fall; and in their room
As quickly others rise.

- 7 But, for the just, with gracious care
 God will his pow'r employ;
 He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
 And fill their hearts with joy.

VIII. Job ix. 2—10.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
 Be pure before their God!
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
 I'll make no more pretence;
 Not one of all my thousand faults
 Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
 What vain presumers dare
 Against their Maker's hand to rise,
 Or tempt th' unequal war?
- 4 Mountains by his almighty wrath
 From their old seats are torn;
 He shakes the earth from south to north,
 And all her pillars mourn.
- 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 stormy sea,
 Flies on the stormy wind;
 There's none can trace his wondrous way,
 Or his dark steps find.

IX. Job xiv. 1—15.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man, or woman born!
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
 "And shalt to dust return."

- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy Sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?
- 4 Determin'd are the days that flie
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.
- 5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The short-allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.
- 6 All nature dies, and lives again:
The flower that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield:
- 7 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.
- 9 But man forso' takes this earthly scene,
Ah! ne'er to return:
Shall any or following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?
- 10 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

- 11 So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light;
- 12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb:
- 13 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
- 14 Chear'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

X. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet I shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
Yet God shall build my bones again,
And clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see his lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,

And feast upon his boundless grace
With pleasure and surprize.

XI. Psalm xix. 1—6.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

XII. Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, my shepherd and my guide,
Will all my wants supply;
In safety I shall still abide,
Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 Amidst the verdant flow'ry meads
He makes my sweet repose,

- When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wand'rer home,
And shews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear;
Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish ev'ry fear.
- 5 No evil can my soul dismay,
While I am near my God;
My comfort, my support and stay,
Thy staff and guiding rod.
- 6 Thy constant bounties me surround,
Amidst my envious foes;
My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,
My cup with blessing flows.
- 7 Thus shall thy goodness, love and care,
Attend my future days;
And I shall dwell for ever near
My God, and sing his praise.

XIII. Psalm cxxxiii.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be!
How great their pleasure prove!
Who live like breth'ren, and consent
In offices of love!
- 2 True love is like that precious oil
Which pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes,
Its costly moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew that doth
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops, that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd
And life's eternal spring.

XIV. Psalm cxxxvii.

- 1 **W**HEN we our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful part to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.
- 3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing?
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 5 O Salem our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my tremb'ling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue:
Or if I sing one chearful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.
- 7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface,
"And with the ground quite level lay."
- 8 Proud Babel's daughter doom'd to be
Of grief and woe the wretched prey;

Blest is the man who shall to thee
The wrongs thou lay'st on us, repay.

- 9 Thrice blest, who with just rage possessest,
And deaf to all the parent's moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from thy breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

XV. Ecclef. vii. 2—6.

- 1 **W**HILE others crowd the house of mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with wisdom dwell,
Frequent the house of woe.
- 2 Better to weep with those who weep,
And share th' afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys,
That cheat and wound the heart.
- 3 When gen'rous sorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And waisted to the sky.
- 4 The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequest' red cell;
The thoughtless, still, with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.
- 5 The noisy laughter of the fool
Is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
In ashes to the ground.

XVI. Ifaiah v. 2. 7. 9. 10. Mat. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **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 sweet 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 dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XVII. Isaiah ix. 2—8.

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's furrounding 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 th' 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.

XVIII. Another.

- 1 **T**HE people that in darknes walk'd,
Have seen a light divine;
And those who dwelt in shades of death,
On them great light doth shine.
- 2 Before thy light the nations joy;
They joy as after toil
In harvest, or as men rejoice
When they divide the spoil.
- 3 For thou our burden's yoke didst break,
The oppressor hast destroy'd,
As once thou didst to Midian's host,
Thy people that annoy'd.
- 4 For, lo! to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is giv'n;
The government on him is laid,
Which was decreed in heav'n.
- 5 His name is called Wonderful!
He, Counsellor, doth shine!
Th' Eternal Father, Mighty God,
And Prince of Peace Divine!
- 6 The increase of his government,
And peace, shall have no end;
For, David's throne and kingdom, he
With justice shall defend.

XIX. *Isaiah ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest'd with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear:
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful! The Counsellor!
- 3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
The 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.

XX. *Isaiah xxvi. 1—6.*

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, 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 nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

- 4 Here shall you 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 rebels 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 rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

XXI. Isaiah xxxiii. 17. 24, &c.

- 1 **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 sickly ray;

But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

XXII. Isaiah xl. 27—30.

- 1 **W**Hence do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot 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 they that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel their strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

XXIII. Isaiah xl. 28—31.

- 1 **A**Wake 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 every 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 overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and drop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

XXIV. Isaiah xlii. 1—4.

- 1 **B**Ehold, my Servant, whom I send
Down from the pure realms of light;
My chosen One, my darling Son,
In whom is fix'd my soul's delight.
- 2 My Spirit's fulness ever dwells
On head of this anointed One;
By him my judgment, and my truth,
To lands remote shall be made known.
- 3 He shall not cry, nor lift his voice,
'Mong crowds to raise the loud alarm;
He'll shun all strife for kingly pow'r;
No earthly grandeur shall him charm.
- 4 The bruised reed he shall not break,
His strength in weakness to display:
His willing folk shall wear his yoke;
His gentle rod they will obey.
- 5 The smoking flax can ne'er expire,
For he sustains the hidden flame;
The sinking sinner he relieves,
Who trusts for life his precious name.
- 6 Yea, many waters cannot quench
That fire which burns with feeble ray:
His kingdom's light which dimly shines,
Shall blaze like noon-tide of the day.

- 7 He judgment unto victory
 Shall bring, to put his foes to shame:
 His brethren then, triumphantly,
 Shall sing the glories of his name.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, victorious come,
 In all thy Father's brightness shine;
 O come to save thy saints! and, Lord,
 Begin thine everlasting reign.

XXV. *Isaiah xlv. 21—25.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
 His Godhead from his throne;
 Mercy and justice are the names
 By which I will be known.
- 2 Ye dying souls, that sit
 In darkness and distress,
 Look from the borders of the pit
 To my recov'ring grace.
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
 Their thankful tongues shall own,
 Our righteousness and strength are found
 In thee, the Lord, alone.
- 4 In thee shall Isra'l trust,
 And see their guilt forgiv'n;
 God will pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heav'n.

XXVI. *Isaiah xlix. 13—17.*

- 1 **Y**E heav'ns send forth your song of praise!
 Earth, raise your voice below!
 Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
 And joy thro' 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
Forfaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can it's 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 hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
And raise her broken frame.

XXVII. Ifaiah liii.

- 1 **H**OW few believe the glad report
Which we to sinners 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 As, in dry soil, a tender plant
Weak and neglected grows;
So, in this cold and barren world,
That sacred Root arose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd of 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, had 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 shew of law condemn'd,
And number'd with the dead.
- 11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
The rich a grave supply'd:
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.

XXVIII. Another.

1 **W**HO 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 friendly 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 your 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,
Silly 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.

XXIX. Isaiah liii. 6—12.

- 1 **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 life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
 Were taken both away;
 Join'd with the wicked in his death,
 And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And make him see a num'rous seed,
 To recompense his pain.
- 6 I'll give him, faith the Lord,
 A portion with the strong;
 He shall possess a large reward,
 And hold his honours long.

XXX. Isaiah lv. 1, 2, &c.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 'To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die;

Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

XXXI. Ifaiah lviii. 5—9.

- 1 **A**Ttend, and mark the solemn fast
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
Which vain-dissemblers wear.
- 2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith he who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love?
- 3 Let such as feel oppression's load,
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, homeless, poor
Be thy peculiar care.
- 4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest'd;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.
- 5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warm'd and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
- 6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

XXXII. Ifaiah lxiii. 1—8. Part I.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state

Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate!

- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
 'Tis some victorious king:
 " 'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
 " That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
 Why thine apparel's red
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
 Who in the wine-press tread?
- 4 " I by myself have trod the press,
 " And crush'd my foes alone;
 " My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
 " My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
 " With joyful scarlet stains;
 " The triumph that my raiment wears,
 " Sprung from their bleeding veins.
- 6 " Thus shall the nations be destroyed,
 " That dare insult my saints;
 " I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
 " An ear for their complaints."

P A R T II.

- 1 " I Lift my banner," saith the Lord,
 " Where Antichrist hath stood;
 " The city of my gospel-foes
 " Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 " My heart has studied just revenge,
 " And now the day appears,
 " The day of my redeem'd is come,
 " To wipe away their tears.
- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
 " And bids my fury go:
 " Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 " And be as fatal too.

- 4 " I call for helpers, but in vain;
 " Then has my gospel none?
 " Well, mine own arm has might enough
 " To crush my foes alone.
- 5 " Slaughter and my devouring sword,
 " Shall walk the streets around,
 " Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
 " And stagger to the ground."
- 6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
 Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliv'rer praise.

XXXIII. Jeremiah xvii. 5—8.

- 1 **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 a while, 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's side
Whose waters cannot fail.

XXXIV. Habakuk iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **W**HAT tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Tho' vines their fruit deny;
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply?
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though 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 roe;
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.

XXXV. Matthew iii. 9.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the rugged shapeless rock,
Can take the hardest stones,

And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new created sons.

- 3 Such wondrous pow'r he doth possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

XXXVI. Matthew vi. 9—14.

- 1 OUR Father, we approach 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.

XXXVII. Matthew xxi. 1—15.

- 1 **A** Wake, O Zion's daughter! rise;
Shake off thy dust; no more repine;
Let gladness sparkle in thine eyes,
In all thy fairest garments shine.
- 2 Behold thy King, expected long,
In humble pomp at length appears;
Amidst yon praising infant-throng,
His meek majestic head he rears.
- 3 No fiery steed he rides; he sways
No tinsel rod of earthly reign:
A colt, ne'er us'd 'till now, conveys
To thee thy lowly Prince divine.
- 4 Here's no vain croud, no gaudy shew:
Babes, taught of heav'n resound his praise;
His paths the Galileans strow
With branches of triumphing peace.
- 5 With ardent zeal, to crown the law,
He enters grand! see there he is!
His presence strikes a gen'ral awe;
The wonder-circles, Who is this?
- 6 He visits now his Father's house,
And shews himself the son and heir;
He frowns away all vile abuse,
Smiles on his babes who praise him there.
- 7 This first day of the week, he shews
A pledge of joys before unknown,
When he should rise, and wide diffuse
The oil of joy among his own.
- 8 The blind and lame by him reliev'd,
His saving light and strength proclaim;
His foes with shame and spite are griev'd,
To see his works and hear his fame.
- 9 Hosanna! thronging myriads shout,
Jehovah brings salvation nigh:

Hofanna! ev'ry babe crys out,
Jehovah, fend prosperity.

10 To him, who, in Jehovah's name,
Draws nigh to save, all praise belongs:
Peace reigns in heav'n with ev'ry beam
Of glory in the Highest Ones.

11 Salvation unto David's Son;
All blessing unto Isra'l's King:
His kingdom blessed be alone,
And blest'd the people of his reign.

12 To praise the just and saving King,
How blest'd to be a little child!
When he in glory comes to reign,
Then all his babes shall kings be stil'd.

13 In all the earth how worthy is,
Jehovah, our dear Lord, thy name!
From infant-lips thou perfect'st praise,
Thy strength, to put thy foes to shame.

XXXVIII. Mat. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38. 40.

1 **H**Ofanna to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His nature's two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same,
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emmanuel's name.

3 Blest'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hofannas of the highest strain,
To Christ, the Lord, be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
'Th' hofanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

XXXIX. Mark x. 14.

- 1 SEE Ifra'l's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 Permit them to approach (he cries)
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

XL. Luke i. 30. &c. Luke ii. 10. &c.

- 1 BEhold, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.
- 2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign,
They shall his laws obey,
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.
- 4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

- 5 "Go humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger ly.
- 6 "With looks and hearts serene
"Go visit Christ your King;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing,
- 7 "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth,
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."
- 8 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs:
- 9 "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth,
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth."

XLI. Luke i. 46. &c.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.
- 2 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 3 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
In thee shall all the earth be blest'd;
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 4 But now no more shall Isra'l wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:

Lo, the desire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

XLII. Luke ii. 8—15.

- 1 **W**Hile humble shepherds watch'd their flocks
In Bethleh'm's field by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
And fill'd the 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."

XLIII. Another.

- 1 " **S**hepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away;
" News from the region of the skies,
" The Saviour's born to-day.

- 2 "Jefus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.
- 3 " No gold, nor purple fwaddling-bands,
" Nor royal fhining things;
" A manger for his cradle ftands,
" And holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, fhepherds, where the infant lies,
" And fee his humble throne;
" With gladnefs sparkling in your eyes,
" Go, and behold the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel fang, and ftait around
The heav'nly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty found,
And thus conclude the fong:
- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace furround the earth;
" Mortals fhall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord, and fhall angels have their fongs,
And men have none to raife?
O do thou loofe our ufelefs tongues,
When they neglect to praife.
- 8 Glory to God, that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to fmg our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

XLIV. Luke ii. 27—33.

- 1 **W**ITH what divine and vaft delight
Old Simeon was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy Child!
- 2 " Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
" Behold, thy fervant dies;

" I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
" And close my peaceful eyes.

- 3 " This is the light prepar'd to shine
" Upon the Gentile lands,
" Thine Isra'l's glory, and their hope,
" To break their slavish bands."

XLV. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H** Ark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And ev'ry voice be song!

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

- 3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

- 4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of sin
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

- 5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

- 6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
Accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is fulfill'd,
And Isra'l is restor'd.

- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
With thy most honour'd name.

XLVI. Luke x. 21.

- 1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise:
- 2 "Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,
"That hath reveal'd thy Son
"To men unlearned; and to babes
"Has made thy gospel known.
- 3 "The myst'ries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise:
"While pride and carnal reas'nings join
"To swell and blind their eyes.
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.

XLVII. Luke xv. 7—10.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew!
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

XLVIII. Luke xxiv. 34. &c.

- 1 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
Fell to the ground,
And sunk 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 such a tomb.

- 3 Then back to heav'n they fly,
And the glad tidings 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'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
A kingdom gain
Beyond the skies.

XLIX. John i. 1. 3. 14. Col. i. 16. &c.

- 1 **E**RE the wide heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angles fly at his command.
- 3 But lo, he leaves his heav'nly form,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Cloth'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When in him all the Godhead shone!
- 5 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Emmanuel.

L. John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. &c.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name),
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought;
Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But forer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

LI. John iii. 14, 15, 16.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

LII. John x. 28, 29.

- 1 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 fav'rites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

LIII. John x. 28.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
 While Jesus silence breaks;
 No angel's harp such music yields,
 As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep (he cries)
 "My soul approves them well:
 "Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
 "And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now
 "With tokens of my love,
 "But richer pastures I prepare,
 "And sweeter streams above.
- 4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss
 "I to my sheep will give;
 "And, while my throne unshaken stands,
 "Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 "This tried almighty hand
 "Is rais'd for their defence:
 "Where is the pow'r shall reach them there?
 "Or what shall force them thence?"
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
 Let faith triumphant cry;
 My heart can on this promise live,
 Can on this promise die.

LIV. John x. 29, 30.

- 1 **I**N one harmonious chearful song,
 Ye happy 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 pow'r, 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 th' infernal lion roar,
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

LV. John xix. 30.

- 1 **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,
The shadows flee away;
While grace and truth resplendent shine,
To bless the gospel-day.

LVI. Another.

- 1 'TIS finished! The Saviour cry'd,
When on the cross he bow'd, and dy'd;
'Tis finished! all heav'n resounds,
Th' Eternal's mercy knows no bounds!—

- 2 Let's catch, my friends, the heav'nly theme,
'Tis finished! let us proclaim:
Justice divine is now appeas'd,
God rests in his own Son, well pleas'd.

- 3 'Tis finished! ye nations hear,
Your fruitless labour now forbear;
By Jesus' finish'd work alone,
'There's access to God's holy throne.

- 4 'Tis finished! The work is done!
By God's own well-beloved Son;
His work most perfect is, and pure,
And shall eternally endure.

- 5 'Tis finished! The Lamb once slain,
Is from the dead rais'd up again;
He hath ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity.

- 6 'Tis finished! Now may we sing,
Devouring death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?
Here's life, and immortality!

- 7 'Tis finished! Here's food for praise,
Here's subject meet for heav'nly lays;
And God's redeem'd shall ever sing,
The praises of th' Eternal King!

- 8 Then let us still, with thankful voice,
In Jesus' finish'd work rejoice;
'Tis finished! Let us proclaim,
Eternal thanks to God's great name.

LVII. Romans iii. 19—22.

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

LVIII. Romans v. 12—21.

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- 2 Adam the sinner: at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

- 4 We sing thy well-beloved Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the dust,
Raifes the ruins of the first.
- 5 By the rebellion of one man,
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Tho' sin did reign and death abound,
Now have the sons of Adam found
Much more abounding life and grace,
Which reignstthro' Christ, our righteousness.

LIX. Romans vi. 1. 2. 6.

- 1 **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.

LX. Romans viii. 31—39.

- 1 **L**ET 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 hath justified?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour died?
- 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Who, then, can 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;
Thro' 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 that will bless
As it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time;
He loves us to the last.

LXI. Roman viii. 33—39.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead:

And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or ever part us from his love.

LXII. Rom. ix. 21, 22. &c.

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

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will;
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 What, if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
And seal their own destruction sure?

- 5 What, if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word,
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

LXIII. Rom. x. 6—10.

- 1 **A**ND is salvation brought so near,
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear;
And shout it joyous to the sky.
- 2 I ask not, who to heav'n shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come;
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.
- 3 From heav'n on wings of love he flew,
And conqu'ror from the tomb he sprung:
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- 4 I sing salvation brought so near,
No more on earth expiring lie;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

LXIV. Rom. xiii. 21.

- 1 **A** Wake, ye faints, 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 round shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 E'er all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
 Ye mortal powers, decay;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

LXV. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. &c.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme;
 The myst'ries that we speak
 Are 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,
 Shines in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital favour of his name
 Restores their fainting breath;
 But unbelief perverts the same
 To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his Spirit down,
 Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

LXVI. 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
 But few of noble race,
 Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
 Almighty King of grace!
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
 For sons and heirs of God;
 And thus he pours abundant shame
 On honourable blood.

- 3 He calls the fool and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne:
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

LXVII. 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**ury'd in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light:
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, *The Lord our righteousness.*
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty *all*, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

LXVIII. Another.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over 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,
His hands infected nature 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 cursed 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.

LXIX. 1 Cor. vi. 10. 11.

- 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor stand'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such are we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of eternal misery,
Unholy, and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctified our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

LXX. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent I am found,
Like tinkling brags, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain,
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

LXXI. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—13.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die;
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue:
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
'Tho' she endure the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love shall remain and keep her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith, and hope, are known no more,
But faints for ever love.

LXXII. Another.

- 1 **C**ould I with elocution speak,
Transcending human tongue;
And could I sing in strains more sweet
Than ever angel sung;
- 2 And did not charity inspire,
And raise herself my voice;
My flowing verse were empty sound,
"My eloquence were noise."
- 3 Yea, had I faith to weary racks,
And pass unhurt thro' flame:
And did not charity inspire;
My labours were in vain.
- 4 'Tis love which plumes the wings of hope,
And bids her strength exert;
Which brings our faith from sound to things,
From fancy to the heart.
- 5 A time shall come, when constant faith
And patient hope shall die;
One lost in certainty of sight,
"And one dissolv'd in joy:"
- 6 But love shall last, when these no more
Shall warm the pilgrim's breast,
Or open on his dying eyes
His long expected rest:
- 7 Love's unextinguish'd ray shall burn
Thro' death, unchang'd it's frame:

It's lamp shall triumph o'er the grave,
With uncorrupted flame.

LXXIII. 1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

- 1 **W**HEN 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 incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfill'd,
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And vanquish'd quit the field.
- 4 Let faith exalt 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 that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.
- 7 Then steadfast let us still remain,
Tho' dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound;
- 8 Assur'd that tho' we labour now,
We labour not in vain,
But, thro' the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

LXXIV. 1 Cor. xv. 55. &c.

- 1 **O** For an overcoming faith,
To chear my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
"And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ my ransom, dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

LXXV. 2 Cor. v. 1. 5—8.

- 1 **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 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

LXXVI. Eph. iii. 16—21.

- 1 COME, dearest 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 possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 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, thro' Christ his Son.

LXXVII. Phil. ii. 5—12.

- 1 YE 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 tho' the form of God he bore,
 His nature tho' the same,
 Nor deem'd it robb'ry in himself
 To equal God supreme.
- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
 For us his glory veil'd;
 In human likeness dwelt on earth,
 His majesty conceal'd:
- 4 Nor only as a man appears,
 But stoops a servant low;
 Submits to death, nay bears the cross
 In all its shame and woe.

- 5 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;
- 6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
 Each humbled knee should bow,
 Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below;
- 7 That all the vanquish'd pow'rs of hell
 Might tremble at his word,
 And every tribe, and every tongue,
 Confess that he is Lord.

LXXVIII. Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **N**O 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.

LXXIX. 1 Thess. iv. 13—18.

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, Christians! when your friends
 In Jesus fall asleep;
 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 met to part no more.

LXXX. 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;

Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

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

LXXXI. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 **M**Y 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 Lord for me alone
Decreed this prize above;
But for all those who for him wait,
And his appearing love.

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

LXXXII. Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;

- So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 The gospel bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
According to his faithful word.

LXXXIII. Titus iii. 3—7.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain are 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 thro' his Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin,
Immers'd in water, this the sign
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 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.

LXXXIV. Heb. iv. 14—16.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what fore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And tho' exalted, feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.

With boldness let us then address
 His mercy and his pow'r,
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

LXXXV. Another.

COME, let us join in songs of praise
 To our ascended Priest:
 He ent'red heav'n with all our names
 Engraven on his breast.

Below he wash'd our guilt away
 By his atoning blood;
 And now he sits upon the throne,
 And pleads our cause with God.

- 3 What tho' while here we oft must feel
Temptation's keenest dart,
Our tender High Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.
- 4 Cloath'd with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.
- 5 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervours of his love;
For us he dy'd in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.
- 6 O may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name!
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim!

LXXXVI. Heb. vi. 17—19.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God?
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

LXXXVII. Heb. vii. and ix.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 thro' sev'ral 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'rful 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 heav'nly hill;
 Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
 And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives in heav'n to plead
 The merit of his blood,
 And saves unto the utmost those
 Who by him come to God.

LXXXVIII. Heb. xii. 1—13.

BEhold what witnesses unseen
 Encompass us around;

- Men once like us with suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Begin the Christian race,
And, freed from each incumb'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 scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he dy'd
To murmur or complain?
- 6 Have ye, like him, to blood, to death,
The cause of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
Forgotten or disdain'd?
- 7 My son, faith he, with patient mind
Endure the chast'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction try'd,
That thou art lov'd by God.
- 8 His children thus most dear to him,
Their heav'nly Father trains,
Thro' all the hard experience led
Of sorrows and of pains.
- 9 We know he owns us for his sons,
When we correction share;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
Without our Father's care.
- 10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
On earth have often heard;

The Father of our spirits sure
Demands much more regard.

11 Parents may err; but he is wise,
Nor lifts the rod in vain;

His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
By salutary pain.

12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
May seem a field of woe,

Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow.

13 Then, let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;

Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

LXXXIX. Heb. xii. 18—25.

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

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, declares
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 blest'd.

XC. 1 Peter i. 3—5.

- 1 **B**lest'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 What tho' our flesh by Adam's sin
 Is doom'd to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Head arose,
 So all his members must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
 Reserv'd against that day;
 'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot fade 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.

XCI. 1 Peter i. 8.

- 1 **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.

XCII. 2 Pet. iii. 3—14.

- 1 **L**O! in the last of days behold
A faithless race arise;
Their lawless lust, their only rule;
And thus the scoffer cries;
2 Where is the promise deem'd so true
That spoke the Saviour near?
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
No change has reach'd our ear.
3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
Since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
Secure, the bark of man.
4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his words
Conceal the truth he knows,
That from the water's dark abyss
The earth at first arose.
5 But when the sons of men began
With one consent to stray,
At heav'n's command a deluge swept
The godless race away.
6 A different fate is now prepar'd
For nature's trembling frame;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
In one devouring flame.
7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
When to the gulph below,
Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign pow'r
The judge consigns his foe.
8 Tho' now, ye just! the time appears
Protracted, dark, unknown,

An hour, a day, a thousand years,
To heav'n's great Lord are one.

- 9 'Tis for his chosen's sake he bears
With all th' apostate race,
Who scorn the terrors of his word,
And trample on his grace:

- 10 That none of those whom he foreknew
May perish with the slain;
That all, in this accepted day,
Repentance may obtain.

- 11 Yet as the night-wrap'd thief who lurks
To seize th' expected prize,
Thus steals the hour when Christ shall come,
And thunder rend the skies.

- 12 Then at the loud tremend'ous peal,
The heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
At natur's final day.

- 13 The earth, and all the boasted works
Which mankind now admire,
In that great day shall be destroy'd
With all-devouring fire.

- 14 Since all these things shall be dissolv'd,
How solemn is the call
To live to God, unstain'd by sin,
And keep his precepts all;

- 15 Still hast'ning to the joyful day,
When Christ, the Lord, shall come,
And his all-quick'ning voice shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb?

- 16 According to his faithful word,
As ancient prophets tell,
New heav'ns and earth we hope to see,
Where right'ousness shall dwell.

- 17 While ye such glorious things expect,
Your diligence encrease,

That, blameless, when the Lord appears,
Ye may be found in peace.

XCIII. 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**Ehold what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprizing thing,
That we should be unknown:
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's well beloved Son:
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

XCIV. Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O 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.

XCV. Rev. i. 5—9.

- 1 **T**O 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 every 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 centers all in me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

XCVI. Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his precious blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our exalted King,

- Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
'Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day.
Come Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

XCVII. Rev. i. 5, 6.

- 1 **T**HY worthiness is all our song,
O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain;
And by thy blood bought'st us to God,
Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue;
To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
And we shall reign upon the earth.
- 2 Salvation to our God, who shines
In face of Jesus on the throne,
The only just and merciful:
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
With loud voice, all the church ascribes;
Amen! say angels round the throne.
- 3 To him who loved us, and wash'd
Us from our sins in his own blood,
And who hath made us kings and priests,
To his own Father and his God,
The glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen.

XCVIII. Rev. ii. 1—7.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord to Ephesus,
Say, doth it now apply to us?
"Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
And hold the pastors in my hand.

- 2 Thy works, to me, are fully known,
Thy patience, and thy toil, I own;
Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
Nor canst thou evil-workers bear.
- 3 Yet I must blame while I approve,
Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
Dost thou forget my love to thee,
That thine is grown so faint to me?
- 4 Recall to mind the happy days
When thou wast fill'd with joy and praise;
Repent, thy former works renew,
Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
- 5 Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove;
And thou, too late thy loss lament,
I warn before I strike, Repent."
- 6 Harken to what the Spirit saith,
To him that overcomes by faith;
"The fruit of life's unfading tree,
"In paradise his food shall be."

XCIX. Rev. iii. 7—13.

- 1 **T**HUS 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 has the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

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

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

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

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

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well:
Lo, in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!

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

H

- 7 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.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

CI. Rev. v. 6—9.

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.
- 4 All the assembling faints around,
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills:
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry
"To read the book, to loose the seals."
- 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our teacher and our King!
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;

His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines:

- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood:
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
'That dy'd for treasons not his own,
To be by ev'ry tongue ador'd,
To sit upon his Father's throne.

CII. Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," 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.

CIII. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 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 dy'd:
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
'Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing 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.

CIV. Rev. vii. 13—17.

- 1 " **W**HAT happy men, or angels, these,
" That all their robes are spotless white?
" Whence did this glorious troop arrive
" At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"
- 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ, the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' almighty throne
With loud Hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.

- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen 'em from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that sits amidst the throne,
Shall shed around his chearing beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the kind hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

CV. Another.

- 1 **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 every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose chearing 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'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

CVI. Rev. xi. 15—19.

- 1 **L**ET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
The kingdoms all with one accord,
Must own subjection to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume;
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

CVII. Rev. xv. 3. and xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
We found thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of veng'ance, and of grace!
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?

Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

CVIII. Rev. xxi. 1—4.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are past away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 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 swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

CIX. Rev. xxi. 4.

- 1 **L**IFT up, ye faints, your weeping eyes,
Banish your sorrows and your sighs;
Turn all your groans to joyful songs,
Which Jesus dictates to your tongues.
- 2 Thus saith the Saviour from his throne,
“ Behold all former things are gone,
“ Past like an anxious dream away,
“ Chas’d by the golden beams of day.
- 3 “ See in celestial pomp array’d
“ A new-created world display’d;
“ Mark with what light its prospects shine!
“ How grand, how various, how divine!
- 4 “ There my own gentle hand shall dry
“ Each tear from each o’erflowing eye,
“ And open wide my friendly breast
“ To lull the weary soul to rest.
- 5 “ No more shall grief assail your heart,
“ No boding fear, no piercing smart;
“ For ever there my people dwell
“ Beyond the range of death and hell.”
- 6 Vain king of terrors, boast no more
Thine ancient wide extended pow’r;
Each faint in life with Christ his head
Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
C H R I S T I A N S O N G S,

On a variety of DIVINE SUBJECTS.

B O O K II.

I. *The Eternity of God.*

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist
E'er time began it's race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.
- 3 E'er men ador'd, or angels knew
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy blifs, O sacred spring of life!
And glory were the same.
- 4 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break;
And all this vast, and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck:
- 5 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;

- 6 For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd, in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

II. Another.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
 And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
 To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
 Jehovah fill'd his throne,
 Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
 And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past,
 He fills *his* own eternal NOW,
 And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come!
 The creatures—look! how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flame melt down the skies;
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When th' old creation dies.

III. *The wisdom power and goodness of God displayed by
 the works of creation, and providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.

- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine:
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms
Almighty pow'r declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear,
And O! let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguish'd care!
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blest.

IV. *On Providence.*

- 1 **T**HE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim!
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sheds the soft refreshing shower.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men;
To men! who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air
Enjoy his universal care.
- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields his breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death:
Will he not then preserve his saints,
And still provide for all their wants?

V. *God's Dominion and Decrees.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
Our souls stand trembling while we sing
The honours of our God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Th' Almighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.
- 4 Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
While all the ranks of being pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.
- 5 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and seize
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 6 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.
- 7 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

VI. *Praise to God for creation and redemption.*

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs 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 his 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, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

VII. *The divine perfections displayed in the salvation
of men.*

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

VIII. Another.

- 1 **N**Ature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of our God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
'The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and veng'ance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
'To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

IX. Another.

- 1 **F**Ather how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motion speaks thy skill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name, most glorious, stands
 On all thy creatures writ:
 They shew the labour of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy grand design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where veng'ance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms;

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe;
 We love, and we adore:
 The first arch-angel never saw
 So much of God before.

Here thy great name appears compleat:
 And thought can never trace
 Which of the glories brightest shone!
 The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones!
 O! the sweet wonders of his cross;
 The conquests of his groans!

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heav'nly plains:
 Blest angels learn Immanuel's name,
 And sing in choicest strains:

O may I bear my humble part
 In that immortal song,
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love inspire my tongue.

The highest display of divine perfections in the person of Christ.

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

See where it shines in Jesus' face
 The brightest image of his grace;

God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

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

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

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My soul rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

XI. *Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.*

1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

XII. *Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.*

1 **B**Ehold, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!

- The dumb speak wonders and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning flood;
He rises, by the pow'r of God.
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

XIII. *Types and prophecies of Christ.*

- 1 **B**Ehold the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!
- 2 Abr'ham the saint rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses the man of God foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their witness on his head;
Jesus we bow before thy throne,
And own thee as the promis'd seed.

XIV. *Christ the antitype of priests and offerings under the law.*

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:

So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kids, 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 God himself comes down to be
The off'ring 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.

XV. *Christ's humiliation, and perfect sacrifice.*

1 COME with united voices raise
Your cheerful songs of grateful praise;
And wide proclaim the boundless grace
Of Jesus, King of glory!

2 He bow'd the heavens, and came down,
And left for us th' eternal throne;
For all our sins he did atone,
That we might share his glory!

3 He who the heav'ns and earth did make,
Humbled himself ev'n for our sake;
And did the human nature take;
Thus vailing all his glory!

4 A man of sorrows he became,
And bore for us contempt and shame,
While he salvation did proclaim;
And pav'd our way to glory!

5 For sinners destitute and poor,
He did God's fiercest wrath endure,
That he our pardon might procure,
And lead us into glory!

- 6 Tho' well he knew the dreadful sum
That must be paid, he said, "I come;"
He shrunk not back, till all was done,
To bring lost man to glory!
- 7 His work's compleat! nought wanting found!
Here mercy flows, and knows no bound;
And all his faints shall yet be crown'd,
To reign with him in glory!
- 8 O! let us then with transport raise
Our loudest songs of grateful praise;
And evermore adore the grace
Which freely leads to glory!

XVI. *Christ's sufferings and death.*

- 1 SAY, Faith, who bleeds on yonder tree?
Know'st thou that visage marr'd and torn?
My Lord, my God! Ye angels, see
Your dread Creator crown'd with thorn!
- 2 Step nearer; view these ghastly wounds!
See how his yearning bowels move!
See how his breaking heart abounds
With streaming pledges of his love!
- 3 Lord! what are *we*, that *we* are lov'd
Till wrath pour on thee all its storms?
Thou hold'st us fast in death unmov'd;
Nor hell can tear us from thy arms.
- 4 Hark! ah! that mournful loud complaint!
To his forsaking God he cries!
His horrors shake the earth! lo! rent
The vail! the sun in darkness dies.
- 5 With horror, nature, see thy God,
Who bade thee be, groan and expire!
Mourn sun; at his almighty nod
Thy beams shot first refulgent fire.
- 6 Astonish'd earth with trembling shook;
Rocks' dreadful bosoms burst and rend;

The holy elect angels stoop;
And all in silence wait the end.

- 7 Justice divine!—For all we owe,
'Tho' sums immense are multiply'd,
A broad discharge, blood-seal'd, we'll show:
“ 'Tis finish'd!” Jesus said, and dy'd.

XVII. *The sufferings and exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the ruler of the skies,
“ Awake, my dreadful sword;
“ Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
“ My fellow,” saith the Lord.
- 2 Veng'ance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed down she flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with veng'ance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high;
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

XVIII. *Another.*

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh
To take away our guilt;

Proclaim the value of his blood,
Which hellish monsters spilt.

3 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.

4 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

5 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

6 There the Redeemer sits
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

7 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And blest his saints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

XIX. *Christ's sufferings and glory.*

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
Jesus our God was born to die.

- 4 Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt:
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the load of all our guilt.
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories fit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus our God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XX. Another.

- 1 **H**E 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, faints, behold the man of woe!
Who groans and dies beneath your load!
Mourn, he is pierc'd alone for you!
For you he sheds his precious blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
'The rising God forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 3 Break off 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 wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem! and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

XXI. Another.

- 1 **O** Lord, when tempted to despair,
 And say thy mercy's gone,
 I'll mind the years of thy right hand,
 And wonders thou hast done:
- 2 How to be one with sons of men,
 Immanuel did not scorn;
 And how from Mary's virgin-womb
 The holy child was born:
- 3 I'll mind the greatness of that love
 Which in his breast did burn,
 When all the wrath of God for sin
 Upon his soul did turn.
- 4 When God's own well beloved Son
 Went mourning to the grave,
 And dy'd accurs'd for sin, that grace
 Might dying sinners save.
- 5 See from the dead the Prince of life
 In glory bright appears!
 No further proof of love I'll seek;
 This quiets all my fears.
- 6 This sign of love my soul relieves;
 'Tis ease from all my pain:
 I will not fear to see my God,
 Because the Lamb was slain.

XXII. *The resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **C**hristians 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 fulfil'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 died 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.

XXIII. Another.

1 **J**esus, who died his church to save;
 Revives and rises from the grave
 By his almighty pow'r:
 From death and ev'ry foe set free
 He captive leads captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

2 His angel rolls away the stone,
 And sits in shining robes thereon,
 Diffusing heav'nly rays;

The guards are fill'd with sudden fear,
They shake, they fall, they cannot bear
The glory of his face.

- 3 The Lord who spoke the world from nought,
Hath for poor sinners dearly bought
Salvation by his blood.
Lo! how he bursts the bonds of death,
And re-assumes his vital breath
To make our title good.

- 4 Children of God, look up and see,
Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will take you home

- 5 Why do our hearts so cleave to earth,
Unmindful of our heav'nly birth,
In love with earthly toys?
When shall we drop this load of clay,
For sake the earth and wing our way
To never-ceasing joys?

- 6 Altho' our Lord is honour'd thus,
Yet still his thoughts are fix'd on us
His own peculiar race:
He hears our pray'rs, our groans and sighs,
And fills our hearts with fresh supplies
Of unexhausted grace.

- 7 His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem;
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

XXIV. *The resurrection and ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **H**Osanna to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron-gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrants sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scares of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
On his celestial throne,
Receives the promised reward,
And scatters blessings down.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
'To reach his blest'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

XXV. *Christ's death, victory, and dominion.*

- 1 **I** Sing my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

XXVI. *Christ's victory over Satan.*

- 1 **H**Osanna to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r,
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King,
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
'Thro' the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

XXVII. *God reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **D**earest of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But when Immanuel's face appears,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fears,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

XXVIII. Another.

- 1 C Hrist is risen from the dead,
[Hallelujah.]
High-ascended as our Head,
[Hallelujah.]
Ent'red heaven with his blood,
[Hallelujah.]
Seated on the throne of God.
[Hallelujah.]
- 2 Now his work appears complete,
[Hallelujah.]
For he reigns in glory great;
[Hallelujah.]
Heaven sounds his praise aloud,
[Hallelujah.]
Praise him all ye sons of God.
[Hallelujah.]
- 3 God is pleased in his Son,
[Hallelujah.]
For the work that he hath done,
[Hallelujah.]

For the glory he hath giv'n

[*Hallelujah.*]

To the Lord of earth and heav'n.

[*Hallelujah.*]

4 Mercy doth to finners flow,

[*Hallelujah.*]

For the law hath got its due;

[*Hallelujah.*]

Justice now is satisfy'd,

[*Hallelujah.*]

Christ is risen from the dead.

[*Hallelujah.*]

XXIX. Another.

1 **G**Lory unto Jesus be,
From the curse he set us free;
All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done,
God's well pleased in his Son;
For he rais'd him from the dead,
And he reigns his church's head.

3 His redeem'd his praise shout forth,
Ever glorying in his worth;
Angels sing around the throne,
"Thou art worthy! Thou alone!"

4 He will soon return again,
And his saints with him shall reign;
In this hope they joyful say
Come Lord Jesus—come away.

XXX. *Praise to God for redemption.*

1 **G**Lory be to God on high,
[*Hallelujah.*]
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,
[*Hallelujah.*]

Thro' the true atoning-blood,
[Hallelujah.]
Of the precious Lamb of God.
[Hallelujah.]

2 Glory to the Son of God,
[Hallelujah.]
Who in sinners room hath stood,
[Hallelujah.]
Born the wrath, and born the curse;
[Hallelujah.]
Tasted death to ransom us.
[Hallelujah.]

3 Now the law is magnify'd;
[Hallelujah.]
For our God in flesh obey'd!
[Hallelujah.]
Grace thro' righteousness doth reign,
[Hallelujah.]
Glorious all, yea, all divine.
[Hallelujah.]

4 Glory to the sacred Three,
[Hallelujah.]
Who are one, and all agree
[Hallelujah.]
In their record of the Son,
[Hallelujah.]
God is pleas'd with what he 'th done.
[Hallelujah.]

XXXI. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 **P**Lung'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 ran 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. He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron-chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 Oh! for this love, let heav'n and earth
Proclaim his endless praise,
While all harmonious human tongues
Their loudest anthems raise.
- 6 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.

XXXII. Another.

- 1 **O** JESUS! the glory, the wonder, and love,
Of angels and glorify'd spirits above,
And saints, who behold thee not, yet dearly love,
Rejoicing in hope of thy glory:
Thou only, and wholly, art lovely and fair,
Who robb'st not JEHOVAH, with him to compare,
JEHOVAH's own image glows in thee; shines there
In visible bodily glory.
Worth divine dwells in thee;
Excellent dignity,
Beauty and majesty,
Glory environs thee;
Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life, rest on thee,
O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!
- 2 Where ever we view thee, new glories arise;
The man who's God's fellow, who rides on the skies,

Made flesh, dwelt among us: brought God to our eyes;
 And in grace and truth shew'd all his glory.
 Thou spak'st to existence the heav'n's and their hosts,
 The earth and its fulness, the seas and their coasts;
 Time hangs on thy word, and eternity boasts
 To crown and adorn thee with glory.
 Worth, &c.

- 3 But how lovely dost thou appear in our eyes,
 When in childhood, thou meet'st us in that dear disguise!
 Thy loves, past all knowledge, with raptures surprise,
 And ravish our hearts with thy glory.
 In thy blessed body, on the cursed tree,
 Thou bar'st all our sins, while thy God frown'd on thee,
 Expiring in blood in our stead; and lo, we
 Exult in thy merit and glory.
 Worth, &c.

- 4 Thy blood all divine from the grave back again,
 Brought thee, King of glory; Thou Lamb who was slain!
 First-born of the dead, crown'd with honour supreme,
 Thy throne is establish'd in glory.
 There reign in thy glory, O thou great ador'd!
 Till thy foes, crush'd under thy feet, be no more;
 Thy throne shall triumph over all things restor'd,
 And eternity blaze with thy glory.
 Worth divine dwells in thee;
 Excellent dignity,
 Beauty and majesty,
 Glory environs thee;
 Pow'r, honour, dominion, and life, rest on thee,
 O thou chiefest among the ten thousands!

XXXIII. *The effusion of the Spirit.*

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!

Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
“Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
“Go spread the myst'ry of his cross.”
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low?
- 5 The Greeks, and Jews, the learn'd, and rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

XXXIV. *The gospel preached to every creature.*

- 1 **H**E who surveys the heart of man,
Who testifies 'tis only ill,
Would ne'er have form'd his saving plan,
On ought depending on man's will.
- 2 God, *in his mercy*, purpos'd hath,
(And God's salvation standeth sure)
To bless all nations, and Christ's death
Hath made their blessedness secure.
- 3 Away with that redemption lame,
Which with salvation is not crown'd;
I scorn the narrow-bounded scheme;
My soul abhors th' insipid sound.
- 4 How vain that universal grace,
Which doth no certain bliss bestow;
Which leaves the whole of Adam's race
Expos'd to universal woe!
- 5 The grace of God in Jesus shown,
Most sure salvation brings along;
Salvation to our God alone,
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.

- 6 Who can by merit God prevent?
Let him stand forth for recompence:
But, Lord, for ever, ever grant
Preventing grace be my defence.
- 7 Be that redemption mine for ay,
Which from the dreadful curse doth free;
That, with the whole redeem'd I may,
The praise of all ascribe to thee.

XXXV. *Salvation.*

- 1 **S**alvation! O, the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hells dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

XXXVI. *Mercy sovereign and free.*

- 1 **S**HALL earth born man with God contend,
To him his parts display;
Hold his dim beaming reason up,
And rival his full day?
- 2 Form'd by his hand, so might a bowl
Against the potter speak;
Ask why for baser use design'd,
Why fitted up to break?
- 3 Did God thy reason frame, to tax
His attributes divine?
Or was it to insure his wrath,
And make damnation thine?

- 4 Do men presumptuous rush on God,
With guilt deform'd, and foul,
Ask for that favour they deserve,
And bid his thunder roll?
- 5 Speak not of worth nor cloud his grace;
But let his mercy shine:
Mercy's a stranger to thy worth,
All sov'reign, all divine!
- 6 He wills, and why? because he wills,
To save the sinking soul:
Nor can the whole creation's pow'r
His sov'reign will controul.
- 7 Hail! sov'reign grace, divinely bright,
Beneath whose ample wing,
The guilty myriads raise their voice,
Th' angelic myriads sing!

XXXVII. *Salvation to the chief of sinners.*

- 1 **H**OW glorious is thy name
Thro' all the ransom'd host,
O worthy Lamb!—who came
To seek and save the lost!
- 2 Thou art beyond compare
Most precious in our sight!
Than sons of men more fair;
And infinite in might!
- 3 Thy perfect work, divine,
Makes us for ever blest:
Here truth and mercy shine;
And men with God do rest.
- 4 Thy ways are far above
The ways of men, O God!
Above their thoughts thy love,
In saving by thy blood.
- 5 Let us count all things loss
That Jesus we may win:

Let's glory in his cross,
And leave the paths of sin.

6 In him let us rejoice;
Salvation he hath wrought:
Be his commands our choice:
For with his blood we're bought.

XXXVIII. *The wounded conscience healed.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall the guilty who hath lost
Jehovah's favour by his sin,
Find worth, which he can safely trust,
A righteousness to glory in?
- 2 How shall he calm his guilty fears?
What shall he work, what shall he feel?
In vain are all his pray'rs and tears:
For ah! there's something lacking still.
- 3 Behold the cross! the blood divine
Which there for sons of wrath was spilt!
Here's worth enough to glory in,
Enough to purge the foulest guilt.
- 4 When false foundations all are gone,
Each lying refuge blown to air,
The cross remains your boast alone;
For all your righteousness is there:
- 5 Is guilt your burden? from the cross
Springs glorious liberty to you:
Or would you worldly lusts oppose?
The cross victorious stands to view.
- 6 Would ye like Jesus shine, when he
In glory comes the second time?
Mark well his aspect on the tree;
Take up the cross and follow him.

XXXIX. *Another.*

- 1 **W**Herewith shall I, o'erwhelm'd with sin,
Before the Lord appear?

- Or how can such a wretch as I
To the Most High draw near?
- 2 Where shall the conscience, stung with sin,
Apply, relief to find?
And where's the balm, whose healing pow'r
Can cure a wounded mind?
- 3 Can all the pow'r of man do ought?
Ah no! 'tis all in vain—
'Tis God that wounds, and God alone
Can heal the wound again.
- 4 And lo! Jehovah's boundless grace
The blessed cure supplies;
To save his people from their sins,
See! Jesus bleeds and dies!
- 5 Yea, rather see he lives again!
And shall for ever live;
And will, to all for whom he died,
This life eternal give.
- 6 Then, what tho' in this vale of tears,
Our sorrows may abound?
And for affliction's mortal stroke,
No cure can here be found?
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ, in God;
When Christ our life appears,
His people he'll with glory crown,
And wipe away their tears.

XL. *A repenting sinner's prayer.*

- 1 **P**ROstrate, O Lord, beneath thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Jesus shed,
No blood but what he spilt.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice doth well approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

XLI. *Mercy abounding to the chief of sinners.*

- 1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descends to rebels doom'd to die!
'Tis mercy free which knows no bound;
How grand how gladsome is the sound!
- 2 'Tis grace by righteousness that reigns,
Where every god-like beauty shines;
So leaves no doubt from whence it came,
Then grace divine we dare it name.
- 3 Mercy it's grand display began
When God the Word became a man;
And in its full perfection shone,
When dying Jesus cry'd, 'Tis done!
- 4 It triumph'd when from death he rose,
And broke the pow'r of all our foes;
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.
- 5 Grace down in show'rs of mercy fell,
Refreshing thousands ripe for hell;
Who lately fill'd with dev'lish wrath,
Had doom'd the Lord of heav'n to death.
- 6 It courts not men of mighty name,
But visits those o'erwhelm'd with blame;

It makes the pooreſt wretch look gay,
And empty ſends the rich away!

XLII. *Man fallen and redeemed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 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, Oh! 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 Before the throne, and firſt in ſong,
Man ſhall his hallelujahs raiſe;
While wondring angels round him throng,
And ſwell the chorus of his praiſe.

XLIII. *Divine Love. Part I.*

- 1 **E**Ternal love's the darling ſong,
Well-pleaſing to Jehovah's ear;
Come then, ye fav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
With all your grateful harps draw near:
- 2 'Tis yours to ſing th' eternal date
Of love divine, and how it moves

To helpless man, with gladness great:
Sing loud, for God the song approves.

- 3 Hail, Bethleh'm! hail that ruddy morn!
Whose rays beheld th' incarnate God,
Jehovah of a virgin born,
Who righteousness and life bestow'd.
- 4 For us salvation wide displays
Her ample all-refreshing wing;
Safe in the shade, that love we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing:
- 5 We sing the garden and the tree,
Red with the blood which cries for peace;
Heav'n echoes back, I'm pleas'd in thee;
And wrath to mercy now gives place.
- 6 From this dread object flows our joy,
Here all the majesty, and worth,
And love of God, without alloy,
In brightest splendor do shine forth.
- 7 We sing a note that high prevails,
Above the angels free from sin;
Who cannot taste the cure which heals
The deadly smart of wrath divine.
- 8 As food the hungry soul relieves
As choice perfumes delight the smell;
So mercy from the cross revives
Man sinking in the jaws of hell:
- 9 The wonders of Christ's blood arise
Bright in the drooping wretches view:
Astonish'd with the dear surprise,
His joyful transport who can shew?

P A R T II.

- 1 **T**HY love, O Jesus is a theme
Which never never old shall grow:
All ages of the church proclaim
How sweetly did its numbers flow:

- 2 Down from the birth of infant time,
Thro' Eve, Abra'am, and David's line,
Thy love doth run in strains sublime,
And running with new glories shine;
- 3 Till thou wast found a babe, O God!
When angels throng'd to join our lay;
Until thy love, in streams of blood,
Did all its wealthy store display.
- 4 At thy ascent, the spacious heav'n
All round re-echo'd with this theme,
When from the throne the word was giv'n,
"Let all the angels praise his name."
- 5 At thy return, eternal fame
From all the saints shall sound to thee,
On banks of Eden's cheering stream,
Beneath the life-restoring tree.

P A R T III.

- 1 **T**HY love makes us count all things loss,
To scorn'd poverty gives charms;
Makes martyrs bold ev'n on the cross,
And, singing triumph, reach thy arms.
- 2 When thy love glows upon the heart,
Disgrace forgets her shocking name,
Afflictions lose their deadly smart,
And patience smiles amidst the flame;
- 3 Salvation sounds from racks and stakes,
Hope blunts the sword's devouring edge;
Severest torture joy partakes,
Of heav'nly bliss the welcome pledge.
- 4 Broad heav'n and earth shall sing of thee,
And their melodious numbers raise:
We'll make thy name rememb'ed be,
Th' eternal centre of all praise.
- 5 Sing all ye bright angelic pow'rs;
Ye sons of mercy, praise your King;

The burden of the song is yours:
Let wide creation chorus sing.

XLIV. Another.

- 1 THE love which thought on helpless man,
Doth angels tongues employ;
The grace which stoop'd to Adam's race,
The heav'ns doth fill with joy.
- 2 This, from eternity, was hid
In divine wisdom's breast;
The grand design of mighty love
The church doth manifest.
- 3 When we survey that stately dome,
Where heav'nly beauties shine;
In wonder lost, we must proclaim
The Architect divine.
- 4 The depth's as low as Jesus lay,
When humbled to the death;
The height's above all heav'ns with him;
All things are far beneath.
- 5 All in the heav'ns, and on the earth,
The breadth well comprehends;
To ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
With freedom it extends.
- 6 The length from Adam to time's end,
Thro' ev'ry age doth reach;
The building shews the love of Christ,
Which doth our ken outstretch.
- 7 Th' angelic throng with raptures view
Salvation's structure rise;
By it God's wisdom manifold
With wonder strikes their eyes.
- 8 From ev'ry tribe and tongue are made
Materials for the frame;
Here ev'ry kind of sinners join;
In Christ they are the same.

- 9 When the head-stone shall be brought forth
 Redemption-work to crown;
 The saints and angels then shall shout,
 Grace! Grace! in high renown.

XLV. *Distinguishing love.*

- 1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath and darkness chain'd them down:
 But man, vile man forsook his bliss,
 Yet mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
 That could distinguish rebels so!
 Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 'To thee, to thee, O God of love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise:
 On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XLVI. *The greatness of the love of God.*

- 1 BEhold! what love the Father hath
 On sinful man bestow'd!
 That we the guilty sons of wrath,
 Should be the sons of God!
- 2 O! how beyond expression great
 The love of Christ doth shine:
 'Tis like himself, th' eternal God,
 Past knowledge! all divine!
- 3 Behold! for guilty, helpless men,
 The Lord of glory dies;
 Lays down his life, them to redeem,
 A precious sacrifice!
- 4 And God the sacrifice accepts,
 His wrath is now appeas'd;
 He looks to his beloved Son,
 And says, "I am well pleas'd."

- 5 O! let us then resound the note
Which still prevails above;
And ever sing, with joyful hearts,
The wonders of his love.

XLVII. *Christ's equality with God the Father.*

- 1 **B**Right King of glory! dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift our humble thoughts,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.
- 3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand:
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And veng'ance waits thy dread command.
- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious deity;
But who amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparifon with thee?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
'Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams,
'Their effence is for ever one;
'Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

XLVIII. *The glory of Christ.*

- 1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.
- 6 Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert thro'.
- 7 Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 8 Is he a door! I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 9 Is he design'd a corner-stone,
For men to build their hopes upon?

I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

- 10 Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light:
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.
- 11 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 12 O let me climb these higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'r abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.
- 13 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears,
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

XLIX. *The offices of Christ.*

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love he bare to me.
- 3 Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 5 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit
A joyful subject at thy feet.
- 6 Aspire my soul to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

L. Another.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle charms
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears to me.
- 3 Great prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

- 5 Thou dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
beneath thy feet.
- 6 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

LI. Another.

- 1 **W**E blefs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

LII. *Christ the faithful Witness.*

- 1 **L**ET the saints all rejoice and exult in their King,
To Jesus with shouting and melody sing;

- For sinners' redemption his life's blood he gave,
And the faithful true Witness will never deceive.
- 2 His blood's all your boasting, his blood shed for you;
With confidence trust him,—his words are all true;
For he seal'd with his blood ev'ry promise he gave,
And the faithful true Witness will never deceive.
- 3 He promis'd a crown, when he left you the cross,
And he with a kingdom rewards all your loss:
To glory he leads, while close to him you cleave,
And the faithful true Witness will never deceive.
- 4 How glorious to follow our dear suff'ring God?
Thro' great tribulation, the path which he trod!
His faithful redeem'd in that path follow'd have,
And the faithful true Witness did never deceive.
- 5 When he calls you afflictions and sorrows to bear,
He feels these afflictions; he wipes ev'ry tear:
Thro' fire and thro' water he never will leave,
For the faithful true Witness will never deceive.
- 6 He promis'd more grace, that you fall not away,
And his blood is plighted for your life for ay;
He lives wholly for you, what more can you crave?
And the faithful true Witness will never deceive.
- 7 His word stands most sure, "I come quickly again,"
He now waits to hear you resound your *Amen*:
Of that hope of glory he'll never bereave,
For the faithful true Witness will never deceive.
- 8 That he'll change your vile body he caus'd you to hope,
Like his glorious body, he shall raise you up,
All shining in glory, redeem'd from the grave;
And the faithful true Witness will never deceiv'd.

LIII. *My grace is sufficient for thee.*

- 1 **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 forgot) my foolish heart
In this vain world would chuse its part;
Call back the wanderer, Lord, to thee,
And let thy grace my safety be.
- 4 When warring passions vex me fore,
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.
- 7 Thanks to thy name, that thou, O Lord,
Help to the worthless dost afford;
Then help me Lord, and let me see
Thy grace sufficient still for me.

LIV. *The example of Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y dear 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 pleasure in 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 fervor 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 follow'rs of the Lamb.

LV. *The example of Christ and his people.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their 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 own pattern giv'n,
While the long croud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

LVI. *Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die;
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer stood

- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

LVII. *Repentance from a view of the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 I Nfinite grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore!
When knotty whips and jagged thorns
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns
In vain do I accuse:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful jews:
- 4 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twas you that pull'd the veng'ance down
Upon his guiltless head;
Break, break, my heart! O burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,

And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

LVIII. *The returning backslider.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is kind in all his ways,
When most they seem severe!
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns, he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death, that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.
- 3 When other lovers, fought in vain,
Our fond address despise,
He opens his indulgent arms
With pity in his eyes.
- 4 Return, ye wand'ring souls, return,
And seek his tender breast;
Call back the mem'ry of the days
When there you found your rest.
- 5 Behold, O Lord, we fly to thee,
Tho' blushes veil our face,
Constrain'd our last retreat to seek
In thy much-injur'd grace.

LIX. *Backslidings and returns.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The favour of thy grace,

My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chace of false delight!
Let all earth's gains be counted loss,
On heav'n, Lord, fix my sight.

10. Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

LX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let our 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
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas:
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our 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.

LXI. *Exulting in Christ.*

- 1 **R**ejoice, 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, again I say 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, again I say 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, again I say 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, again I say 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, again I say rejoice.

- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice."

LXII. *Love to God.*

- 1 **K**nowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Sin in our hearts will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

- 2 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move:
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 3 'Tis charity that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

LXIII. *Universal Benevolence.*

- 1 B L E S T is the man whose softening heart,
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain:
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

LXIV. *The christian warfare.*

- 1 S T A N D up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell, and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd 'em to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

- 3 What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spight;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a glorious crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

LXV. *Bearing the cross after Christ.*

- 1 **W**HILE I my merit all explore,
To ease my conscience wounded sore;
That fruitless task, thou say'st, give o'er,
And take up the cross, and follow me.
- 2 For I in place of sinners stood
A spotless sacrifice to God,
To purge their conscience by my blood;
Then take up the cross, and follow me.
- 3 All righteousness is fully wrought;
The ransom's paid, salvation bought:
Receive rest to thy soul for nought,
And take up the cross, and follow me.
- 4 When guilt, with agonizing pain,
Thy conscience wounds, behold me slain;
Lo! I from death am brought again;
Then take up the cross, and follow me.
- 5 Fear not, o'er hell and death I reign;
Your griefs I bear, I feel your pain;

Because I live, you life obtain;
Then take up the cross, and follow me.

- 6 'Twas Jesus spoke; the thrilling sound
A balsam was to ev'ry wound;
Thy voice gave life, and pow'r I found,
To take up the cross, and follow thee.
- 7 A flood of joy, till now unknown,
O'erwhelm'd my heart, and fill'd my tongue;
My soul dwelt on that melting song,
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.
- 8 What glory saw I now in him,
Who shed his blood to purge all sin;
Salvation swell'd my soul to brim!
I'll take up the cross, and follow thee.
- 9 By faith, O Jesus, let me rise,
And seek the things above the skies;
O let me ne'er apostatize,
From bearing the cross, to follow thee.
- 10 Till with thy patient saints I sing,
Grave! where's thy victory? death! thy sting?
Thou mak'st all conquerors to reign,
Who take up the cross, and follow thee.

LXVI. *The pilgrimage of the saints.*

- 1 **L**ORD what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy?
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
 With undiverted feet:
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that we meet.
- 5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest rome;
 But Judah's Lion guards the way,
 And guides the strangers home.
- 6 Eternal glory to the King
 That brings us safely thro',
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

LXVII. *Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim, thro' this barren land;
 I am weak but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heav'n, Bread of heav'n,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow,
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro':
 Strong Deliv'rer, 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 deaths, and hells destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

LXVIII. *A prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit*

- 1 **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 on earth we grov'ling lie,
Fond of its glitt'ring toys,
Nor can we lift our souls on high
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

LXIX. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW 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,
Give but a flatt'ring 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 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;

And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

LXX. *The world's three chief temptations.*

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!

2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a fordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls:
They're but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

LXXI. *Deliverance from spiritual Babylon.*

1 **W**HEN Isra'l marched thro' the sea;
Their way by heav'n prepar'd;
Between them and their foes, they had
Jehovah their rear-guard.

2 The cloud of glory mov'd behind,
And by its splendor bright,
Spread light, and joy, o'er all the host;
Dispelling far the night.

3 Yet that same cloud a gloomy side
Presented to their foes;

Height'ning the horrors of the night;
Prefaging deeper woes.

- 4 Thus th' all-powerful word of grace,
By which the Lord leads forth
From Babel's bondage, his redeem'd,
To glory in his worth.
- 5 Spreads light before, and guards behind;
At once, a wall of fire
To shield them round, and in the midst
Their glory and desire;
- 6 Ev'n that same word, spreads darkness wide
O'er Antichrist's domain;
And, blasting all their glory, makes
Them gnaw their tongues for pain.
- 7 Then, fear them not, but follow on
Where that word points the way:
Soon comes the Lord to crush his foes;
And give his friends the sway.

LXXII. *Gravity and Decency.*

- 1 **B**Ehold the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 4 View him that wears the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
His flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

LXXIII. *Contentment.*

- 1 MY God and Father, ever blest'd,
Enriching all, of all possess'd,
By whom the whole creation's fed;
Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my very life I owe,
From thee do all my comforts flow;
And every blessing, which I need,
Must from thy bount'ous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
Content with little would I be,
'That little, Lord, must come from thee.
- 4 While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more;
With Augur's wish I'm satisfied,
Nor grudge them all the world beside.

LXXIV. *The shortness and misery of human life.*

- 1 OUR days, alas! our mortals 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 thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

LXXV. *The vanity of life, and the Christian hope.*

- 1 I'VE seen the lovely garden flow'rs
In all their beauty glow:
I've seen the stormy hail-stone show'rs
Lay all their glory low.
- 2 I've seen the youth in beauty's pride
And highest health to-day,
Before to morrow's even-tide,
A loathsome lump of clay.
- 3 Then what's our life? a vapour sure!
Away, it swiftly flies;
The joys of life, how insecure,
How trifling such a prize?
- 4 The hast'ning day shall soon arrive,
When awful death shall come,
And close the scene of this vain life,
In darkness, and the tomb.
- 5 O! may the Living Word, the light,
Shine forth before our eyes;
In that dread hour, dispel the night
With everlasting rays:
- 6 When in the dark and dismal road,
Which we are doom'd to tread,
Our comfort be the word of God,
Our rock, our strength, our shade:
- 7 His word, who dy'd upon the tree,
Can fortify the heart,

And, ev'n in death, our minds can free,
And bid all fear depart;

- 8 For he's alive, who once was slain,
And reigns exalted high;
His word can raise us up again,
Tho' in the grave we lie.

- 9 The work he finish'd on the cross,
Doth bring salvation sure;
And his unspotted righteousness
For ever doth endure.

LXXVI. Another.

- 1 **M**AN like a flow'r at morn appears,
And blooms perhaps a few short years:
The flatt'rer *hope* still leads him on,
Pursuing pleasure, finding none;
Or, if he finds it for a day,
It soon takes wing and flies away!
- 2 Oft things which promise passing fair,
Deceive, and yield him nought but care;
Cares ever various, ever new,
Is all the happiest ever knew;
Comes joy? care with it comes along,
And spoils the fyren's sweetest song!
- 3 See pleasure with bewitching charms,
Man grasps it in his eager arms;
The vision swift dissolves in air—
He grasps—but finds it is not there!
The airy phantom still he views,
And still as vainly he pursues!
- 4 A better hope the Christian cheers,
Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears;
Firm on a rock his hope he builds,
Which to no storm nor tempest yields;
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear,
And why?—his hope's not fixed here.

- 5 He looks to heav'n, where every joy
Is pure, unmix'd, without alloy;
Joys such as mortals never knew,
Nor raptur'd fancy ever drew;
Joys which shall never pass away,
Tho' heav'n and earth should both decay!
- 6 Tho' here afflictions do annoy,
There sorrow shall be turn'd to joy;
Tho' troubles here the sigh do raise,
There's nothing heard in heav'n but praise:
Pleasures past utterance they share,
And face to face see Jesus there!
- 7 And shall the world's deceitful smile
Us of the glorious hope beguile?
Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,
And heav'n seem little in our eyes?
It must not be—vain dreams away,—
We look for joys which ne'er decay.

LXXVII. Another.

- 1 **W**HAT is our life in this vain world?
At best, but as a taper,
Which shines away—We blaze a while,
Then vanish like a vapour.
- 2 Vain are our cares, as vain our hopes,
And boastings of to-morrow:
We mind not, that, thro' sin, we're born
To trouble and to sorrow.
- 3 The breath of life is still expos'd
To many thousand dangers;
And death is sure: the case know well,
Nor to the cure be strangers.
- 4 " Incline the ear and come to me;
" Your souls shall live in hearing:
" Your life is hid with me in God,
" Reserv'd to my appearing.

- 5 " Fear not, I am that living One,
" Who unstring'd death by dying:
" Take up your cross, relieve the poor,
" Me follow, self-denying.
- 6 " For see, I live for evermore,
" From death's hands to receive you,
" To reign in endless life with me:
" My word shall ne'er deceive you."
- 7 Then, death, where is thy sting? O grave,
Where is thy mighty conquest?
Thy sting is sin; its strength the law:
The cross thy pow'r hath vanquish'd.
- 8 Our souls to thee we do commend,
Lord of the dead and living:
In life and death we'll cleave to thee;
None perish thee believing.

LXXVIII. *Christ the hope of his people.*

- 1 **I**N 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 spirit up:
I trust a faithful God:
The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud Hallelujah's sing my soul
To thy Redeemer's name:
In joy, and sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

LXXIX. *Thanksgiving for daily mercies.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

LXXX. *Comfort under dark and afflicting providences.*

- 1 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,
With 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.

LXXXI. *Trusting in Christ amidst dangers and distresses.*

- 1 **W**E 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.

LXXXII. *Suffering with Christ in the hope of being glorified together with him.*

- 1 **B**Ehold! the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shews him almighty to save:
How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his sacrifice is
Who rose, tho' he suffer'd for sin!
- 2 The man, who was crowned with thorns,
The man, who on Calvary dy'd,
The man, who bore scourging and scorns—
Whom sinners agreed to deride;
Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head,
Heav'n sings of the Lamb who was slain.
- 3 Believing, we share of his joy;
By faith, we partake of his rest;
With this, we can cheerfully die:
For with him we hope to be blest.
This makes us regardless of fame,
And riches and pleasures despise,
We suffer for Jesus's name,
And die, that with him we may rise.

- 4 We wait for his coming again,
To raise us in glory with him;
'Then, gladness his saints shall obtain,
His foes shall be clothed with shame.
Then shall his afflicted, and poor,
From dust, and the dunghill, be rais'd;
Their want and disgrace are no more:
By him they with princes are plac'd.
- 5 Then will he most fully reward
The kindnesses done to his name;
For faithfully he hath declar'd,
He takes them as deeds done to him:
"Ye blest of my Father come near,
"Sit down on my heavenly throne:
"Inherit the kingdom prepar'd
"For those who delight in his Son."
- 6 Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his cross;
His servants shall be where he is,
And all that we lose is but dross:
They're honour'd whom he shall approve,
Their riches shall never decay;
Their joy is complete in his love,
Their tears shall be all wip'd away.

LXXXIII. *We walk by faith, not by sight.*

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight faith well supplies,
And makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds it pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abra'am 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.

LXXXIV. *Hope in trouble.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can see my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

LXXXV. *A prospect of heaven makes death easy.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-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 flood,
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 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unbecclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but stand as Moses did,
 And view the landskip o'er,
 Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

LXXXVI. *A song for a dying christian.*

- 1 THO' I'm in pain, and tho' a load
 Of sorrows hath me overtaken;
 He ever lives, who said, My God!
 My God! why hast thou me forsaken?
- 2 In vain I turn myself for ease;
 My bed it's wonted softness loses:
 The King of peace my dust shall raise,
 And in his presence full repose is.
- 3 The gloomy shades of death draw near;
 My wound forbids evasion for me:
 But he, whose word first quell'd my fear,
 To endless joys will soon restore me.
- 4 North from the grave where thou wast laid,
 How rich refreshing is the favour!
 Nor death, nor life, nor ought that's made,
 Can ever sep'rate from thy favour.
- 5 The worms my humbled body claim;
 My heart and strength are just a-going;
 But in thy presence is a stream
 Of purest pleasures ever flowing.
- 6 My tent dissolv'd, I'll feel no want
 Of lodging, when to me is given,

With Jesus and the perfect saints,
An house eternal in the heaven.

LXXXVII. *The happiness of the redeemed in heaven.*

- 1 **H**AILE! blessed scenes of endless joy,
Where Christ in boundless glory reigns;
Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,
But gladness fills the happy plains:
Free from all sin, and from all fear
None e'er shall sigh, or shed a tear.
- 2 Ten thousand thousands there shall raise
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain,
"Awake the song of grateful praise,
"Unto the Lamb; for he was slain!
"Hosannas, loud Hosannas sing,
"Hosannas to th' eternal King."
- 3 For ever in Christ's presence blest,
They fear no death, they feel no pain;
They there shall smile in endless rest,
Nor dangers e'er shall threat again:
For Jesus reigns, and they shall share
With him, in his own glory there.

LXXXVIII. *Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.*

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
While heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The burden of the song.

LXXXIX. *Victory over the fear of death.*

- 1 **W**HAT tho' these bodies shall decay,
And moulder into dust?
What tho' this world shall pass away,
As all its glories must?
- 2 Why let them pass,——'Tis nought to us;
In heav'n our treasure-lyes;
Our hope is there——there's all our trust,
Where joys unfading rise.
- 3 New heav'ns and earth we hope to see,
Where Jesus ever reigns;
Where nothing hurtful e'er shall be;
No sorrow,—sin,—nor pains.
- 4 Our eyes no more then dim'd with tears;
No fear shall there be found:
Nor sigh be heard, when Christ appears;
But endless joys abound.
- 5 We'll cheerful bid these scenes adieu,
Which worldly men most prize;
We've other glories in our view,
Glories beyond the skies:
- 6 Glories which never shall decay,
But evermore remain;
While endless ages pass away,
Beginning to begin.
- 7 These are the times when Christians yet
Shall bliss unbounded share;

Let all who for this mercy wait,
To meet their God prepare.

- 8 For lo! he comes! Loud anthems raise;
Be his great name ador'd;
May our last theme be Jesus' praise;
Our song, "Come quickly, Lord;"

XC. *Victory over death.*

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lye mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 What tho' corruption waste
And worms destroy this flesh,
Soon my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
Enthron'd above the skies;
And lo! he comes with glorious pow'r,
To bid my body rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

XCI. *The humble worship of heaven.*

- 1 **F**Ather, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;

- I'd leave this world of sin, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant fight:
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss.
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joy shall rise,
Unmeasurably high.

XCII. *Longing for the coming of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall it be, e'er thy saints, Lord, with thee;
As kings and as priests exalted shall reign?
O when shall the time come that thou'lt bring them all
home,
With thee in thy glory for ay to remain.
- 2 Here ills are abounding, and danger surrounding,
And sorrows perplexing us, day after day:

But when Christ appears, he will dry up our tears,
O! Come then Lord Jesus, come quickly away.

- 3 No sin shall prevail, no temptations assail;
No evils be found, no doubts shall remain;
But joy shall abound, and peace smile around:
And holiness flourish when Christ comes again!
- 4 No pain's there remaining, nor cause of complaining,
But pleasures unbounded shall flow ever there:
What eye hath not seen, nor our thoughts can attain,
True, lasting, and glorious beyond all compare!
- 5 They'll all join their praises, with joy there to Jesus,
And all sing the worth of the Lamb who was slain?
They'll ever adore him, who lov'd and dy'd for them,
And wash'd their robes white, that with him they might
reign!

XCIII. The signs of Christ's coming.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus comes again,
Faith shall be rare on earth to see;
And sin abounding, then
The love of many cold shall be!
Let us beware,
And watch with care,
And for the faith contend:
And jointly strive
To keep alive
Our hope unto the end.
- 2 If we shall thus endure
With patience suff'ring for his sake,
His promise standeth sure
That we shall in his joy partake:
Beyond compare,
The glories are,
Which then reveal'd shall be;
When cloth'd in light,
'Midst angels bright,
He'll shine forth gloriously!

- 3 See men (as he foretold)
Do put his coming far away;
They purchase, plant, and build,
As if this world should last for ay:
Yet soon shall they
In smoke decay;
O may our faith be strong!
What worldlings prize
Let us despise;
For Christ will come e'er long.
- 4 We've seen *the man* of sin
Reveal'd, and to his height arise;
And now consum'd again
His kingdom almost ruin'd lies:
That pow'r shall be
Crush'd utterly,
Before Christ's glory bright:
Dire vengeance shall
O'erwhelm them all
Who dar'd his grace to slight!
- 5 His en'mies are reserv'd
To dreadful scenes of endless woe:
And have we not deserv'd
To be shut out from comfort too?
But bless'd be he
Who set us free,
And bore himself God's wrath!
His work's complete,
Truth, mercy meet!
The sting is drawn from death!
- 6 What then tho' famines spread,
And pest'lence stalk, devouring round;
Filling each heart with dread,
While earthquakes rend the trembling ground:
Tho' nations are
Engag'd in war,
And all is wild dismay,
We without fear
Our heads will rear,
And cry, Lord come away!

- 7 Blest be his glorious name,
 That we've his perfect work to boast;
 'That e'er he did proclaim
 He came to seek and save the lost!
 His love shall be
 Eternally
 Our joyful theme of praise:
 We will shout forth
 His matchless worth,
 And trust his boundless grace!

XCIV. *The end of the world.*

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
 And ev'ry pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above 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 my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
 When the last trumpet sound,
 And call the faithful to the skies,
 From underneath the ground?

XCV. *The reason of God's long suffering to the nations.*

- 1 **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 breasts which ne'er run dry,
Refreshment send in streams?
- 3 Doth judgment sleep? Can God the judge,
On sin forget to frown?
Nay! Death devouring ev'ry hour,
In course all men 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 bare 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 Then let us raise our voice to God,
And daily praise his name,
Since all the bounties of the day
That mercy reigns, proclaim.

XCVI. *Christ's second coming.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the trump of God doth sound;
Th' arch-angel's voice is heard on high;
Now the Lord himself descends,
With a shout that rends the sky.
- 2 See! his dead have heard the sound!
Spring immortal from the tomb;
And with rapture meet their Lord;
Crying, *Now the kingdom's come.*
- 3 Lo! his people too on earth
In a moment chang'd all rise,
In the clouds caught up with them,
To meet their Saviour in the skies.

- 4 See! mortality of life
Swallow'd up eternally!
Death, O death! where is thy sting?
Where, O grave! thy victory?
- 5 Now, all tears are wip'd away;
Free from curse, and free from pain,
All Christ's people, now with him,
Kings, and priests, for ever reign;
- 6 Heirs of God! joint heirs with Christ!
All triumphant o'er their foes;
All God's fullness they possess,
And their cup still overflows.
- 7 In the hope of all this joy,
Let us, brethren, still be found
Stedfast in the faith of Christ,
And in love let us abound.
- 8 Let his matchless love to us,
To his work our souls constrain,
Knowing, that our labour wrought
In the Lord, shall not be vain.

XCVII. Another.

- 1 **H**AIL! hail! the happy wish'd for time,
When Jesus shall appear:
When the last trumpet loud shall sound,
And all the dead shall hear.
- 2 They'll burst the bands of death with joy,
And loud hosannas raise:
In him who lov'd them they'll rejoice,
And glorious make his praise.
- 3 "Thou! Thou art worthy" still shall be
The burden of their song;
"For thou redeem'd us, and to thee
"The glory doth belong."
- 4 We hope to join the grateful note,
And with loud triumph sing,

“ Where? where’s thy vict’ry now, O grave!
“ O death! where is thy sting?”

XCVIII. Another.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the church’s head,
Judge of the quick and dead,
Quickly I come:
Let my redeemed pray,
O Lord! make no delay;
Hasten that happy day:
Lord, quickly come.
- 2 Let us, with one accord,
Shout our returning Lord;
Welcome him near:
Soon shall he come again;
Soon shall begin his reign;
Soon shall his foes be slain;
Soon he’ll appear.
- 3 Earthquakes and storms attend;
Rocks, hills, and mountains rend;
Who shall abide?
Heav’ns melt, and thunders roar;
Seas rage and rend the shore;
Hope sinks, to rise no more;
Rocks cannot hide.
- 4 See how the lightnings blaze!
Jesus his wrath displays;
Vengeance appears:
Lift up your heads with joy,
Ye suff’ring company;
Now your redemption’s nigh:
Banish your fears.
- 5 Jesus who dy’d for sins,
Now in his glory shines,
Claiming his own:

“ Father, I will (saith he)
 “ Those thou hast given me,
 “ Should all my glory see,
 “ Sharing my throne.”

- 6 Well may the ransom'd throng
 Make sov'reign grace their song,
 Mercy adore:
 For all the work was done
 By him who fills the throne;
 Praise to the Lamb alone,
 For evermore.
- 7 Now shall the scarlet whore
 Shed blood of saints no more;
 Boasting her slain:
 Now wrath has fill'd her cup;
 Now she drinks vengeance up;
 Torments devoid of hope;
 Endless her pain.

XCIX. *Christ coming to judgment.*

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Saviour comes!
 Tremble, O earth, and burst, ye tombs:
 Thou, sun, in darkness veil thy rays,
 To brighter glories of his face.
- 2 Behold, the final judgment comes!
 The Judge his glory now assumes:
 Shout, heav'n, and earth, and raging waves;
 'Tis Jesus comes! his folk he saves.
- 3 Behold, ye saints! salvation comes!
 Awake, ye tenants of the tombs:
 Awake, and sing in heav'nly strain;
 Say, “ Welcome, Jesus, come and reign.”
- 4 Behold th' eternal kingdom comes!
 The foes of Jesus meet their dooms:
 Unmeasur'd joys his people know
 And welcome him again below.

C. Another.

- 1 **L**O! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Cloth'd in glorious majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true 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!
All God's fulness to inherit,
Bring the weary pilgrims home:
All creation
Travails! groans! and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

CI. *A prospect of the resurrection.*

- 1 **L**O! comes that blessed morning,
The spouse of Christ adorning
With heav'nly splendor, scorning
Earth's glory in its bloom.
God's trumpet then is sounding,
The saints with joy abounding,
When sin that now proves wounding
Shall have in them no room.
- 2 The hosts of angels singing,
The whole creation ringing,
While as the Bride's a-bringing
Unto the Lamb's right hand.
Her days of lamentation
On earth bred consternation,
But consummate salvation
Now wonder shall command.
- 3 Heav'ns heirs shall then have pleasure,
And comfort not by measure,
When they'll enjoy the treasure
Laid up for them above:
Of treasures the completest,
For God's redeem'd the meetest,
When they shall have the sweetest
Of feasts upon his love.
- 4 Love undeserv'd all over,
Which mov'd without a mover,
His chosen to recover
From sin and misery.
Nought shall of life bereave you,
Nor will he ever leave you,
Who sent his Son to save you,
And in your room to die.

CII. *The resurrection of the just.* Part I.

- 1 **A**WAKE from dust, ye saints, awake,
To meet your Glorious King;

- ~ For lo! th' eternal morn doth break;
Ye saints, awake and sing.
- 2 For stinglefs death but seal'd your eyes
In balmy slumber sweet;
Now lovely Jesus bids you rise,
Secure in him ye've slept.
- 3 Made one with him, death could not loose
The dear eternal tie,
Each atom of your dust he knows,
All precious in his eye.
- 4 The bodies of his people now
Shine glorious like his own,
The sons of God triumphant rise,
And wear th' immortal crown.
- 5 The most high God hath giv'n the saints
The kingdom and the pow'r,
Large rich dominions! All their wants
Are bury'd in one hour.

P A R T II.

- 1 **H**OPE for the kingdom undefil'd
That fadeth not away,
Rejoice in God, *a little while*
Our Ransomer will stay.
- 2 Light may affliction sit, and light
His lovely croses may seem,
When we behold th' eternal weight
Of glory lodg'd in him.
- 3 Thirst for conformity to him
Who meek and lowly was
With him ye shall for ever reign
If ye yourselves abase.
- 4 Love one another fervently
As Christ hath loved you,
To his poor brethren turn your eye,
And deeds of mercy shew.

5 Hold fast the faith, cleave to his word,
Count nothing light he faith,
Beware of any other Lord
Or standard of your faith.

6 Let not the world your hearts entice
With it's alluring baits,
Keep in your eye the Glorious Prize
That for the conqueror waits.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

A
COLLECTION
OF
CHRISTIAN SONGS,
On the Peculiar Institutions of the Kingdom of
CHRIST.

B O O K III.

I. B A P T I S M.

I. *Christ baptized in Jordan.* John i. 33.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immerfing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jefus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 O heav'ns and earth! your Maker lies
In floods conceal'd from human view;
Ye faints, behold him fink and rife!
The great example is for you:
The great example while we read,
Adorns and dignifies the deed.
- 3 But fee from yonder op'ning skies
What floods of beamy radiance fpread;
Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head:
Behold, ye faints, the pow'r Divine
Around your Saviour's temples fhine.

- 4 Yet hark! my soul, and wonder more,
 What sounds are those which roll along!
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song;
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I view well pleas'd what he hath done."
- 5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with his nod;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke
 And bid us hear the Son of God:
 Attend, ye nations! well ye may;
 JEHOVAH speaks! hear and obey!

II. *The Commission.* Mark xvi. 15, &c.

- 1 THE Heavenly King that came to save,
 Had gain'd the conquest o'er the grave;
 The pow'rs of death and hell laid low,
 And greatly vanquish'd ev'ry foe.
- 2 And now he stood prepar'd to rise
 Triumphant in their wond'ring eyes,
 Assume the robes he late laid down,
 And take his sceptre and his crown.
- 3 His lov'd apostles round him stand,
 Attentive to his last command;
 When from his mouth these accents broke,
 The heav'ns applauding when he spoke.
- 4 "Rejoice my friends! ye chosen few,
 "Vast is the prize obtain'd for you;
 "High in the heav'ns I fix my throne,
 "And the whole spacious earth's my own.
- 5 "Go therefore! Go, at my command,
 "And bear my name thro' ev'ry land;
 "Whoe'er believes what you proclaim,
 "Baptize him in JEHOVAH's name.
- 6 "Then kindly teach them all my ways,
 "And from their lips to sound my praise;

" My presence shall your work attend,
 " 'Till time his circling course shall end.

III. Another.

- 1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
 " Go teach the nations and baptize.
 The Gentiles have receiv'd the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon his heav'nly throne
 With grace and pardon in his hands:
 His gospel and confirming seals,
 He sends to bless the Gentile lands.
- 3 " Repent and be baptiz'd," he saith,
 " For the remission of your sins;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shews us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Doth cleanse from sins' polluted stain.

IV. *A baptismal hymn.*

- 1 THE great Redemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
 To find a tomb beneath the wave.
- 2 With thee into thy wat'ry tomb,
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
 'Tis grace divine that gives us room,
 To lie inter'd by such a friend!
- 3 But a much more tempestuous flood
 O'erwhelm'd thy body and thy soul;
That plung'd in tears, and sweat, and blood,
 And over *this* black terrors roll.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
 To let us see the light again;

So, on thy resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide,
Our dust thy pow'rful voice shall hear,
Shall rise and triumph at thy side.

6 These now vile bodies then shall wear
A glorious form resembling thine;
To be dissolv'd no more shall fear,
But with immortal beauty shine.

V. *Christ baptized in sufferings.* Matt. xx. 23.

1 **T**HOU Lord, to save our souls
Hast suffer'd in our stead:
How did the storms of vengeance roll
Upon thy righteous head!

2 Stern justice held the rod,
And flam'd with vengeful ire!
Thou wast immers'd, O Son of God,
In floods of suff'rings dire!

3 Vast floods of fiery woes
Burst from thy Father's frown!
Darkness and night upon thee close,
And sorrows bear thee down.

4 This scene of deep distress
Thy baptism once foretold;
In *ours*, this truth most precious
We joyfully behold.

VI. *The figurative meaning of baptism.* 1 Peter iii. 21

1 **C**OME, all ye sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you:
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes!

- 2 When you behold the sacred wave,
You see the emblem of his grave:
Come all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 But not death's adamant chain,
Could long the Mighty Lord detain:
Behold him cheer the heavy gloom,
And rise victorious from the tomb.
- 4 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind your rising God,
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 5 Ye too are bury'd with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word;
And joyfully perceive therein,
An emblem of your death to sin.
- 6 Ascending from the stream, behold
An emblem of your life restor'd:
Live unto him who dy'd for you,
And all his just commandments do.

VII. Another.

- 1 **WE** sing the love of Christ our Lord,
For sinners slain and rais'd again;
By various witnesses assur'd
That these glad tidings are divine.
- 2 The gospel sounds it in our ear,
The faithful Three attest in heav'n,
And this is the record they bear,
"That life to us in Christ is giv'n."
- 3 On earth the water and the blood
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
The Spirit makes it understood;
Believing we the life possess.
- 4 He knows what faithless hearts we have,
Like Thomas we would see and feel;

And to our sense he deigns to give
A token and confirming seal.

- 5 "Disciple and baptize" he says;
Mark well the import of the sign;
See what rich blessings he conveys,
Stamp'd with his royal seal divine.
- 6 Descending down into the flood,
We his great suff'rings there behold,
Who in deep waters for us stood,
While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.
- 7 And when below the waters laid,
Our breath suspended in their womb,
We call to mind how Jesus dy'd,
And bury'd lay within the tomb.
- 8 As from the wat'ry grave we rise,
We see him from death's prison freed,
Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize
Of endless life for all his seed,
- 9 This sign doth to our faith declare
Our part in him who once was dead,
For in his death immers'd we are,
And with him bury'd as our head.
- 10 And as the Father's glorious pow'r
Did life eternal to him give,
So by this pledge he makes us sure
That as he lives we'll also live.

VIII. Another. Rom. vi. 1—7.

- 1 **A**ND shall we then go on to sin,
That grace may more abound?
Great God, forbid that such a thought
Should in our breast be found!
- 2 When to the sacred fount we came,
Did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its stains,
New creatures we became?

- 3 With Christ the Lord we died to sin;
 With him to life we rise,
 To life, which now begun on earth
 Is perfect in the skies.
- 4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
 We now are slaves no more;
 For Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin,
 Our freedom to restore.

IX. Another. Rom. vi. 3, 4. &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
 That we are bury'd with the Lord;
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again;
 The various lusts we serv'd before,
 Shall have dominion now no more.
-

II. The LORD'S DAY.

X. *The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **B**LEST 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 God 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.

XI. Another.

- 1 **A** Saviour ris'n to day we praise
In concert with the blest:
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.
- 2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By the Eternal Word, than when
The universe was made.
- 3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme!
'Twas great to speak the world from nought:
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Nought can forbid his rise,
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.
- 5 Let us his righteousness proclaim
We celebrate his death,
And rising, 'till he come again,
Who saves our souls from wrath.

XII. Another.

- 1 **W**HILE we the op'ning tomb survey,
We sing the triumphs of this day:
The Saviour rose! He broke death's chain,
And all our hellish foes are slain.
- 2 Redemption's finish'd, God is pleas'd,
He frowns no more, his wrath's pleas'd;
From pris'n our surety stands enlarg'd,
And shows our bulky debt discharg'd.
- 3 The barren grave, on this bless'd morn,
Brought forth our Jesus, her first-born:
Soon shall she feel a second throw,
And bring forth all his brethren too.
- 4 The life which wrought in Christ our head,
Secures our rising from the dead:
This faith doth all our fears control;
This gives a sabbath to the soul.
- 5 Our risen Lord all things obey;
Ev'n death itself must own his sway:
While we survey these wond'rous things,
Our hearts beat joy thro' all their strings.

XIII. Another.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was wav'd;
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead receiv'd,
In name of all for whom he dy'd,
That after him they may
Rise, when he comes, a harvest full
Of life that lasts for ay.
- 2 This is the day the Spirit came,
With us on earth to stay;
A Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay:

His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heav'nly rest,
Which Jesus enter'd on, when he
Was made for ever blest.

- 3 Then let us keep this day of rest;
The work for us is done:
The seventh day sabbath is no more:
The earthly rest is gone.
To th' heav'nly rest we follow him,
Whose death hath pay'd the way;
And, with the whole creation, groan
For the redemption-day.

XIV. Another.

- 1 GREAT God this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls collected pow'rs:
May we employ in work divine,
The solemn, these devoted hours.
O may our souls, adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.
- 2 The word of life dispens'd to day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
May every ear the call obey,
Be every heart a humble guest.
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine:
'Then shall our souls, adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

XV. Another.

- 1 THIS day let all our voices rise,
Salvation let us sing,
Thro' him who triumph'd o'er the tomb,
And took from death the sting.

- 2 O glorious morn! when of the grave
He burst the fetters strong!
And prov'd the mighty power to save
To him does sure belong.
- 3 To save!—delightful is the sound
To those who feel their woes,
Who feel the fest'ring painful wound
No human hand can close.
- 4 Here, here is all the soul can seek!
Deliv'rance from dismay,
And glorious prospects op'ning wide
Of an eternal day.

XVI. Another.

- 1 **W**elcome to us this sacred day
Which brings remembrance of our Lord,
To him we'll highest homage pay,
And hear his sweet reviving word.
- 2 We'll joyful round his table sit,
And there record redeeming love,
Which sav'd us from the lowest pit,
And rais'd our hopes to life above.
- 3 What tho' afflictions keenest smart
May often cause us to bewail,
And oft temptation's piercing dart
Our feeble souls may here assail?
- 4 We'll mourn in hope, and hail him nigh
Who comes to save from ev'ry foe;
With joy we'll meet him in the sky,
And see an end of all our woe.

XVII. *The assembling of Christ's people for worship.*

- 1 **H**ungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercies 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;
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat, and live.

XVIII. *Intreating the presence of Christ in his churches.*

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!
- 5 Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,

And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

III. The WORD of GOD.

XIX. *The excellency of the Scriptures.*

- 1 **L** Aden with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail:
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command:
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

XX. Another.

- 1 **F** Ather of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines?

For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here sinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

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

6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

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

XXI. Another.

1 **A** Glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 O Lord, be praise for ever thine!
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

- 3 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

XXII. *The Scriptures the word of God.*

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who dy'd for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure:
This is thy word, and must endure.

XXIII. *The power of the Gospel.*

- 1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

- 4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light:
Our lust its wond'rous pow'r controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb:
While the wild world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 Still let my steps thy ways pursue,
Tho' sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

XXIV. *The faithfulness of God.*

- 1 PRAISE everlasting praise, be paid,
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise!
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives,
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!

To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls would fear no more,
Then solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

XXV. Another.

1 **B**Egin, my tongue some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

- 7 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
 And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
 "Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
 And he was Abra'm's God.

XXVI. *The word of our God shall stand forever.*

- 1 **L**ET devils hate the book divine;
 Let persecutors rage;
 Let men in opposition join
 Against the sacred page.
- 2 God will preserve this treasure still,
 By his almighty hand;
 This transcript of his sov'reign will
 Thro' ev'ry age shall stand.
- 3 Kingdoms and states may rise and fall,
 And churches may decline;
 Good men and bad, at Jesus' call,
 Their vital breath resign:
- 4 Some may depart from wisdom's way,
 And bring themselves to shame;
 Yet, Lord, thy word shall ne'er decay,
 Thy word is still the same.
- 5 Here is the lamp of heav'nly light,
 To point us out the way;
 And guide us thro' this gloomy night
 To everlasting day.
- 6 It wounds the heart, and makes it whole;
 It gives the conscience peace;
 It is the net that draws the soul
 From sin's destructive seas.
- 7 This is our sweet companion still,
 Along the doubtful road;
 Unfolding all the gracious will,
 Of our redeeming God.

P A R T II.

- 1 **T**HE word reveals a Saviour's grace,
Its height, and breath, and length
It points us to his righteousness,
And arms us with his strength.
- 2 Here in a glass ourselves we see,
And learn how vile we are,
Here too are streams to purify
And make us clean and fair.
- 3 Virtue divine this word imparts,
Our passions to control;
This is the fire, that warms our hearts,
And quickens all the soul.
- 4 It cheers our minds, like heav'nly dew,
Or kind refreshing rain;
And when affliction bring us low,
It softens ev'ry pain.
- 5 This is the Spirit's mighty sword,
Which ev'ry saint can wield,
To fight the battles of the Lord,
While Jesus leads the field.
- 6 This is the food, on which we live;
'Tis most delicious fare!
Not all the dainties earth can give,
May with this food compare.
- 7 In vain we search creation round;
Creation can afford
No treasures such as here abound,
In God's enriching word.
- 8 This word shall be our heritage,
Our portion and delight,
In sickness, or declining age,
When death appears in sight.
- 9 Then will it cheer the darksome path,
And brighten all the gloom;
While steadfast hope, and humble faith,
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

IV. The FELLOWSHIP, or COLLECTION
for the Saints.XXVII. *Collection for the Saints.*

- 1 **WE** who need mercy ev'ry hour,
And by compassions stand,
Should shew that mercy to the poor
Which Jesus doth command:
- 2 Think what your need of mercy was,
When all your merit vain
You saw,—and all mere loss and dung;
How sweet was mercy then?
- 3 Show forth a sense of all that grace;
Regard the widow's plaint:
With mercy meet the hunger-starv'd,
Whose faces speak their want.
- 4 Christ in his members asks your alms;
Speaks in his brethren's cry;
The widow's wail his language is;
And orphans sigh his sigh.
- 5 The lonely widow, desolate,
With cheerfulness, relieve;
The fatherless commiserate;
Bread to the hungry give.
- 6 See! how the husbandman his seed
With lib'ral hand doth sow,
In hope of gladning harvest, when
His barns with wealth shall flow;
- 7 We too a glorious harvest hope:
Sow sparingly no more;
We hope to reap eternal life,
A never failing store!

XXVIII. Another. Mat. xxv. 40.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
Or pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When heav'n and earth are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The objects 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,
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

XXIX. Another. 1 Cor. viii. 9.

- 1 JESUS our Lord, the Prince of Life,
Was rich beyond compare;
The heav'ns and earth, and all their hosts
By him created were.
- 2 Behold, how sorrowful and poor
This Mighty One became!
For us he liv'd a life of woe,
His face was hid with shame:
- 3 For us his precious blood was shed,
Our sins are thus forgiv'n,
His poverty enrich'd our souls,
And made us heirs of heav'n.

- 4 Then let us imitate the grace
Which Jesus hath display'd,
By lending poor afflicted ones
Our sympathy and aid.
- 5 Love not in word or empty show,
Disperse with lib'ral hand;
Forget not how by lib'ral things
We all in Jesus stand.

XXX. Another. Heb. xiii. 12—16.

- 1 JESUS, that he might sanctify
The people with his blood,
Without the gate to Calvary
By hellish foes was led.
- 2 The Son was from the vineyard cast,
And crucified, and slain;
He poured out his spotless soul
A sacrifice for sin.
- 3 By sinners he was mock'd and scorn'd,
They vilified his name,
And keen reproach upon him fell;
But he despis'd the shame.
- 4 Then let us go without the camp,
As all his follow'rs must,
With patience bearing his reproach,
While in his name we trust.
- 5 No lasting city here we have,
We boast no earthly home;
But one more glorious now we seek,
A city yet to come.

PART II.

- 1 NOW let us praise our God on high
Let us exalt his name;
The wonders of his saving grace
Let all our lips proclaim.

- 2 Thro' Jesus our High Priest above
Who did salvation bring,
Offer the sacrifice of praise
To heav'n's Eternal King.
- 3 But let not *words* alone suffice
Your gratitude to prove,
By deeds of mercy make it known
How ye the Saviour love.
- 4 Do good; the peedy's cry attend,
Nor let them cry in vain;
Th' afflicted sons of God relieve,
Communicate with them.
- 5 Such sacrifices God approves,
He says they please him well,
They are to him an odour too
Of sweet and fragrant smell.

XXXI. Another.

- 1 **O** Lord, thy Holy Spirit send
All-pow'rful 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 weak and 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 men,
And pity'd their distress;
He brought salvation by his death,
And will for ever bless.

V. The LORD'S SUPPER.

XXXII. *The Lord's Supper instituted.* 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 "T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
 What love thro' all his actions ran!
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake.

3 "This is my body broke for sin,
 "Receive, and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine:
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,
 "Meet at my table, and record
 "The mem'ry of your dying friend,
 "The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

XXXIII. Another. Matt. xxvi. 26—29.

1 "T WAS on that night when doom'd to know
 The eager rage of every foe,
 That night in 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,
 That 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 feast renew,
That brings my wond'rous 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 This cup is fraught with love to men,
Let all partake who know my name;
'Thro' latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXIV. *Communion with Christ and his people.*

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious name to raise;
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

XXXV. *The memorial of our absent Lord.*

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not;
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
 Apt to forget his lovely face;
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
 With his own flesh and dying blood,
 We on the rich provision feed,
 And sing the praises of our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem;
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
 And live for ever near his face.
- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills
 Whence our returning Lord shall come,
 We wait thy chariots awful wheels
 To fetch our longing spirits home.

XXXVI. *Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet!
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

XXXVII. *Glorying in the cross.*

- 1 **A**T thy command our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast:
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 By faith we view thy bleeding love,
And trust for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XXXVIII. *Benefits procured by the death of Christ.*

- 1 **S**itting around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
By faith we view our dying Lord,
And doom our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
With joy behold th' atonement made,
And love the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXXIX. *At dismissal.*

- 1 **N**OW 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.

VI. BROTHERLY LOVE.

XL. *Christ's new commandment.*

- 1 **B**Ehold, 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
"Will give my life for you:
"Remember this endearing tie,
"And love my chosen few."

XLI. *Christian Love.* Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 **L**ET 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 every heart is Love.

XLII. *Love and unity.*

- 1 **G**IVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek loving Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
Fit us for thine abode.
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.
- 3 O let thy love our hearts constrain
Jesus the crucify'd!
What hast thou done our hearts to gain,
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!
- 4 Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine!
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine?
- 5 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the world around to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

XLIII. *Another. Eph. v. 2.*

- 1 **N**OW be that sacrifice survey'd,
That ransom which the Saviour paid;
That sight familiar to my view,
Yet always wond'rous, always new.
- 2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
With all our sins upon him laid;
While love to sinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing smart.
- 3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring,
That earth, and heav'n, and thou may'st see
My love to him, who died 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.

XLIV. Another.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree,
Shew thyself the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars for ever cease,
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, indear,
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pityful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To us all thy Spirit give,
That we may as brethren live.

XLV. Another.

- 1 **H**AIL, everlasting Prince of Peace!
Hail! Governor divine!
How gracious is thy sceptres 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 thro' all thy life,
And triumph'd in thy death.

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

4 O be the sacred law fulfill'd
 In every 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 follow'rs all embrace.

XLVI. Another.

1 **N**OW, by the bowels of my God,
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
 By his last groans, his dying blood,
 I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, be gone,
 Envy and spite for ever cease;
 Let bitter words no more be known
 Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Flies the realms of noise and strife;
 Why should we vex and grieve his love,
 Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
 Thro' all our lives let mercy run:
 So God forgives our num'rous faults
 For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

XLVII. *Love to the saints.*

1 **I** Love the sons of grace,
 The heirs of bliss divine,
 Who walk in paths of righteousness,
 And fly from ev'ry sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love my Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue,
With vigor, till I die;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine must be the joy,
To see each other there!

7 We often here are try'd
When duty bids us part;
Yet nothing shall our souls divide;
We still are join'd in heart.

XLVIII. *Love to the brethren.*

1 **B**LEST 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 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we afunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
'Thro' all eternity.

XLIX. *On brethren going to reside at a distance, particularly adapted to a church sending out teachers.*

1 **O**FT have we, in this church of God,
Join'd heart and tongue, with joy and wonder,
Sion's melodious songs to raise;
But now, dear brethren, we must funder.
Sweet fellowship we have maintain'd,
Each strove to keep his friend from falling;
But now our Father bids us part,
And who would stay when he is calling?

2 Not distant place, nor raging seas,
Nor gloomy heav'ns in flame and thunder,
Shall mar our access to the Lord,
Or keep our loving souls afunder.
Go forth in your great Leader's, name,
His ensigns raise for them that wander;
Be armed with the might and skill,
Of Sion's glorious Commander.

3 Prepare for terrible assaults,
Deep laid with art and hellish cunning;
Curfes, reproaches, flanders vile,
From place to place malicious running.

All these expect, and look for more
 From Babel's sons and Sion's scorners,
 From earth-born natives of the land,
 'Mongst whom ye're strangers and sojourners.

- 4 But fear not ye; J E H O V A H's arm
 Shall you preserve in ev'ry danger:
 On his almighty word depend,
 He helps the weak, he shields the stranger.
 Tho' now we part, yet cease to mourn,
 For soon we'll meet again with pleasure,
 And sing triumphant songs of praise
 To God, and to the Lamb for ever.

L. *A welcome to Christian brethren.*

- 1 **K** Indred in Christ, for his dear 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 communications 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 to the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

LI. *At Parting.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

LII. *Another.*

- 1 **A**S the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.
- 3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;

Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

4 For a season call'd to part,
Let us then ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart,
Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r!
'Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

LIII. *The exercise of various gifts for the good of the whole body.*

1 **T**HOU, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Closer knit to thee our head,
Nourish us, O Lord, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide:
Plac'd according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil;
Never from our office move,
Needful to the others prove,
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
'Temper'd by the art of God.

3 Sweetly now we all agree,
'Touch'd with softest sympathy,
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feels its share:
Wounded by the grief of one,
All the suff'ring members groan;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss,

- 4 Many are we now, and one,
 We who Jesus have put on;
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Male nor female, Lord, in thee;
 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
 Render'd all distinctions void,
 Names, and sects, and parties fall: *
 Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

LIV. *The grounds of Christian unity.*

- 1 SINCE we now begin to be
 Partners with thy saints and thee,
 Since we have our sins forgiven,
 Fellow-citizens of heaven:
 Still the fellowship increafe;
 Knit us in the bond of peace,
 Join our new-born spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to thine.
- 2 Build us in one body up,
 Call'd in one high calling's hope;
 One the Spirit's heav'nly breath;
 One th' immersion into death;
 One the faith and common Lord,
 One the Father lives, ador'd,
 Over, thro', and in us all;
 God incomprehensible.
- 3 Let us then as brethren love,
 And our high vocation prove;
 Mutual love doth well attest,
 That from death to life we're pass'd.
 When in mutual love we dwell,
 Then we have the Spirit's seal,
 Dwell in God, and joyful prove
 That he's ours, and that he's love.

* Since Christianity has been corrupted, in nations, called *Christian*, sects and parties abound; societies, therefore, who wish to conform themselves to the first churches, are collected from different denominations of professors; but, united by the faith of Christ, and walking together in the observation of his laws, "names, and sects, and parties fall."

LV. *At the ordination of Elders.*

- 1 **C**HIEF 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
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 Oh, never let the sheep complain
That toys, which fools amuse;
Ambition, pleasure, praise or gain,
Debase the shepherd's views.
- 5 He, that for these, forbears to feed
The souls whom Jéfus loves;
Whate'er he may profess, or plead,
An idol-shepherd proves.
- 6 The sword of God shall break his arm,
A blast shall blind his eye;
His word shall have no pow'r to warm,
His gifts shall all grow dry.
- 7 O Lord, avert this heavy woe,
Let all thy shepherds say!
And grace, and strength, on each bestow,
To labour while 'tis day.

LVI. *Another.*

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The Pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

LVII. *On the death of an Elder.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry.
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What tho' the Pastor be remov'd
And number'd with the dead?
- 3 Tho' earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eyes still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;

“ For I will ne’er forsake my own,
“ Whose souls in me confide.”

- 6 Thro’ ev’ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our brethren’s song,
When we are cold in dust.

LVIII. Another.

- 1 FAR from affliction, toil and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Amongst the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E’en to his latest breath;
The truth he had maintain’d so long
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
He was no stranger to the bliss
While he sojourned here.
- 4 His body rests beneath the ground
’Till that tremendous day,
When the last trumpet’s thund’ring sound
Shall wake his sleeping clay.
- 5 The church’s loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
We shall behold his face no more,
’Till Jesus shall appear.
- 6 But we are hast’ning to the tomb;
O may we ready stand!
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home
To dwell at thy right hand.

LIX. *On the death of Brethren.*

- 1 WHY do ye mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death’s alarms?

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

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more flow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

LX. *Comfort under the loss of brethren and friends.*

1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

2 Yet not one anxious murmuring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

3 Beneath a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 5 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
And on thy cov'nant, love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.
-

VII. Praise to the FATHER, SON & SPIRIT.

LXI.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And blest the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his naturé known.

LXII. Another.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

- 2 Ye faints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace convey
Salvation down to men.
- 4 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

LXIII. Another.

- 1 **T**O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

LXIV. *Salvation to Christ.*

- 1 **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.

F I N I S.



