

HYMNS
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS
FOR THE
CHILDREN OF GOD.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Fourth Edition, Enlarged.

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**Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!**

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THIS Hymn Book was undertaken, and is now put forth, in dependence on the Lord.

It is not the work of one compiler, but the result of the communion of many Christians, with a desire to promote the joy and edification of the Church of God.

May the Head of the Church bless it to the use of his saints.

Enriched by the living Word, may they sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also; "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ: to whom be praise and dominion for ever. Amen."

TO THIS FOURTH EDITION

Other hymns have been added, which are also printed separately for those who use the former edition.

The figures, appended to the names of tunes, have reference to "The Christian's Pocket Tune Book," for four voices, recently enlarged, though still in a size for binding with the Hymn Book.

A supply of Hymn Books, not less than 50, and of Tune Books, not less than 10, can be had at cost price, by application to JOHN USTICKE SCOBELL, Hallatrow, Somersetshire, *viz* Bristol.

ORDER OF CONTENTS.

Scriptures on the Lord's Supper, and on the Priesthood of Christians.

253 Hymns for Worship.

13	„	„	Scripture Reading and Prayer.
73	„	„	Private Use.
6	„	„	Meals.
4	„	„	Marriage.
4	„	„	Bringing little children to Jesus. Matt. xix. 13; Mark x. 13; Luke xviii. 15.
6	„	„	Baptism.
8	„	„	Burial.
5	„	„	Missions.
61	„	„	The Gospel.

Total, including lettered Nos., 433.

Index to the first lines of all the hymns.

Index to subjects.

Index to every verse, except the first, in each hymn.

THE LORD'S SUPPER,
AND
THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRISTIANS.

“For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.” (1 Cor. xi. 23-26.)

“The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion [fellowship] of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion [fellowship] of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread.” (1 Cor. x. 16, 17.)

“As lively stones, be ye built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.”
(Pet. ii. 5.)

“Having therefore, brethren, boldness

THE LORD'S SUPPER, ETC.

[liberty] to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated [new made] for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for He is faithful that promised;) and let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." (Heb. x. 19 - 25.)

"Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread,—" (Acts xx. 7.)

"Now concerning the collection for the saints,—Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." (1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2.) "That your abundance may be a supply for their want." (2 Cor. viii. 14.)

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father. to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. i. 5, 6.)

HYMNS FOR WORSHIP.

1

6-8a.
HEB. x. 37.

Eaton, 75.
Waiting, 78.

1 "A LITTLE while!" Our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more:
He 'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before;
To dwell with Him, to see his face,
And sing the glories of his grace.

2 "A little while!" He 'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while!" 'Twill soon be past:
Why should we shun the shame and
cross?
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss;
O how will recompense his smile,
The suff'rings of this "little while!"

WORSHIP.

4 "A little while!" Come, Saviour, come!
For Thee thy Bride has tarried long:
Take thy poor waiting pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song;
To see thy glory, and to be
In every thing conform'd to Thee!

2

C.M.

*Arlington, 20.
Unity, 41.*

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all his life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord: and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd *his* brow with thorn?

4 No: facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm
To yon celestial hill.

WORSHIP.

3

8.7.D.

Haydn's, 140.
Surety, 143.

1 "ABBA, Father," Lord ! we call Thee,
(Hallow'd name !) from day to day :
'Tis thy children's right to know Thee ;
None but children "Abba," say.
This high glory we inherit,
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood ;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 Abba's purpose gave us being,
When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began.
O what love the Father bore us !
O how precious in his sight !
When He gave his Church to Jesus !
Jesus—his whole soul's delight !

3 Though our nature's fall in Adam
Seem'd to shut us out from God,
Thus it was his counsel brought us
Nearer still, through Jesus' blood.
For in Him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son.
O the height and depth of mercy !
Christ and we, through grace, are one.

WORSHIP.

4 Hence, through all the changing seasons,
 Trouble, sorrow, sickness, woe,—
Nothing changeth God's affection ;
 Abba's love shall bring us through.
Soon shall all the blood-bought children,
 Round the throne their anthems raise ;
And, in songs of rich salvation,
 Shout to Abba endless praise.

CHORUS.

“Abba, Father !” Lord, we'll call Thee;
 Abba 'll sound through all the host ;
All in heaven and earth adoring
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

4

8.7.D.

*Benediction, 136.
Surety, 143.*

1 “ABBA, Father !” we approach Thee
 In our Saviour's precious name :
We, thy children, here assembling,
 Now thy promis'd blessing claim.
From our sins his blood hath wash'd us ;
 ’Tis through Him our souls draw nigh ;
And thy Spirit too has taught us
 “Abba, Father” thus to cry.

WORSHIP.

2 Once as prodigals we wander'd,
 In our folly, far from Thee ;
But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
 Rescued us from misery.
Thou thy prodigals hast pardon'd ;
 Kiss'd us with a Father's love ;
Kill'd the fatted calf, and call'd us
 E'er to dwell with Thee above.

3 Cloth'd in garments of salvation,
 At thy table is our place ;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,
 In the riches of thy grace.
“ It is meet,” we hear Thee saying,
 “ We should merry be and glad :
I have found my once lost children,
 Now they live who once were dead.”

4 “ Abba, Father ! ” all adore Thee,
 All rejoice in heaven above ;
While in *us* they learn the wonders
 Of thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before thy throne assembled,
 All thy children shall proclaim,
“ Glory, everlasting glory,
 Be to God and to the Lamb ! ”

WORSHIP.

5

C.M.

Miles' Lane, 36.

MILLENNIAL.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall !
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 2 Ye risen saints, attune the lyre !
And, as ye tune it, fall
Before his face who form'd the choir,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Redeem'd from Israel's fall,
Adore Him for his wondrous grace,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 4 Ye Gentiles, come, with all your kings
Throughout this earthly ball ;
To Zion come ; behold Him there,
And crown Him Lord of all !
- 5 All, all,—above,—on earth below,—
In wond'ring rapture fall ;
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

WORSHIP.

6

C.M.

Bedford, 21.
Nayland, 36.

1 ALL that we *were*—our sins, our guilt,
 Our death,—was all our own :
All that we *are*, we owe to Thee,
 Thou God of grace, alone.

2 Thy mercy found us in our sins,
 And gave us to believe :
Then, in believing, peace we found ;
 And in thy Christ we live.

3 All that we are, as saints, on earth,—
 All that we hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,—
 We owe it all to Thee.

7

S.M.

Arise ye, 2.
Peckham, 10.

1 ARISE, ye saints, arise !
 The Lord our leader is ;
The foe before his banner flies,
 For victory is His.

2 Behold, He leads the way !
 We'll follow where He goes ;
We cannot fail to win the day,
 Since He subdues our foes.

3 Lead on, Almighty Lord !
 Lead on to victory !
Encourag'd by the bright reward,
 With joy we follow Thee.

WORSHIP.

4 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Who didst salvation bring :
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

5 We hope to see the day,
When toil and strife shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

6 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
It serves our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

7 When, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more,
Supremely and for ever blest,
With Thee whom we adore.

8

8.7.7.

Geneva, 132.

Mount of Olives, 133.

1 ARK of God ! Love's own preparing,
Bound for heaven's eternal shore :
All faith's household safely bearing,
What shall force thy once clos'd door ?
Lost ere this our souls had been,
Had not God thus shut us in.

WORSHIP.

2 Waters deep and dark we're crossing,
 Yet so far, by grace, we're brought,—
Though we see the billows tossing,
 Tho' there's many an anxious thought;
Shelter'd from the storm to come,
 In the Ark we're going home.

3 Ark of God! in Thee abiding,
 All-sufficient is our store,
Deep our need of God's providing,
 We have wants unknown before;
Strange our life to nature's view,
 Yet its joys nor small, nor few.

4 Ark of God! Thou still wilt hide us,
 Till upon the mount we stand;
God, in Thee, has well supplied us
 From his heart, and by his hand;
And each wave that passes by,
 Brings the haven yet more nigh.

9

C.M.

Claimant, 23.
Gabriel, 28.

1 AROUND thy table, holy Lord!
 In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to thy gracious word;
 This feast of love to eat.

WORSHIP.

2 Here every one that loves thy name,
 Our willing hearts embrace ;
Our life, our hope, our joy the same,
 The same thy love and grace.

3 However poor, despis'd, or few,
 We know thy changeless love
Is not one whit less warm and true,
 Now on the throne above.

4 Commune with each at this blest hour,
 And when we hence depart,
With deeds of love or words of power
 Engage each faithful heart.

10

8s.

Faithfulness, 144.
Resurrection, 145.

1 As debtors to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy we sing ;
Nor fear, with his righteousness on,
 Our persons and off'rings to bring.
The wrath of a sin-hating GOD
 With us can have nothing to do ;
For Jesus, the Lamb, by his blood,
 Hides all our transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength shall complete :
His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet.

WORSHIP.

Things future, nor things that are now,
Nor all things below nor above,
Can make Him his purpose forego,
Or sever our souls from his love.

3 Our names from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress'd on his heart this remains,
In marks of indelible grace :
And we to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given—
More happy, but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heaven.

11

8.7.4.

Mount of Olives, 133.
Percy, 134.

1 At our Father's table meeting,
All our sins by Him forgiven ;
Children's bread together eating,—
Bread that cometh down from heaven,—
Let us banish
Hence the old unhallow'd leaven.

2 Blessed is the name we think of,
When together breaking bread ;
Blessed is the cup we drink of,
Type of blood, for sinners shed :
Happy are we,
Quicken'd by the Lord and fed.

WORSHIP.

3 Let us walk in love, united
To our living Head above;
Let us sing his praise delighted,
Sing the praise of Him we love:
 Saviour, bless us!
Let us all thy goodness prove.

4 Standing in the Saviour's merit,
We have peace, and we are blest;
Taught and guided by the Spirit,
We have hope of future rest;
 This we wait for,
And the Saviour's time is best.

12

7.6.D.

Constancy, 90.

1 AUTHOR of our salvation
Once offer'd on the tree!
Our strength in all temptation!
 Lord, we remember Thee!
We, by thy Spirit guided,
 To Golgotha repair;
The Lamb that God provided,
 Was slaughter'd for us there.

2 The sword of God was bidden
 His Holy One to smite;
Jehovah's face was hidden
 In terrors from thy sight.

WORSHIP.

His tokens had declar'd Thee
His Son that pleas'd Him well ;
He pierc'd thy soul, nor spar'd Thee,
When bruis'd by earth and hell.

3 Justice, our guilt to cover,
Awoke the wrathful storm :
Dismay seiz'd friend and lover :
Thou saidst, " I am a worm."
Thou wast of God forsaken,
As one by God abhorr'd :
The sinner's place was taken
By Thee, our glorious Lord !

4 Thy God that duly priz'd Thee,
Whose statutes Thou didst keep,
In floods of death baptiz'd Thee,
In sorrow's lowest deep.
Thou wast the Father's treasure,
The Christ that He had sent :
His righteous sore displeasure
On Thee, for us, was spent.

5 We on to ruin hurried,
To misery's abyss ;
But, dead with Thee, and buried,
And rais'd to share thy bliss,

WORSHIP.

We sing with hearts united,
Thy cross for evermore :
Once, like the world, benighted,
Thy name we now adore.

13

S.M.

*Arise ye, 2.
Peckham, 10.*

- 1 AWAKE ! and sing the song
Of glory to the Lamb !
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly road,
Ye heirs of glory, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
" Ye blessed children, come ! "
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptur'd tongues
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

WORSHIP.

14

L.M.

*Burton, 53.
Derby, 57.*

- 1 AWAKE, each saint, in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from thee :
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw us ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd us, notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd us from our lost estate :
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell our way oppose ;
He safely leads his saints along ;
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud ;
He with the Church has always stood :
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Soon shall we mount and soar away,
To the bright realms of endless day ;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of GOD's delight,
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom—for whom, my heart !
Were all those sorrows borne ?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And wear that crown of thorn ?
- 3 For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died :
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.
- 4 We see, and we adore,
Thy deep, thy dying love :
We feel its strong attractive power
To lift our souls above.
- 5 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy grief alone !
But from thy cross pursue our flight
To thy triumphant throne.

WORSHIP.

16

C.M.

*Behold, &c., 22.
Tallis, 39.*

1 BEHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd !
 To Him all power is given ;
No place too high for Him is found,
 No place too high in heaven.

2 He fills the throne—the throne above,
 He fills it without wrong ;
The object of his Father's love,
 The theme of heaven's song.

3 Though high, yet He accepts the praise
 His people offer here :
The faintest, feeblest cry they raise
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.

4 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.

17

C.M.

*Bedford, 21.
Nayland, 36.*

1 BEHOLD the Lamb whose precious blood,
 Pour'd from his open'd veins,
Had power to make our peace with God,
 And cleanse our deepest stains.

WORSHIP.

2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
 Expiring by his side ;
 And prov'd the value of the Name
 Of Jesus, crucified !

3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,
 To paradise receiv'd,
 Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
 From sin and death retriev'd.

4 We, too, the cleansing power, have known,
 Of the atoning blood ;
 By grace have learnt his name to own,
 Which brings us back to God.

5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
 Who stoop'd in grace so low :
 To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
 Let ceaseless praises flow.

18

C.M.

*Arlington, 20.
Fragrance, 27.*

1 BEHOLD, the loving Son of God,
 Stretch'd out upon the tree ;
 Behold Him shed his precious blood,
 To set his people free.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
 And wrung with keenest smart ?
 Why flows the blood from all his veins ?
 Why torn with grief his heart ?

WORSHIP.

3 All righteousness He did fulfill,
 No sin did ever know ;
 He never thought nor acted ill ;
 Why was He wounded so ?

4 Alas ! we own, with conscious shame,
 While we behold the cross,
 Our sins have slain the guiltless Lamb,
 He suffer'd all for us.

5 But hence our confidence begins ;
 For we may boldly say,
 That thus, by bearing all our sins,
 He took them all away.

19

C.M.

Gabriel, 28.
Joy, 32.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
 That will not let us part :
 Our bodies may far off remove ;
 We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
 Where He appoints we go ;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And shew his praise below.

3 O let us ever walk with Him,
 And nothing know beside ;
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.

WORSHIP.

4 Thus let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our Lord restore;
When death and sin shall pass away,
And we shall part no more.

20

8.7.7.

Geneva, 132.
Percy, 134.

1 BRETHREN, come ! our Saviour bids us—
 Bids us to a feast of love:
Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us,
 With provision from above:
Ye, for whom his life was given,
Come and eat the bread of heaven.

2 Let us think of Him who bought us ;
 'Tis the Saviour's own command :
When we wander'd, Jesus sought us ;
 Now He leads us by the hand :
Now He gives us hope, and says,
We shall sing his endless praise.

3 O how much his people owe Him !
 O what love our Lord has shewn !
Well may we surrender to Him
 All that once we call'd our own.
Lord, we give ourselves to Thee !
Thou our Guide, our Master be !

WORSHIP.

21

7s.

Fellowship, 104.
Hart's, 108.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness ;
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed virgin's Seed,
Glory of the Church, and Head.
- 3 With thy praise the heavens ring ;
Thee we bless, the Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
- 5 May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more ;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we see thy face above.

1 By Thee, O God! invited,
 We look unto the Son,
 In whom thy soul delighted,
 Who all thy will hath done;
 And by the one chief treasure
 Thy bosom freely gave,
 Thine own pure love we measure,
 Thy willing mind to save.

2 O God of mercy—Father!
 The one unchanging claim,
 The brightest hopes, we gather
 From Christ's most precious name;
 What always sounds so sweetly
 In thine unwearied ear,
 Has freed our souls completely
 From all our sinful fear.

3 The trembling sinner feareth
 That God can ne'er forget;
 But one full payment cleareth
 His mem'ry of all debt.
 When nought beside could ease us,
 Or set our souls at large,
 Thy holy work, Lord Jesus!
 Secur'd a full discharge.

WORSHIP.

4 No wrath God's heart retaineth,
 To us-ward who believe ;
No dread in ours remaineth,
 As we thy love receive ;
Returning sons He kisses,
 And with his robe invests ;
His perfect love dismisses
 All terror from our breasts.

23

S.M.

Reliance, 11.
Shirland, 12.

1 CHRIST shed his precious blood,
 To make us *His* alone ;
And wash'd in that atoning flood,
 We are no more our own.

2 If He his will reveal,
 Let us obey the call ;
Assur'd, whate'er the flesh may feel,
 His love deserves our all.

3 Then let us keep in view
 His glory, as our end ;
Too much we cannot bear or do,
 For such a gracious Friend.

4 And let us stand prepar'd
 In duty's path to run ;
Nor count the greatest trials hard,
 So that his will be done.

WORSHIP.

5 With Jesus for our Guide,
The path is safe, though rough ;
The Promise says, "I will provide,"
And Faith replies, "Enough!"

24

7s.

Fellowship, 104.
Hart's, 108.

1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Every voice, and every heart,
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high note of grateful praise.

2 Here we all may meet no more ;
But there is a happier shore,
Where, releas'd from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

25

C.M.

Arabia, 19.
Joy, 32.

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

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

WORSHIP.

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

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

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

26

8.8.6.

Come on, &c. 83.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your troubles feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill.

2 Look forward to that happy place,
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

WORSHIP.

3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircl'd by his radiant bands,
 And join th' angelic powers ;
For all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heaven is ours.

4 Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all, who to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

5 Thrice blessed joy-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirit up ;
 It brings to life the dead.
Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And we shall all ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.

27

C.M.

*Happiness, 29.
Herman, 31.*

1 COME, saints, your grateful voices raise,
 The heavenly Lamb adore ;
Dwell on his everlasting love,
 And praise Him evermore.

WORSHIP.

2 Spread his blest name thro' all the earth,
 Sing his eternal power:
Shout the rich fountain of his blood,
 And praise Him evermore.

3 His mercy who our ransom paid,
 And all our sorrows bore,
Sing with a note of loftiest joy,
 And praise Him evermore.

4 Soon shall the Lord appear to reign:
 Then all, from shore to shore,
Shall view the glory of the Lamb,
 And praise Him evermore.

28

8.7.

Fount, 139.

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

2 Teach me, Lord ! some rapt'rous measure
 Meet for blood-bought hosts above ;
While I sing the countless treasure
 Of my God's unchanging love.

WORSHIP.

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

4 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, Lord ! like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord ! I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Yet Thou, Lord ! hast deign'd to seal it
With thy Spirit from above.

6 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

29

C.M.

*Hensbury, 30.
Nayland, 36.*

1 COME, ye that know the Saviour's name,
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love !

WORSHIP.

2 This precious truth his word reveals ;
And all his mercies prove—
Creation and redemption join
To shew—that *God is love!*

3 His patience, bearing much and long
With those who from Him rove,
His kindness, when He leads them home,
Both mark—that *God is love!*

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above :
And every step, from first to last,
Declares—that *God is love!*

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

30

S.M.

*Arise ye, 2
Shirland, 12.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

WORSHIP.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

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

4 This awful God is ours,
Encircling us with love :
He shall put forth his mighty powers
To carry us above.

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

6 And now, before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through this weary land,
To fairer worlds on high.

WORSHIP.

30a

7s. *Endless praises*, 102.

1 ENDLESS praises
To our Lord,
Ever be his name ador'd !
Hallelujah !
Crown the Lamb ;
He is worthy—praise his name.

2 Saints adore Him,
Sound his fame,
You He sav'd from endless shame ;
Hallelujah !
Crown the Lamb ;
He is worthy—praise his name.

31

7.6.D.

Constancy, 90.
Purchase, 96.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills,
Before He fill'd the fountains,
That feed the running rills ;
In Thee, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is thy name.

WORSHIP.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
 He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood:
He wrought by weight and measure;
 And Thou wast with Him then:
Thyself the Father's pleasure,
 And Thine, the sons of men.

3 Thus Wisdom's works discover
 Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
 Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us,
 Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
 And died for us in love.

4 And couldst Thou be delighted
 With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
 And nail'd Thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder!
 And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder,
 Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

WORSHIP.

32

7s. *German Hymn, 105.*
Wentworth, 113.

- 1 ERE our evening meeting close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! to Thee the song we raise,
Worthy Thou of ceaseless praise.
- 2 For the mercies of this day,
For refreshment on our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and God of heaven!
- 3 Cold our praises now have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But Thou canst and dost forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

33

7s. *Faint not, 103.*
Gratitude, 106.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dang'rous too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though, in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage:
Take thee faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

WORSHIP.

3 Faint not, Christian ! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurl'd ;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian ! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin ;
Christ, the Lord, is over all ;
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian ! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod ;
Smite He must with Father's care,
That He may his love declare.

6 Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near ;
Soon in glory He'll appear :
Then shall cease thy toil and strife ;
Thou shalt wear the crown of life.

34

8.7.

*Sicilian, 121.
Union, 123.*

1 FATHER ! we commend our spirits
To thy love in Jesus' name ;
Love, which his atoning merits
Give us confidence to claim.

2 O how sweet, how true a pleasure
Flows from love so full and free !
O how great, how rich a treasure,
Saviour, we possess in Thee !

WORSHIP.

3 From the world and its confusions,
Here we turn and find our rest:
From its cares and its delusions,
Turn to Thee, and there are blest.

4 Though this scene is ever changing,
Since thy mercy changes not,
O'er the waste our spirits ranging,
Glory in their happy lot.

5 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
May we do our Father's will,
Walk the path by Him appointed,
Jesus' pleasure to fulfil.

35

8.8.6.

Praise, 85.
Repose, 86.

1 FATHER! we own thy mercy's claim,
And bless thy Son's most precious name,
Through whom this grace was given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Quicken'd our ruin'd souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.

2 'Tis by the Holy Ghost alone,
That Jesus Christ is made our own,
The gift of grace divine:

WORSHIP.

But, since to us, in his blest face,
There shines the glory of thy grace,
We know that we are Thine.

3 Then, while we here together join,
Before the throne of grace divine,
 Bow down a Father's ear ;
And, while we listen to thy word,
Or praise thy name with glad accord,
 Shew that Thyself art near.

36

8.7.D.

*Fount, 139.
Haydn's, 140.*

1 FATHER! we, thy children, bless Thee,
 For thy love on us bestow'd :
As our Father we address Thee,
 Call'd to be the sons of God.
Wondrous was thy love in giving
 Jesus for our sins to die ;
Wondrous was his grace in leaving,
 For our sakes, his home on high.

2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,
 On we go toward our rest ;
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
 With thy constant favour blest :

WORSHIP.

By thy truth and Spirit guiding,
(Earnest He of what's to come,)
And with daily food providing,
Thou dost lead thy children home.

3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
This is not our resting-place !
Shall we of the way be weary,
When we see our Master's face ?
Now, by faith, anticipating,
In this hope our souls rejoice ;
We, his promis'd advent waiting,
Soon shall hear his welcome voice.

4 Father, O how vast the blessing,
When thy Son returns again !
Then thy saints, their rest possessing,
O'er the earth with Him shall reign ;
For the fathers' sakes beloved,
Israel, in thy grace restor'd,
Shall on earth, the curse remov'd,
Be the people of the Lord.

5 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesu's blood,
Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
Stand before the throne of God.

WORSHIP.

These, redeem'd from every nation,
Shall, in triumph, bless thy name ;
Every voice shall cry, " Salvation
To our God, and to the Lamb ! "

37

C.M.

*Gabriel, 28.
Joy, 32.*

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
Our Lord, our Hope, our Trust !
If we are found in Jesus' hands,
Our souls can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor Death, nor Hell, shall e'er remove
His chosen from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

38

P.M.

Israel at the Red Sea. *Forward, 160.*

- 1 " FORWARD let the people go ; "
Israel's God will have it so ;
Though the path be through the sea,
Israel, what is that to thee ?
He who bids thee pass the waters
Will be with his sons and daughters.

WORSHIP.

2 Deep and wide the sea appears ;
Israel wonders, Israel fears :
Yet the word is “forward” still ;
Israel, ’tis thy Master’s will,
Though no way thou canst discover,
Not one plank to float thee over.

3 Israel, art thou sorely tried ?
Art thou press’d on every side ?
Does it seem as if no power
Could relieve thee in this hour ?
Wherfore art thou thus dishearten’d ?
Is the Arm that saves thee shorten’d ?

4 Stand thou still this day, and see
Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee ;
Safe thyself on yonder shore,
Thou shalt see thy foes no more :
Thine to see Jehovah’s glory —
Thine to tell the wondrous story !

Millennial.

5 Yes, thy God shall yet be known
Far and wide, as God alone ;
At his feet shall idols fall,
For thy God is Lord of all :
His is strength, and His salvation,
He shall reign o’er every nation !

WORSHIP.

39

L.M.

Conquest, 55.
Old 100th, 63.

Millennial.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

40

S.M.

Carlisle, 3.
Falcon St. 4.

- 1 FROM earth the Saviour's gone,
And stands before our God ;
And sprinkled now is all the throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
Where Justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his Own.
- 3 Then may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's praises sing ;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King !

WORSHIP.

4 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
“Hosanna to the God of grace,
Who brought the guilty nigh.”

41

P.M.

From Egypt, 161.

1 From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah! etc.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There shall we dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah! etc.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing:
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King!
Hallelujah! etc.

WORSHIP.

5 We soon shall join the throng ;
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah ! etc.

6 How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah ! etc.

42

8.7.

Alma, 120.
Surety, 143.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Heavenly city of our God !
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Flow to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of death remove.

WORSHIP.

4 Who can faint where such a river
 Freely flows, their thirst t' assuage ?
 Blessings which, like God the giver,
 Never fail from age to age.

5 Saviour ! if in that bless'd city
 Thou record our worthless name,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 We may well endure the shame !

6 Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show :
 Solid joy, and lasting treasure,
 None but God's own children know.

43

8.7.4.

Calvary, 125.
Percy, 134.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
 Be to Him who bore the cross ;
 Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death, the death deserv'd by us !
 Spread his glory
 Who redeem'd his people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end !
 Human thought is here confounded :
 'Tis too vast to comprehend :
 Praise the Saviour !
 Magnify the sinner's Friend.

WORSHIP.

3 While we tell the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb."
 Saints and angels !
 Give ye glory to his name.

44

P.M.

Glory to God, { ¹⁶²
_{163.}

1 GLORY to God on high !
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "*Praise ye his name !*"
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
 "*Worthy the Lamb !*"

2 Join, all the ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless ;
 "*Praise ye his name !*"
Tell what his arm hath done !
What spoils from death He won !
Sing his great name alone !
 "*Worthy the Lamb !*"

3 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's accursed load,
 "*Praise ye his name !*"

WORSHIP.

Now we, who know his blood
Hath made our peace with God,
Would sound his praise abroad,
“ *Worthy the Lamb!* ”

4 Let all the hosts above
Join in one song of love,
Praising his name.
To him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity :
“ *Worthy the Lamb!* ”

45

7s.

Gratitude, 106.
Now begin, 111.

- 1 GLORY unto Jesus be !
From the curse who set us free ;
All our guilt on Him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All his blessed work is done ;
God's well pleasèd in his Son :
For He rais'd Him from the dead ;
Set Him over all as Head.
- 3 All should sing his work and worth,
All above, and all on earth,
As they sing around the throne,
“ Thou art worthy, Thou alone.”

WORSHIP.

4 Ye who love Him, cease to mourn !
He will certainly return ;
All his saints with Him shall reign :
" Come, Lord Jesus, come ! Amen."

46

S.M.

*Falcon St. 4.
Grace, 6.*

1 GRACE ! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace taught our wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While travelling home to God.

3 'Twas Grace that wrote each name
In life's eternal book :
'Twas Grace that gave us to the Lamb,
Who all our sorrows took.

4 Grace sav'd us from the foe ;
Grace taught us how to pray ;
And God will ne'er his grace forego,
Till we have won the day.

5 May Grace, free Grace, inspire
Our souls with strength divine ;
May all our thoughts to God aspire,
And Grace in service shine.

WORSHIP.

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

47

8.7.4.

*Look, ye saints, 127.
Percy, 134.*

1 GRACIOUS Lord ! my heart is fixèd ;
Sing I will, and sing of Thee ;
Since the cup that Justice mixèd,
Thou hast drank and drank for me :
Great Deliv'rer !
Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
But the Lord has loos'd them all :
Arms of mercy now surround me ;
Favours these, nor few nor small :
Saviour, keep me !
Keep thy servant, lest he fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me !
Life eternal Jesus gives :
While He waves his banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives :
Sure his promise !
I shall live because He lives.

4 When the world would bid me leave Thee,
 Telling me of shame and loss,
 Saviour ! guard me, lest I grieve Thee,
 Lest I cease to love thy cross :
 This is treasure ;
 All the rest I count but dross.

48

6-8s.

*Pardon, 76.
Waiting, 78.*

1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
 Display thine attributes divine !
 But the fair glories of thy grace
 Beyond thine other wonders shine.
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive !
 Such guilty daring worms to spare !
 This is thine own prerogative,
 And in the honour none shall share :
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

3 Pardon — from an offended God !
 Pardon — for sins of deepest dye !
 Pardon — bestow'd through Jesus' blood !
 Pardon — that brings the rebel nigh !
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

WORSHIP.

49-

7a.

Fellowship, 104.
German Hymn, 105.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet !
Christian fellowship how sweet !
When, our theme of praise the same,
We exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move !
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's unbounded love !
How He left the realms above,
To rejoin the Father's side
With a blood-bought, spotless Bride.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love !
With our stubborn hearts He strove ;
He reveal'd the Son of God,
And the value of his blood.
- 5 Sweet the thought, exceeding sweet,—
We shall soon in glory meet ;
Where, the Saviour still the theme,
We shall ever sing of Him.

WORSHIP.

50

8.7.4.

*Helmsley, 126.
Saviour, thro', 12*

1 GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand !
Bread of Heaven !
Feed us now and evermore.

2 Open wide the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Be Thyself our cloudy pillar
All the dreary desert through :
Strong Deliv'rer
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield

3 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in thy love abide ;
Keep us, O our gracious Saviour !
Cleaving closely to thy side ;
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.

4 Saviour, come ! we long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above,
And to know, in full communion,
All the sweetness of thy love :
Come, Lord Jesus !
Take thy waiting people home.

WORSHIP.

51

8.7.D.

*Benediction, 136.
Surety, 143.*

1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus !
 Hail, Thou Galilean king !
Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring ;
Through thy death and resurrection,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
We enjoy divine protection,
 Life and glory through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed !
 All our sins on Thee were laid :
By Almighty Love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
We who trust Thee are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood :
Rent in Thee the vail of heaven,
 Grace shines forth to man from God.

52

8.7.4.

*Calvary, 125.
Percy, 134.*

1 HAPPY they who trust in Jesus !
 Sweet their portion is, and sure :
When the foe on others seizes,
 He will keep his own secure.
 Happy people !
Happy, though despis'd and poor.

WORSHIP.

2 Since his love and mercy found us,
 We are precious in his sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
 Thousands more be put to flight :
 But his presence
 Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers ;
 Ever watchful is his care :
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
 In his strength secure we are ;
 Sweet our portion,
 Who the Saviour's kindness share !

4 As the bird, beneath her feathers,
 Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord his children gathers,
 Spreads his wings and hides them there ;
 Thus protected,
 All our foes we boldly dare.

53

8.8.6.

*Gladness, 84.
Praise, 85.*

1 HARK ! how the blood-bought hosts above,
Conspire to chant the Saviour's love,
 In sweet harmonious strains !
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
 That Grace triumphant reigns !

WORSHIP.

2 We'll join the song ! for we can tell
How sov'reign grace dissolv'd the spell,
That kept us bound in chains ;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft we've been constrain'd to say
That Grace triumphant reigns !

3 Yes ! tho' we've stray'd, like saints of old,
Grace has restor'd us to the fold,
As captives in its chains :
Thus sav'd by grace, we'd gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring
With "Grace triumphant reigns !"

4 Grace still— till all redeem'd by blood
Are taught to know themselves and God—
Its empire shall maintain ;
To spoil the mighty of the prey,
And set the captive exile free,
Shall grace triumphant reign.

5 When call'd to meet our glorious Head,
That perfect love shall banish dread,
Which now our souls sustains ;
And, as we rise to endless day,
We'll raise our voice and boldly say,
"Grace—Grace triumphant reigns !"

WORSHIP.

54

7s. D.

Jubilee, 194.

Spanish Chant, 116.

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore !
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign.
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furl'd ;
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis
done ;
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens shall pass away.
Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Praise to God !
God, our God, is all in all !

WORSHIP.

55

8.7.

Alma, 120.
Haydn's, 140.

1 HARK, the voice of angels, saying,
 Glory, glory, to the Lamb !
 All in heaven their tribute paying,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong ;
 Come, assist the choir of heaven,
 Join the everlasting song.

3 See ! the Father hath enthron'd Him,
 At his own right hand on high :
 There the heavenly hosts have own'd Him,
 Filling with his praise the sky.

4 Endless life in Him possessing,
 Let us praise his glorious name :
 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb !

56

8.7.4.

Calvary, 125.

1 HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and vails the sky !
 It is finish'd !
 Hear the Saviour's dying cry.

WORSHIP.

2 Hark that voice ! its power is rending
 The mysterious inner vail :
Now the Sinai law is ending :
 Now the human priest doth fail !
 It is finish'd !
 Grace alone must now prevail.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law :
Finish'd all that God had promis'd ;
 Death and Hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Let us, then, as priests anointed,
 To the mercy-seat draw near ;
God himself this grace appointed :
 Love doth now succeed to fear.
 Lord, refresh us !
 Let thy goodness now appear.

57

L.M.

Assurance, 51.
Winchester, N. 69.

1 He lives—the great Redeemer lives !
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now, enthron'd above the skies,
 He pleads his holy sacrifice.

WORSHIP.

2 Thus has He met our desp'reate case,
And given us lasting joy and peace;
The Lamb, whose life can never end,
At once our Sacrifice and Friend!

3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Thee do all our hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Thou dost plead, and must prevail.

4 In every dark distressing hour,
When Sin and Satan join their power,
Let this blest truth repel each dart,
That Thou dost bear us on thy heart.

58

P.M.

Head of, &c. 165.

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee:
Till Thou appear,
Thy members here
Would sing like those in glory!
We lift our hearts and voices,
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

WORSHIP.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
The love we praise,
Which tries our ways,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favour:
The love divine,
Which makes us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with Sin and Satan,
Display their strength before us;
By Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And join the heavenly chorus.

58a

8.8.6.

Gladness, 84.
Repose, 86.

1 HENCEFORWARD, till the Lord shall come
To take his whole redeemèd home,
(With Him, for ever then;) The Lord send blessings from above,
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love,
Be with us all. - Amen.

WORSHIP.

59

7s.

*German Hymn, 105.
Holy Lamb, 109*

- 1 HOLY Lamb! who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night, should cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be."
- 2 Fix, O fix each wav'ring mind ;
To thy cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Fill our souls with fervent love.
- 3 Weak and failing though we be,
Strength and life we gain in Thee ;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God ;
Purchas'd by thy precious blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine ;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Son of God, enthron'd in heaven !

60

C.M.

*Arlington, 20.
Joy, 32.*

- 1 HOPE of our hearts ! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day !
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

WORSHIP.

2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee ;
 O leave the Father's throne ;
Come with a shout of vict'ry, Lord !
 And claim us as Thine own.

3 O bid the bright archangel now,
 The trump of God prepare,
To call thy saints—the quick, the dead,—
 To meet Thee in the air.

4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see ;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepar'd for us and Thee.

5 But, dearest Lord ! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
What is it to the *brighter* hope
 Of dwelling in thy love ?

6 What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head.
 Of fellowship with Thee ?

7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours ;
 But only, Lord ! above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
 The fulness of thy love.

WORSHIP.

8 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

61

L.M.

Hosanna! 60.

- 1 HOSANNA! to the living Lord ;
HOSANNA! to th' incarnate Word ;
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing !
- 2 Hosanna ! Lord, thine angels cry ;
Hosanna ! Lord, thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
We would that all should swell the sound.
- 3 Assembled in thy blessed name,
Here we thy parting promise claim,
O heavenly Priest ! as incense bear,
To God on high, our praise and prayer.

62

11s.

*Montgomery, 153.
River of life, 164.*

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can He say, than to you He
hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled !

WORSHIP.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee ; O be not
dismay'd !

I—I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid ;

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous Omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The floods of distress shall not thee over-
flow ;

The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only
design

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for
repose,

I will not, I cannot desert to its foes.

That soul, though all Hell should endeavour
to shake,

I'll never,—no, never—no, never forsake !"

63

8s.

Faithfulness, 144.

1 How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,

WORSHIP.

Whose love is as great as his power,
And knows neither measure nor end !

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

64

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.
Constancy, 90.

1 How long, O Lord, our Saviour !
Wilt Thou remain away ?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment,
When brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn ?

2 How long, O gracious Master !
Wilt Thou thy household leave ?
So long hast Thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe ;
Immers'd in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord ! we see ;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

WORSHIP.

3 How long, O Heavenly Bridegroom!

How long wilt Thou delay?

And yet how few are grieving,

That Thou dost absent stay.

Thy very Bride her portion

And calling hath forgot;

And seeks for ease and glory

Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumb'ring virgins,

Send forth the solemn cry;

Let all thy saints repeat it,

“The Bridegroom draweth nigh!”

May all our lamps be burning,

Our loins well girded be,

Each longing heart preparing

With joy thy face to see.

65

C.M.

Belmont, 45.
Warwick, 42.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,

And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary rest.

WORSHIP.

3 Dear name! the rock on which we build;
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

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

6 Till then we would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And triumph in that blessèd name
Which quells the power of death.

66

C.M.

*Arabia, 19.
York, 44.*

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

WORSHIP.

2 Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
By bearing all our woe ?

3 While yet thine anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs Thou wouldest not flee ;
What love thy latest words display'd,
" In this remember me ! "

4 Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
Our wayward hearts to share !
O Jesus ! be thy holy name
Deeply engraven there !

67

8.8 6.

Waterford, 88.

1 IN blessed union here we meet ;
We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And eat the bread of heaven :
How highly privileg'd are we,
And oh ! how thankful should we be,
To whom this grace is given ;

2 To join in fellowship, how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above !
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are join'd in love !

WORSHIP.

3 But if such joy is found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be?
Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,
And dwell in happiness complete
Throughout eternity.

68

C.M.

Nayland, 36.
Tallis, 39.

1 In fellowship we meet around
The table of our Lord;
Let joy and thankfulness abound,
For faithful is his word.

2 The people whom the Lord appoints
The heirs of glory here,
He saves, and by his grace anoints,
And bids them nothing fear.

3 The food they eat is meat indeed,
The richest heaven affords;
The bread of God is living bread;
His words are living words.

4 Then let our thankful songs abound;
Our privilege is great;
Our Father's table we surround,
And eat of children's meat.

69

L.M.

Conquest, 55.
Rockingham, 64.

- 1 IN sacred fellowship we meet,
 To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
 His people feed on Him by faith.
- 2 We worship Him who bore the cross ;
 We glory in his death alone :
The world itself appears but loss
 To those by whom his name is known.
- 3 The blood He shed supplied a stream
 That wash'd our crimson guilt away ;
How precious then the Lord should seem,
 Whose death we celebrate to-day.
- 4 On earth his dying love shall be
 Our spring of hope, our theme of joy ;
And when in heaven our Lord we see,
 His praise shall all our powers employ.

70

8.7.4. *Mount of Olives*, 133.
Vesper, 135.

- 1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near !
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Speak, and let thy servants hear :—
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear thy word with godly fear !

WORSHIP.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee!
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 May we run, nor weary be;
 Till thy glory,
 Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 Then, in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceiv'd before;—
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

71

11s. *In weakness, &c. 152.*
River of Life, 154.

1 In weakness and trial,
 With God we may plead;
No fear of denial,—
 We're sure to succeed:
For though we oft grieve Him,
 His promise is clear,
And love will believe Him:
 Our Father will hear.

2 'Gainst the giant-like might
 Of our foes, we can bring,
As our weapons of fight,
 A stone and a sling.

WORSHIP.

Should this have dismay'd us,
Our souls it may cheer,
That, call'd on to aid us,
Our Father will hear.

3 Our calls may be weak
As the voice of a child ;
And all that we speak
Must by sin be defil'd.
Yet, Christ for us pleading,
We may persevere ;
Through Him interceding,
Our Father will hear.

72

L.M.

Old 100th, 63.
Truro, 66.

- 1 JESUS! before thy face we fall,
Our Lord, our Life, our Hope, our All ;
For we have nowhere else to flee ;
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee !
- 2 In Thee we every glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too ;
'Tis all our rest and peace to see
Our sanctuary, Lord, in Thee !
- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
In thy dear presence let us hide :
And, while we rest our souls on Thee,
Do Thou our sanctuary be !

WORSHIP.

4 Through time, with all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,
Let this support each fainting heart,
That Thou our sanctuary art !

73

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.
Tallis, 39.

1 JESUS ! how much thy name unfolds,
To every open'd ear ;
The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.

2 JESUS !—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne ;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever makes us mourn.

3 It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God ;
And to our ears, no tale so sweet
As thine atoning blood.

4 Jesus !—the One who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just ;
Worthy art Thou our love to win,
And worthy all our trust.

5 The mention of thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee ;
The chiefest of ten thousand *Thou*,
The chief of sinners *we*.

WORSHIP.

74

8.7.

*Sicilian, 121.
Union, 123.*

- 1 JESUS, in his heavenly temple,
 Sits with God upon the throne ;
Now no more to be forsaken,
 His humiliation gone.
- 2 Never more shall God the Father
 Smite the Shepherd with the sword :
Ne'er again shall cruel scorners
 Set at nought our glorious Lord.
- 3 Dwelling in eternal sunshine
 Of the countenance of God,
Jesus fills all heaven with incense
 Of his reconciling blood.
- 4 On his heart our names are graven ;
 On his shoulders we are borne ;
Of our God belov'd in Jesus,
 We can love Him in return.

75

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
York, 44.*

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

WORSHIP.

2 They, first, their own sin-off'ring 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 altars spilt ;
But thy *one* off'ring took 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 Their range was earth, nor higher soar'd ;
The heaven of heavens is Thine :
Thy majesty and priesthood, Lord !
Through endless ages shine.

6 Immortal glories crown thy name,
Thou blessèd Priest and King !
May heaven and earth resound thy fame,
Each day fresh praises bring.

76

S.M.

*Peckham, 10.
Watchman, 15.*

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;

WORSHIP.

Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And He the first-born Son.

4 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

77

8.7.D.

Haydn's, 140.

1 JESUS ! lead us by thy power
Safe into the promis'd rest ;
Choose the path ;—the way whatever
Seems to Thee, O Lord ! the best.
Be our Guide in every peril ;
Watch and keep us night and day ;
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From the straight and narrow way.

WORSHIP.

2 Since in Thee we found redemption,
And salvation full and free,
Nothing can our souls dishearten
But forgetfulness of Thee;
Nought can stay our steady progress;
More than conq'rors we shall be,
If our eye, whate'er the danger,
Look to Thee, and none but Thee.

3 In thy presence we are happy;
In thy presence we're secure;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure;
In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee we faint and languish,
O our Saviour! keep us nigh.

78

7a.

*Holy Lamb, 109.
Moravian, 110.*

1 JESUS, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again;
And in heaven is now set down,
Glorious on his Father's throne.

2 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood has wash'd us clean;
In our midst, assembled here,
Jesus stands his saints to cheer.

WORSHIP.

3 While we break the bread in faith,
We shew forth our Saviour's death ;
Bread thus broken aptly shews
How his body God did bruise.

4 While by faith we drink the wine,
Of his blood we see the sign ;
Precious blood ! so freely spilt,
To redeem our souls from guilt.

5 Lord ! we thus remember Thee ;
But we long thy face to see ;
Long to reach our heavenly home.
"Come, Lord Jesus ! quickly come."

79

7s.d. *Spanish Chant*, 116.

JESUS, only He can give
Peace and comfort while we live ;
Jesus only can supply
Boldness, if we're called to die ;
Jesus shall our treasure be,
Through his own eternity ;
He is now our nearest Friend,
And his love will never end !

MILLENNIAL.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where He displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him, the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 5 Soon shall the whole creation sing
The praises of its God and King ;
Angels respond with praise again,
And earth repeat the loud "Amen !"

WORSHIP.

81

7s.

Durham, 101.
Moravian, 110.

- 1 JESUS! spotless Lamb of God!
Thou hast bought us with thy blood,
We would value naught beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified!
- 2 We are Thine, and Thine alone;
This we gladly, fully own:
And, in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek thy praise.
- 3 Help us to confess thy name,
Bear with joy the cross and shame;
Only seek to follow Thee,
Though reproach our portion be.
- 4 When Thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heavenly home;
Louder still each lip shall own,
We are Thine, and Thine alone!

82

L.M.

Evening Hymn, 58.
Luther's, 62.

- 1 JESUS, the Christ! eternal Word!
Of all creation Sov'reign Lord!
On Thee alone, by faith we rest,
And lean our weakness on thy breast.

WORSHIP.

2 Thy blood hath wash'd us from our sin ;
Thy Spirit sanctifies within ;
And Thou for us, in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.

3 O keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from Thee our footsteps stray ;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,
And to thy presence keep us near.

4 And be it thus till that blest day,
When God shall wipe all tears away.
"Quickly"—'s the promise of thy word ;
"E'en so ; Amen. Come, Jesus, Lord!"

83

L.M.

**Job, 61.
Windle, 70.*

1 JESUS, the Lord, our Righteousness !
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress !
Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall we lift up the head.

2 Bold shall we stand in that great day,
For who aught to our charge shall lay ?
While by thy blood absolv'd we are
From sin's tremendous curse and fear !

* Without repetition.—See Tune Book.

WORSHIP.

- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,
And all their boast is in thy name.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years :
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

84

L.M.

*Carey's, 74.
Wimborne, 68.*

- 1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep !
Thy “little flock” in safety keep,—
The flock for which Thou cam'st from
heaven,
The flock for which thy life was given.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from Thee,
Secure as if from danger free ;
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to a “wealthy place.”
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray ;
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

WORSHIP.

4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream ;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

5 O may the sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other Guide but Thee.

85

S.M.

Old 134th, 8.

1 JESUS ! we look to Thee,
Thy promis'd presence claim !
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which now we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Present we know Thou art ;
But, oh ! Thyself reveal !
Now, Lord ! let every waiting heart
The mighty comfort feel.

WORSHIP.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth, for thy dear sake,
Who soon shall meet in heaven.

86

L.M.

*Truro, 66.
Windle, 70.*

- 1 Jesus ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Lord ! we are weak, but Thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O fill us with thy grace divine,
And may our hearts be wholly Thine.

WORSHIP.

87

6.6.8.

Overton, 81.

- 1 Join all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God !
 Our tongue would bless thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, of peace with heaven.
- 3 Be Thou our Counsellor,
 Our Pattern, and our Guide ;
And through this desert land
 Still keep us near thy side ;
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 4 We love our Shepherd's voice :
 His watchful eye shall keep
Our wand'ring souls among
 The thousands of his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

1 LAMB of God ! our souls adore Thee
 While upon thy face we gaze ;
 There the Father's love and glory
 Shine in all their brightest rays.
 Thine Almighty power and wisdom
 All creation's work proclaim :
 Heaven and earth alike confess thee,
 As the ever great "I AM."

2 Lamb of God ! thy Father's bosom
 Ever was thy dwelling-place ;
 His delight, in Him rejoicing,
 One with Him in power and grace ;
 O what wondrous love and mercy !
 Thou didst lay thy glory by,
 And for us didst come from heaven,
 As the Lamb of God to die.

3 Lamb of God ! when we behold Thee
 Lowly in the manger laid ;
 Wand'ring as a homeless stranger
 In the world thy hands had made ;
 When we see Thee in the garden,
 In thine agony of blood ;
 At thy grace we are confounded,
 Holy, spotless Lamb of God !

WORSHIP.

4 When we see Thee, as the Victim,
 Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
 All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,
 Thou hast lov'd us unto blood ;
Glory, glory everlasting,
 Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

89

8.7.D.

Haydn's, 140.

1 LAMB of God ! Thou now art seated
 High upon thy Father's throne ;
All thy gracious work completed,
 All thy mighty vict'ry won :
Every knee in heaven is bending
 To the Lamb for sinners slain ;
Every voice and harp is swelling,—
 “Worthy is the Lamb to reign.”

2 Lord ! in all thy power and glory,
 Still thy thoughts and eyes are here,
Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
 To thy gracious heart so dear.
Thou for us art interceding,
 (Everlasting is thy love,)
And a blessed rest preparing,
 In our Father's house above.

WORSHIP.

3 Lamb of God ! Thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return ;
All thy foes shall quake before Thee,
All that now despise Thee mourn :
Then thy saints appearing with thee,
With Thee in thy kingdom reign ;
Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

90

6.6.8.

Dartmouth, 79.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Let men with angels join,
To praise salvation free,
The work of grace divine ;
To bless the great atoning Lamb,
And all his wondrous love proclaim.

2 Jesus ! life-giving sound,
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
In which the sons of men can boast,
But His who seeks and saves the lost.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free !
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory.

WORSHIP.

His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
And songs of praise his lips employ.

4 Jesus! all praise above!

We sing thy blessed name:
We sing thy dying love,
Thy rising power proclaim;
But soon, to give Thee worthy praise,
Both heaven and earth their songs shall
raise.

91

L.M.

Conquest, 55.
Truro, 66.

- 1 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing;*
Salvation's theirs, and of the Lord;
They draw from heaven's eternal spring,
The living God, their great reward.
- 2 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,*
Whom grace has kept in dangers past;
And, O sweet truth! the Lord will bring
His people safe to heaven at last.
- 3 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,*
Of Jesus sing, through all their days:
In heaven above their harps they'll string,
And there for ever sing his praise.

92

8.7.7. *Mount of Olives, 133.
Season, 131.*

- 1 Let us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*!
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder!
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame;
He has wash'd us in his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us *love* the Lord that bought us,
Pitied us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace and taught us;
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes;
He has wash'd us in his blood,
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us *sing*, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:
He who wash'd us in his blood,
Safe will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us *wonder*; grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
Christ hath died; in Him our trust is;
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He who wash'd us in his blood,
Has secured our way to God.

WORSHIP.

93

C.M.

*Faith, 26.
York, 44.*

- 1 **L**ET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who makes our cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 **T**hough many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 **W**eak as we are, we shall not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Must in the end prevail.
- 4 **T**hough now He's unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees Him always near ;
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
To save from every fear.
- 5 **A**s surely as He overcame,
And conquer'd death and sin,
So surely those that trust his name
Will all his triumph win.

WORSHIP.

94

S.M.

Old 134th, 8.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray
Far from the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
His precious blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 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.

95

8.7.4.

Helmsley, 126.

- 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 !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign !

WORSHIP.

2 Every eye will now behold Him,
Rob'd in glorious majesty :
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply mourning,
Shall their own Messiah see.

3 Lo ! the tokens of his passion
Still his glorious body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshipers ;
Hallelujah !
Now the day of Christ appears.

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on thine exalted throne ;
Saviour ! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
O come quickly !
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

96

8.7.4. *Look, ye saints, 127.*

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
See "the Man of Sorrows" now :
From the fight return'd victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

WORSHIP.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels own Him ;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings,
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Crown the Saviour " King of kings."

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim :
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown Him ! crown Him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station !
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown Him ! crown Him !
" King of kings, and Lord of lords."

97

7s.

*Gratitude, 106.
Now begin, 111.*

1 LORD ! accept our feeble song ;
Power and praise to Thee belong ;
We would all thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

WORSHIP.

2 Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop,
Thence is all thy people's hope;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord! with Thee.

3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess;
Joy, that Thou couldst pity thus,
Shame, for such returns from us.

4 Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from sin be free;
When, to Thee in glory brought,
We shall serve Thee as we ought.

98

C.M.

*Hensbury, 30.
Tallis, 39.*

1 LORD! at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
How great the love, that even we
Should find a welcome place!

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That those once lost have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

WORSHIP.

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours !

99

8.7.4.

Geneva, 132.

Mount of Olives, 133.

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

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found !

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne aloft by grace to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Thee in endless day !

WORSHIP.

99a

P.M. *Lord Jesus, come!* 169.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come!
Nor let us longer roam
Afar from Thee, and that bright place
Where we shall see Thee face to face.
Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 Lord Jesus, come!
Thine absence here we mourn;
No joy we know apart from Thee,
No sorrow in thy presence see.
Come, Jesus, come!
- 3 Lord Jesus, come!
And claim us as thine own;
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more,
Come, Saviour, come!
- 4 Lord Jesus, come!
And take thy people home;
That all thy flock, so scatter'd here,
With Thee in glory may appear.
Lord Jesus, come!

100

6-8s.

*Berwick, 73.
Eaton, 75.*

1 LORD Jesus ! in thy name alone
 Thy saints shall meet before thy throne ;
 And only thus would we be found
 Thy table ever to surround ;
 We mention nothing to our God ,
 Except thy righteousness and blood .

2 O precious Jesus ! there 's, indeed ,
 Enough in Thee to meet our need ;
 Enough in Thee to make us glad ;
 Oh ! why should pardon'd souls be sad ?
 This hope have we before our God ,
 Thy righteousness, thy precious blood .

3 What joy it is to walk with Thee !
 But, oh ! what joy thy face to see !
 And when our bliss is all complete ,
 We still shall worship at thy feet ;
 And mention nothing to our God ,
 But that same righteousness and blood .

101

C.M.

*Unity, 41.
York, 44.*

1 LORD Jesus, are we *one* with Thee ?
 O height, O depth of love !
 Once slain for us upon the tree ,
 We 're *one* with Thee above .

WORSHIP.

2 Such was thy grace, that, for our sake,
Thou didst from heaven come down;
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrow one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine
Confess'd and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Lord! *one* with us Thou art:
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints from Thee can part!

5 O teach us, Lord! to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly *one*,
And we are *one* with Thee.

; Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
That Thou with us art ONE.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 The heavenly mansions are !
 To thine abode
 Our hearts aspire,
 With warm desire,
 To see our God.

2 There is thy throne of grace,
 And there the sprinkled blood ;
 There lives, before thy face,
 Our great High-Priest, O God ;
 His name our plea,
 We now draw near,
 In holy fear,
 To worship Thee !

3 We go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 And safe in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat !
 Where God the King
 Shall shortly bring
 Our willing feet.

103

L.M.D.

Creation, 71.

1 LORD! we are *Thine*: in Thee we live,
 Supported by thy tender care;
 Thou dost each hourly mercy give;
 Thine earth we tread, we breathe thine
 air;
 Raiment and food thy hands supply;
 Thy sun's bright rays around us shine;
 Guarded by thine all-seeing eye,
 We own that we are wholly *Thine*.

2 Lord! we are *Thine*: bought by thy blood;
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin;
 But Thou redeemedst us to God,
 And mad'st thy Spirit dwell within.
 Thou hast our sinful wand'rings borne,
 With love and patience all divine;
 As brands then from the burning torn,
 We own that we are wholly *Thine*.

3 Lord! we are *Thine*: thy claims we own,
 Ourselves to Thee we'd wholly give;
 Reign Thou within our hearts alone,
 And let us to thy glory live.
 Here let us each thy mind display,
 In all thy gracious image shine,
 And haste that long expected day,
 When Thou shalt own that we are *Thine*.

WORSHIP.

104

8.7.

Sicilian, 121.
Suffield, 122.

- 1 MANY sons to glory bringing,
God sets forth his heavenly name ;
On we march, in chorus singing,
“Worthy the ascended Lamb !”
- 2 God, who gave the blood to screen us,
God looks down in perfect love !
Clouds may seem to pass between us,
There’s no change in Him above.
- 3 Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood ;
Every charge our God refuses :
Christ hath answer’d with his blood.
- 4 In the refuge God provided,—
Though the world’s destruction low’rs,
We are safe,—to Christ confided ;
Everlasting life is ours.
- 5 And, ere long, when come to glory,
We shall sing a well-known strain ;
This,—the never-tiring story,
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain !”

105

8.7.

Suffield, 122.
Union, 123.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father’s boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit’s favour,
Rest upon us from above !

WORSHIP.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

105a

7s.D. *Jesus ! lover, &c.* 119.
Spanish Chant, 116.

1 MEEK and lowly Lamb of God !
We are Thine by precious blood ;
(Precious blood, whose power we'd know
To separate from all below,)
All thy glories we'd explore,
That we may admire, adore ;
That we may conformed be,
Lord, in all things unto Thee !

2 Thou didst stoop with wondrous grace,
To redeem our fallen race ;
Clothe Thyself in humblest guise,
For the joy, the shame despise ;
By this grace, which in Thee shone,
Lord of life, yet lowliest One !
By thy blood, which makes us free,
Let us learn to follow Thee.

3 By this grace, which in Thee shone,
O Thou meekest, gentlest One !
By thy silence under wrong,
With thine arm of might so strong ;

WORSHIP.

By thy precious, precious blood,
Separating us to God,
Saviour, let us learn of Thee,
Like Thee, meek and gentle be !

106

6-7s.

*Spanish Chant, 116.
Wells, 117.*

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
"Breaking bread" by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.
- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
'Tis the sinner's sure resource ;
Jesus magnified the law ;
Jesus bore its awful curse.
What a joyful truth is this !
O how full of hope it is !
- 3 Jesus died and then arose ;
Yes, He rose, He lives to reign !
He will vanquish all his foes,
When to earth He comes again ;
His the triumph and the crown,
His the glory and renown.

WORSHIP.

4 Sing we then of Him who died,
 Sing of Him who rose again ;
By his blood we're justified,
 And with Him we hope to reign :
Yes, we look to see our Lord,
 And to share his bright reward.

107

P.M.

Much in, &c. 170.

1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians ! onward go ;
Fight the fight ! though worn with strife,
 Battle on to life.
Onward, Christians ! onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not, little doth remain
 Of the drear campaign.

2 Shrink not ! Christians, will you yield ?
 Will you quit the battle field ?
Shrink not, ere the fight be done,
 Ere the prize be won.
Mail'd in armour, heavenly bright,
Strong in Him, whose grace is might,
Onward ! Christians, onward go,
 Conquer every foe.

WORSHIP.

3 Fight the glorious fight of faith ;
Fear not conflict, fear not death ;
Conflict!—that but nerves to strife :
 Death!—to endless life !
Onward ! Christians, onward go,
Scorning danger, shame, and woe ;
Tread the path which they have trod
 Who are now with God.

108

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.
O Head, &c. 93.

1 No bone of Thee was broken,
 Thou spotless paschal Lamb !
Of life and peace a token,
 To us who know thy name ;
The head, for all the members,
 The curse—the vengeance bore,
And God, our God, remembers
 His people's sins no more.

2 We, thy redeem'd, are reaping
 What Thou didst sow in tears :
This feast which we are keeping
 Thy name to us endears :
It tells of Justice hiding
 The face of God from Thee ;
Proud men around deriding
 Thy sorrows on the tree.

WORSHIP.

3 Thy death of shame and sorrow
Was like unto thy birth,
Which would no glory borrow,
No majesty from earth:
Thy pilgrims, we are hastening
To our eternal home,
Its joy already tasting
Of vict'ry o'er the tomb.

4 Thy life and death reviewing,
We tread the narrow way;
Our homeward path pursuing,
We watch the dawn of day:
We eat and drink with gladness
The living bread and wine,
And sing with sweetest sadness
Our song of love divine.

109

S.M.

*Not all, &c. 9.
Solyma, 13.*

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

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

WORSHIP.

3 Our souls look back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursèd tree,
 For all our guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing redeeming love.

110

S.M.

*Arise ye, 2.
Falcon St. 4.*

1 Not to ourselves we owe
 That we, O God ! are Thine ;
Jesus, the Sun, our night broke through,
 And gave us light divine.

2 The Father's grace and love
 This blessed mercy gave,
And Jesus left the throne above,
 The wand'ring sheep to save.

3 No more the heirs of wrath,
 The smile of peace we see ;
And, Father ! in confiding faith,
 We cast ourselves on Thee.

WORSHIP.

4 We drink the living stream
 To all thy children given,
The love which Thou hast made to beam
 From Christ the Heir of Heaven.

5 With the adopted band,
 Soon shall we see Thee there ;
With them and Him before Thee stand,
 And in his glory share !

111

8.7.7.

Season, 131.

1 NOTHING know we of the season,
 When the world shall pass away ;
But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day ;
When the Saviour shall return,
 And his people cease to mourn.

2 O what sacred joys await them !
 They shall see the Saviour then ;
Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never shall oppose again !
Brethren, let us think of this,
 All is ours, since we are his.

3 Being of the favour'd number
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,

WORSHIP.

'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone ;
This should be his people's aim,
Still to glorify his name.

112

7s.

Hart's, 108.
Now begin, 111.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme ;
Sing aloud to JESU's name ;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in *redeeming love.*
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless *redeeming love.*
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *redeeming love.*
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd ;
Welcome to the Saviour's breast !
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but *redeeming love.*
- 5 Hither then your praises bring,
And of Jesus gladly sing !
Let us raise our hearts above,
Join to praise *redeeming love.*

113

L.M.

Burton, 53.
Windle, 70.

1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To our dear Lord the voice we 'll raise;
With all his saints we 'll join to tell,—
“*Our Jesus hath done all things well!*”

2 All worlds his glorious power confess ;
His wisdom all his works express ;
But oh ! his love what tongue can tell ?
“*Our Jesus hath done all things well!*”

3 And since our souls have known his love,
What mercies hath He made us prove !
Mercies which all our praise excel ;
“*Our Jesus hath done all things well!*”

4 Though many fiery flaming darts
The tempter levels at our hearts,
With this we all his rage repel,—
“*Our Jesus hath done all things well!*”

5 And when on that bright day we rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Among the rest this note shall swell,—
“*Our Jesus hath done all things well!*”

WORSHIP.

114

C.M.

Arlington, 20.
Claimant, 23.

- 1 O BLESSED Jesus ! who but Thou,
 On earth, in heaven above,
 May claim from all our willing hearts
 The full response of love !
- 2 We love our brethren, Lord ! 'tis true,
 Because in them we see
 Sweet traces of thy blessed Self,
 For they are one with Thee ;
- 3 And one with us :—but oh ! 'twas Thine,
 Thine only, Lord ! to part
 With life and all that love could give,
 To win the wand'ring heart.
- 4 Thus, heirs of endless bliss with Thee,
 We love thee—we adore ;
 And ask Thee still for greater grace,
 To love Thee more and more.

115

C.M.

Sympathy, 38.
Warwick, 42.

- 1 O BLESSED Lord ! what hast Thou done !
 How vast a ransom paid !
 Who could conceive God's only Son,
 Upon the altar laid !

WORSHIP.

2 Thy Father, in his gracious love,
Did spare Thee from his side ;
And Thou didst stoop to bear above,
At such a cost, thy Bride.

3 Lord ! while our souls in faith repose
Upon thy precious blood,
Peace, like an even river, flows,
And mercy, like a flood.

4 But boundless joy shall fill our hearts,
When, gazing on thy face,
We fully see what faith imparts,
And glory crowns thy grace.

5 Unseen, we love Thee—dear thy name,
But when our eyes behold,
With joyful wonder we 'll exclaim,
The half had not been told !

6 For Thou exceedest all the fame
Our ears have ever heard ;
How happy we who know thy name,
And trust thy faithful word !

116

C.M.

*Abridge, 16.
Faith, 26.*

1 O BLESSED Saviour ! is thy love
So great, so full, so free ?
Fain would we give our hearts, our minds,
Our lives, our all, to Thee.

WORSHIP.

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see;
We love Thee for the shameful cross
Endur'd so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for thine enemies wast slain;—
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd;
Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrows round.

5 Thou wouldest like sinful man be made,
In every thing but sin,
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been.

6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every heavenly grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Till we behold thy face.

7 O Lord ! we treasure in our souls
The mem'ry of thy love;
And ever shall thy name to us
A grateful odour prove.

1 O BLESSED Saviour, Son of God !
 Who hast redeem'd us with thy blood
 From guilt, and death, and shame,—
 With joy and praise, thy people see
 The crown of glory worn by Thee,
 And worthy Thee proclaim.

2 Exalted, by the Father's love,
 All thrones, and powers, and names above,
 At his right hand in heaven :
 Wisdom and riches, power divine,
 Blessing and honour, Lord ! are Thine ;
 All things to Thee are given.

3 Head of the Church ! Thou sittest there ;
 Thy members all the blessing share ;
 Thy blessing, Lord ! is ours :
 Our life Thou art : thy grace sustains ;
 Thy strength in us each vict'ry gains,
 O'er sin and Satan's powers.

4 And ere the day of glory come,
 Thy Bride shall reach her destin'd home,
 And all thy beauty see.
 Our highest joy to see Thee shine ;
 To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
 And ever dwell with Thee !

118

L.M. .

*Brading, 52.
Rockingham, 64.*

- 1 O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shedd'st for us thine own life-blood !
And teach us all thy love : then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
- 2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by thy watchful side ;
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live !
- 4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many brethren, Thou !
To whom both heaven and earth must
bow !
Heirs of thy shame and of thy throne,
We bear the cross, and seek the crown.

WORSHIP.

119

C.M.

*Manchester, 33.
Wiltshire, 43.*

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

120

L.M.

*Derby, 57.
Truro, 66.*

- 1 O GOD! we see Thee in the Lamb,
To be our hope, our joy, our rest;

WORSHIP.

The glories that compose thy name,
All stand engag'd to make us blest.

2 Thou great and good ! Thou just and
wise !

Thou art our Father and our God !
And we are Thine by sacred ties,
Thy sons and daughters bought with
blood.

3 Then, oh ! to us this grace afford,
That from Thyself we ne'er may rove ;
Our guard, the presence of the Lord,
Our joy, the sense of pardoning love.

4 For this will make our hearts rejoice,
Turning to light our darkest days ;
And this will nerve each feeble voice,
While we have breath to pray or praise.

121

C.M.

Arabia, 19.
Dear refuge, 24.

1 O God ! what cords of love are Thine !
How gentle, yet how strong !
Thy truth and grace their strength com-
bine
To draw our souls along.

WORSHIP.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

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

4 Drawn by such cords, we'll onward move
In love and union sweet,
Till, fill'd with perfect joy above,
Around thy throne we meet.

122

6-8s.

Eaton, 75.
Waiting, 78.

1 O God! whose wondrous name is Love,
Whose hands have fashion'd us anew!
Before thy face now stands the Lamb,
Whom sinful man once pierc'd and slew:
Thy own dear Son Thou didst not spare;
How shalt Thou cease for us to care!

2 Our heavenly Father! grant us all
The new-born babe's simplicity;

WORSHIP.

The doubtful mind be far from us,
Who boast a God that cannot lie.
Array'd in comeliness divine,
On Jesus' bosom we recline.

3 Thou art the Potter, we the clay;
Thy will be ours, thy truth our light,
Thy love the fountain of our joy,
Thine arm our safeguard day and night,
Till Thou shalt wipe our tears away,
And Christ shall bring eternal day.

123

C.M.

*Nayland, 36.
Wiltshire, 43.*

1 O GRACIOUS Father! God of love!
We own thy power to save,—
That power by which the Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.

3 O may thy Spirit guide our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That from thy paths we ne'er may stray,
But keep thy precepts still!

124

7.6.D.

*Absence, 89.
Trichinopoly, 99.*

1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd ! bind us
 With cords of love to Thee,
 And evermore remind us
 How mercy set us free.

O may thy Holy Spirit
 Keep this before our eyes,
 That we thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize !

2 We are of God's salvation
 Assured through thy love,
 Yet oft, on slight occasion,
 How faithless do we prove !
 Thou hast our sins forgiven :
 Then, leaving all behind,
 We would press on to heaven,
 Bearing the prize in mind.

3 Grant us henceforth, blest Saviour !
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to Thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.
 Thou, Lord ! wilt not forsake us,
 Though we are oft to blame :
 O let thy love then make us
 Hold fast thy faith and name.

WORSHIP.

125

L.M.

Contrition, 56.
Job, 61.

- 1 O HAPPY day, when first we felt
Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleans'd by blood on Calv'ry spilt!
- 2 O happy day, when first thy love,
Began our grateful hearts to move ;
And gazing on thy wondrous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.
- 3 O happy day, when we no more
Shall grieve Thee whom our souls adore ;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace !
- 4 O happy day, when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on Thee,—
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our *all* below, our Heaven above.
- 5 O happy day of cloudless light !
Eternal day without a night !
Lord ! when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising Thee !
- 6 Come, Saviour, come ! O quickly come !
Take us, thy waiting people, home !
We long to stand around thy throne,
And know Thee as ourselves are known.

1 O HAPPY morn ! the Lord will come,
 And take his waiting people home,
 Beyond the reach of care ;
 Where guilt and sin are all unknown :
 The Lord will come and claim his Own,
 And place them with Him on his throne,
 His glory bright to share.

2 The resurrection-morn will break,
 And every sleeping saint awake,
 Brought forth in light again ;
 O morn too bright for mortal eyes !
 When all the ransom'd Church shall rise,
 And wing their way to yonder skies,
 Call'd up with Christ to reign.

3 Lord ! may our ransom'd spirits long
 To sing the everlasting song
 Of glory, honour, power ;
 When heaven, and earth, and all things
 yield,
 Thou, Saviour ! wilt be still our Shield !
 For Thou hast to our souls reveal'd
 Thyself our Strength and Tower.

1 O HASTÉ away, my brethren dear,
 And come to Canaan's shore ;
 We'll meet and sing for ever there,
 When all our toils are o'er.
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
 O that will be joyful !
 To meet to part no more.
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And then sing Hallelujah,
 With the saints that have gone before !

2 How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme
 That saints shall ever sing,
 To hear their voices all proclaim
 Salvation to the King.
 O that will be, etc.

3 Around his throne, all cloth'd in white,
 Will all his saints appear ;
 And shining in his glory bright,
 Will see our Jesus there.
 O that will be, etc.

4 Through heaven the shouts of angels ring,
 When sons to God are born ;
 O what a company will sing
 On the millennial morn !
 O that will be, etc.

WORSHIP.

5 In Canaan's happy land we'll meet,
 To chant this glorious lay ;
Our hearts well-tuned will sing so sweet,
 Through one eternal day.
 O that will be, etc.

6 Through one eternal day we'll sing,
 And bless his sacred name,
With "Hallelujahs to the King!"
 And "Worthy is the Lamb!"
 O that will be, etc.

128

7.6.D. *O head so full, &c. 93.*

1 O HEAD, so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses,
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
O Head ! ere now surrounded
 With brightest majesty ;
In death once bow'd and wounded,
 Accursèd on the tree.

2 Thou Countenance transcendent !
 Thou life-creating Sun,
To worlds on Thee dependent,—
 Yet bruis'd and spit upon !

WORSHIP.

O Lord ! what Thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load ;
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

3 And oh ! what consolation
Doth in our hearts take place,
When we thy toil and passion,
Can joyfully retrace.
Ah ! should we, while thus musing,
On our Redeemer's cross,
E'en life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

4 We give Thee thanks unfeignèd,
O Jesus ! Friend in need,
For what thy soul sustainèd,
When Thou for us didst bleed.
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until from hence we're taken,
To see Thee face to face.

129

P.M. *O Holy Saviour, 175.*

1 O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
Since on thine arm Thou bidst us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
In Thee we've found our place of rest;
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
 While we can cling to Thee.
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love,
 Still would we cling to Thee.
- 4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside ;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied
 The souls that cling to Thee.
- 5 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb or who appal,
While, as our Strength, our Rock, our All,
 Saviour ! we cling to Thee ?

130

P.M. *O how the thought, 177.*

- 1 O how the thought that I shall know
Jesus who suffer'd here below,
 To manifest his favour ;
For me and all the saints I love,
Both here and with Himself above,
Should my delighted spirit move,
 At that sweet word, FOR EVER !

WORSHIP.

2 For ever to behold Him shine !
For evermore to call Him mine !
 And see Him still before me !
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembled rays,
While all his beauty He displays
 To all his saints in glory.

3 Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here ;
 What must it be in heaven !
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now we journey, day by day,—
Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
 Thy sins are all forgiven.

4 But how will his celestial voice
Make our enraptur'd hearts rejoice,
 When we shall stand before Him !
When we for Him no longer wait,
But, open'd wide the heavenly gate,
We rise our glorious Lord to meet,
 And all his saints adore Him !

131

7.6.D.

Constancy, 90.

O JESUS Christ, most holy !
Head of the Church, thy Bride !

WORSHIP.

In us each day more fully
Thy name be magnified !
O may, in each believer,
Thy love its power display ;
And none amongst us ever
From Thee, our Shepherd stray !

132

7.6.D.

Home, 92.

Trichinopoly, 99.

1 O JESUS Christ, our Saviour !

We only look to Thee ;
'Tis in thy love and favour,
Our souls find liberty.
While Satan fiercely rages,
And shipwreck oft we fear,
'Tis this our grief assuages,
That Thou art always near.

2 Yea, though the tempest round us

Seem safety to defy ;
Though rocks and shoals surround us,
And swell the billows high ;
Thou dost from all protect us,
And cheer us by thy love ;
Thy counsels, too, direct us
Safe to the rest above.

WORSHIP.

3 There, with what joy reviewing
 Past conflicts, dangers, fears ;
Thy hand our foes subduing,
 And drying all our tears ;
Our hearts with rapture burning,
 The path we shall retrace,
Where now our souls are learning
 The riches of thy grace.

4 O then, how loud the chorus
 Shall to thy name resound,
From all at rest before us,
 From all thy grace hath found ;
One joyful song for ever,
 Each harp, each lip, shall raise ;
The praise of our Redeemer,
 Our God and Saviour's praise !

133

8.8.6.

Watchfulness, 87.
Waterford, 88.

1 O JESUS ! everlasting God !
Who didst for sinners shed thy blood
 Upon the shameful tree ;
And finish there redemption's toil,
And win for us the happy spoil,
 All praise we give to Thee.

WORSHIP.

2 Fain would we think upon thy pain—
Would find therein our life and gain ;
And firmly fix our heart
Upon thy grief and dying love ;
Nor evermore from Thee remove,
Though from all else we part.

3 The more, through grace, ourselves we
know,
The more rejoic'd we are to bow
In faith beneath thy cross ;
To trust in thine atoning blood,
And look to Thee for every good,
And count all else but loss.

134

T.S.D.

*Absence, 89.
Greenland, 91.*

1 O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
Upon the Father's throne !
Whose wondrous love and favour
Have made our cause thine Own ;
Thy people to Thee ever
For grace and help repair,
For Thou, they know, wilt never
Refuse their griefs to share.

WORSHIP.

2 O Lord ! through tribulation
Our weary journey lies ;
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies ;
'Midst never ceasing dangers,
We through the desert roam ;
As pilgrims here, and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

3 O Lord ! Thou too hast hasted,
This dreary desert through ;
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe ;
And hence thy heart is tender,
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
All praise to Thee on high.

4 Oh, by thy Holy Spirit,
Reveal to us thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With Thee, our Head, above !
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain,
Sure, though through tribulation,
The promis'd rest to gain.

WORSHIP.

135

8.8.6.

Praise, 85.
Repose, 86.

1 O JESUS, Lord ! 'tis joy to know
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
For us so meekly trod :
All finish'd is thy work of toil ;
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy head, once bound with thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns ;
Thy seat, the Father's throne :
O Lord ! e'en now we sing thy praise,
Soon the eternal song to raise—
Worthy the Lord alone !

3 As Head for us Thou sittest there ;
Thy members here the blessing share,
Of all Thou dost receive :
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
Thy boundless love has made all ours,
Who in thy name believe.

136

6.8.8.

Carey's, 74.
Eaton, 75.

1 O JESUS ! teach us still to keep
Our eyes on Thee, the living way,

WORSHIP.

That we, once lost and wand'ring sheep,
From Thee, our Lord ! no more may
stray ;

But wheresoe'er thou leadest, we
May follow on most cheerfully.

2 O that we never might forget
What Thou hast suffer'd for our sake !

To save our souls, and make us meet
In all thy glory to partake :
But, keeping this in sight, press on
To glory and the victor's throne.

3 But, gracious Lord ! when we reflect
How oft we've turn'd our eye from
Thee,

Have treated Thee with sad neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy ;
And yet to find Thee still the same,—
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

4 Astonish'd at thy feet we fall ;
Thy love exceeds our highest thought ;
Henceforth be Thou our all in all,
Thou who our souls with blood hast
bought :

May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy ceaseless love.

WORSHIP.

137

s.s.

*Faithfulness, 144.
Resurrection, 145.*

1 O JESUS ! to tell of thy love
 Our souls shall for ever delight ;
And join with the blessed above
 In praises by day and by night.
Wherever we follow Thee, Lord !
 Admiring, adoring, we see
That love which was stronger than death,
 Flow out without limit, and free.

2 Descending from glory on high,
 With men thy delight was to dwell ;
Contented, our Surety to die,
 By dying to save us from hell ;
Enduring the grief and the shame,
 And bearing our sin on the cross,
Oh ! who would not boast of this love,
 And count the world's glory but loss ?

138

s.s.s.

*Watchfulness, 87.
Waterford, 88.*

1 O JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus by Almighty power
 Reviv'd and left the grave ;
In all his works behold Him great,
Before, Almighty to create,—
 Almighty now to save.

WORSHIP.

2 The first begotten from the dead,
He's risen now, his people's Head,
 And thus their life's secure ;
And if like Him they yield their breath,
Like Him they'll burst the bonds of death,
 Their resurrection sure.

3 Why should his people then be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad
 As those redeem'd to God.
Jesus, the Mighty Saviour, lives ;
To them eternal life He gives,
 The purchase of his blood.

4 Then let our gladsome praise resound,
And let us in his work abound,
 Whose blessed name is Love :
We're sure our labour's not in vain,
For we with Him ere long shall reign,—
 With Jesus dwell above.

139

7.6. D.

Piety, 95.

1 O LAMB of God ! still keep us
 Near to thy wounded side ;
'Tis only there in safety
 And peace we can abide.

WORSHIP.

What foes and snares surround us !
What lusts and fears within !
The grace that sought and found us,
Alone can keep us clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
We feel our life secure ;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure :
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er every hurtful foe :
Thy love each heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall our eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face !
One half hath not been told us
Of all thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord ! and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

140

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
Nayland, 36.*

1 O LORD ! 'tis joy to look above,
And see Thee on the throne ;
To search the heights and depths of love,
Which Thou to us hast shewn.

WORSHIP.

2 To look beyond the long dark night,
And hail the coming day,
When Thou, to all thy saints in light,
Thy glories wilt display.

3 And oh! 'tis joy the path to trace,
By Thee so meekly trod ;
Learning of Thee to walk in grace,
And fellowship with God :

4 Joy to confess thy blessed name,
The virtues of thy blood,
And to the wearied heart proclaim,—
Behold the Lamb of God !

140a

P.M. *O Lord! we, &c. 178.*

1 O LORD ! we adore Thee,
For Thou art the slain One
That livest for ever,
Enthronèd in heaven ;
O Lord ! we adore Thee,
For thou hast redeem'd us ;
Our title to glory
We read in thy blood.

2 O God ! we acknowledge
The depth of thy riches ;
For of Thee, and through Thee,
And to Thee are all things :

WORSHIP.

How rich is thy mercy !
How great thy salvation !
We bless Thee, we praise Thee :
Amen, and Amen !

141

C.M.

*Hensbury, 30.
Nayland, 36.*

- 1 O LORD ! we know it matters naught
 How sweet the sound may be ;
 No hearts but of the Spirit taught
 Make melody to Thee.
- 2 Then teach th' assembled saints, O Lord !
 To worship in thy fear ;
 And dread, lest any idle word
 Should reach thy holy ear.
- 3 Thy blood hath made poor sinners meet,
 Like saints in light, to come
 And worship at thy mercy-seat,
 Before the Father's throne.
- 4 Thy precious name is all we shew ;
 Our only passport, Lord !
 And now our Father's love we know,
 Though we are self-abhorr'd.
- 5 O largely give—'tis all thine Own—
 The Spirit's goodly fruit ;
 Praise, issuing forth in life, alone
 Our living Lord can suit.

WORSHIP.

6 Henceforth let each beloved child,
With quicken'd step, proceed
To walk, with garments undefil'd,
Where'er thy Spirit lead.

142

C.M.

Belmont, 45.
Dear Refuge, 24.

1 O LORD! when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God ;—

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Prov'd stronger than the grave ;
The very spear that pierc'd thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.

4 Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suff'ring, shame, and loss,
Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

WORSHIP.

5 O Lord ! with sorrow, and with shame
 We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear thy name,
 Thy mind, thy ways express.

6 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind,
 We would obedient be ;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
 In fellowship with Thee.

143

7.6.D.

Purchase, 96.

1 O LORD ! who now art seated,
 Above the heavens on high,
(The gracious work completed,
 For which Thou cam'st to die !)
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
 While pilgrims wand'ring here,
For Thou art truly gifted
 Our every weight to bear.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
 And wash'd us in thy blood ;
We know thy grace has brought us,
 As kings and priests to God.
We know that soon the morning,
 Long look'd for, hasteneth near,
When we, at thy returning,
 In glory shall appear.

WORSHIP.

3 O Lord ! thy love's unbounded !
So full, so vast, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think of Thee :
For us, Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die ;
That, purchas'd and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

4 O let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee ;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee.
Our joy, our one endeavour—
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame,—
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour !
And magnify thy name.

144

6-8s.

*Eaton, 75.
Waiting, 78.*

1 O Love divine ! what hast Thou done !
The Son of God his blood hath shed !
The Father's co-eternal Son
Had all our sins upon Him laid !
The Son of God for us hath died !
Our Lord, our Life, was crucified !

WORSHIP.

2 Was crucified for us in shame,
 To bring us, rebels, back to God ;
So we may glory in his name,
 And know we're cleansèd by his blood.
Pardon and life flow'd from his side
When He, our Lord, was crucified.

3 Then let us glory in the cross—
 Make it our boast, our constant theme ;
All things for Christ account but loss,
 And now for Him despise the shame :
Let naught with Him our hearts divide,
Since He for us was crucified.

145

C.M.

Arlington, 20.
Martyrdom, 34.

1 O PRECIOUS Saviour! deep thy pain
 When forth the life-blood flow'd,
That wash'd our souls from every stain,
 That paid the debt we ow'd.

2 Cleans'd from our sins, renew'd by grace,
 Thy royal throne above,
Blest Saviour! is our destin'd place,
 Our portion, there, thy love.

3 Thine eye, in that bright cloudless day,
 Shall, with supreme delight,
Thy fair and glorious Bride survey,
 Unblemish'd in thy sight.

WORSHIP.

146

C.M.

*Bedford, 21.
Tallis, 39.*

- 1 O TEACH us more of thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God !
And fix and root us in thy grace,
As those redeem'd by blood.
- 2 O tell us often of thy love,
Of all thy grief and pain ;
And let our hearts with joy confess,
From thence comes all our gain.
- 3 For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss !
The dearest objects of our love,
Compar'd with Thee but dross !
- 4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts
With an eternal pen,
That we may, in some small degree,
Return thy love again.

147

8.7.D.

Surety, 143.

- 1 O THOU tender, gracious Shepherd,
Shedding for us thy life's blood,
Unto shame and death deliver'd,
All to bring us nigh to God !

WORSHIP.

Now our willing hearts adore Thee ;
Now we taste thy dying love ;
While by faith we come before Thee,—
Faith which lifts our souls above.

2 As our Surety we behold Thee,
Ransoming our souls from death ;
As the willing Victim view Thee,
Yielding up to God thy breath :
In this broken bread we own Thee,
Bruis'd for us and put to shame ;
And this cup, O Lord ! we thank Thee,
Speaks our pardon through thy name.

3 Blessed supper of thanksgiving !
Feast of more than angels' food !
Bread of life, and cup of blessing,
This is fellowship with God.
Poor the praise we now are bringing ;
But when, Lord, we see thy face,
Better songs of triumph singing,
We shall own thy matchless grace !

148

I.M.

Brading, 52.

Rockingham, 64.

1 Oft we, alas ! forget the love
Of Him who bought us with his blood ;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Stands as our Advocate with God.

WORSHIP.

2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,—
 The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,—
The wrath his soul did once sustain,
 From sin and death to set us free.

3 Oft we forget that, strangers here,
 This world is not our rest or home ;
That, waiting till our Lord appear,
 Our hearts should cry, “Come, Saviour,
 come !”

4 Oft we forget that we are *one*
 With every saint that loves his name ;
United to Him on the throne—
 Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.

5 O then what love is here display'd !
 That Jesus did this feast provide,
The very night He was betray'd—
 The very night before He died.

6 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
 We hear Him say, “Remember me !
“ I gave my life to ransom thine ;
 “ I bore thy curse to set thee free.”

WORSHIP.

7 Lord ! we are Thine—we praise thy love—
One with thy saints, all one in Thee ;
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways, *remember Thee.*

149

C.M.

Hensbury, 30.
Tallis, 39.

1 OH ! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all,
No guide or help in Thee !

2 But Thou art near and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

3 There shall thy glory, O our God !
Break fully on our view ;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.

4 There Jesus, on his heavenly throne,
Our wond'ring eyes shall see ;
While we, the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.

WORSHIP.

5 Sweet hope ! we leave without a sigh
 A blighted world like this ;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
 For all that weight of bliss.

6 Yet little do thy saints at best,
 Endure, O Lord ! for Thee ;
Whose suff'ring soul bore all our sins
 And sorrows on the tree ;

7 Who fac'd our fierce, our ruthless foe,
 Unaided and alone ;
To win us for thy crown of joy,
 To raise us to thy throne.

150

6.6.8.

Dartmouth, 79.
Darwell's, 80.

1 On earth the song begins ;
 In heaven more sweet and loud,
“To Him that cleans'd our sins
 By his atoning blood ;”
“To Him,” we sing in joyful strain,
“Be honour, power, and praise. Amen.”

2 Alone He bore the cross ;
 Alone its grief sustain'd ;
His was the shame and loss,
 And He the vict'ry gain'd :
The mighty work was all his Own,
Though we shall share his glorious throne.

WORSHIP.

151

8.7.

Sicilia, 191.
Union, 123.

- 1 On thy broken body feeding,
Lord ! our hearts in one unite ;
Here, our souls behold Thee bleeding,
Put to grief in sinners' sight.
- 2 Oh ! that Jesus thus should love us,—
Love us unto death and shame !
Let the dear remembrance move us,
While we meet in his blest name.
- 3 Here the pledge of thy returning,
Tells of all the joys of home ;
And the hearts within us burning,
Cry, “Lord Jesus, quickly come !”
- 4 Soon, full soon, we thus together
In the Father's house shall meet ;
And the heavenly courts for ever
Tread with undefiled feet.

152

8.7.7.

Mount of Olives, 133.
Percy, 134.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

WORSHIP.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd in Him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He liv'd on earth abasèd,
 "Friend of sinners" was his name ;
Now above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same :
Saints He calls his "brethren"—"friends,"
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Saviour, love for love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
 What a Friend we have above :
Thus may all thy saints be taught,
How to love Thee as they ought !

153

P.M. *All is well*, 157.
 O how He loves ! 176.

1 ONE there is above all others :
 O how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's :
 O how He loves !

WORSHIP.

Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us ;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :
 O how He loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him :
 O how He loves !
Think, O think how much we owe Him !
 O how He loves !
With his precious blood He bought us ;
In the wilderness He sought us ;
To his fold He safely brought us :
 O how He loves !

3 We have found a friend in Jesus :
 O how He loves !
'Tis his great delight to bless us :
 O how He loves !
How our hearts delight to hear Him !
Bid us dwell in safety near Him !
Why should we distrust or fear Him ?
 O how He loves !

4 Through his name we are forgiven :
 O how He loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven :
 O how He loves !

WORSHIP.

Best of blessings He 'll provide us ;
Naught but good shall e'er betide us ;
Safe to glory He will guide us :
O how HE LOVES !

154

6-8s.

Eaton, 75.

1 OUR Father ! by whose Spirit's power

Thy Son was of a woman made,
And in his life and dying hour
Thy holy will for us obey'd,—
Thy Spirit in thy children dwells,
And to our hearts thy love reveals.

2 Jesus, enthron'd at thy right hand,

Sent forth from Thee the Comforter,
By whom thy saints anointed stand
Within the holiest ; and there,
In Christ unblemish'd and complete,
Adore Thee at thy mercy-seat.

3 O let thy children's concord be

An image bright of things above ;
A glass to shew the unity
Of Father, Son, and Spirit's love ;
A living picture to display
The love that we can ne'er repay !

WORSHIP.

4 This everlasting love redeems
The needy from their guilt and woe ;
These fountains yield the living streams,
Which through eternity shall flow ;
Stronger than death this three-fold cord,
Thou holy, holy, holy Lord !

155

7.6.D.

Constancy, 90.
Home, 92.

1 OUR Father ! we would worship
In Jesu's holy name ;
For He, whate'er our changes,
For ever is the same :
Through Him our child-like praises
As incense sweet will be ;
The songs thy Spirit raises
Can ne'er want melody.

2 The fire thy love hath kindled,
Shall never be put out ;
Thy Spirit keeps it burning,
Though dimm'd by sin and doubt ;
O make it burn more brightly !
By faith more freely shine !
That we may value rightly
The grace that made us Thine.

WORSHIP.

156

11s.

Home, 155.
Rest, 156.

1 OUR rest is in heaven, our rest is not here;

Then why should we tremble when trials are near;

Be hush'd, our sad spirits; the worst that can come

But shortens the journey, and hastens us home.

2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
And building our hopes in a region like this:

We look for a city which hands have not pil'd;

We pant for a country by sin undefil'd.

3 The thorn and the thistle around us may grow:

We would not lie down, e'en on roses, below:

We ask not our portion, we seek not a rest,

Till we find them for ever on Jesu's lov'd breast.

WORSHIP.

4 Let trial and danger our progress oppose,
They'll only make heaven more sweet at
the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may
befall,
A home with our God will make up for
it all.

5 With a scrip on the back, and a staff in
the hand,
We march on in haste through an
enemy's land :
The road may be rough, but it cannot be
long,
And we'll smooth it with hope, and
we'll cheer it with song.

157

S.M.

*Old 134th, 8.
Solyma, 13.*

1 OUR times are in thy hand :
Father ! we wish them there ;
Our life, our soul, our all we leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

WORSHIP.

3 Our times are in thy hand !
 Why should we doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus the Crucified !
The hand our many sins had pierc'd
 Is now our Guard and Guide.

5 Our times are in thy hand,
 Jesus the Advocate !
Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,
 For us to supplicate.

6 Our times are in thy hand ;
 We'll always trust in Thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
 And all thy glory see.

158

L.M.

*Old 100th, 63.
Windle, 70.*

MILLENNIAL.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

WORSHIP.

159

8.7.4. *Mount of Olives*, 133.
Vesper, 135.

1 PRAISE the Lord who died to save us,
 Praise his name for ever dear ;
'Twas by Him the Father gave us
 Eyes to see, and ears to hear :
 Praise the Saviour,
 'Tis his love has banish'd fear.

2 Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,
 Brought Him down to save the lost ;
Ye above, the throne surrounding,
 Praise Him, praise Him, all his host :
 Saints, adore Him ;
 Ye are they who owe Him most.

3 Praise his name, who died to save us ;
 'Tis by Him alone we live ;
And in Him the Father gave us
 All that boundless love could give :
 Life eternal
 In our Saviour we receive.

160

C.M.

Claimant, 23.
Joy, 32.

1 "PRAISE ye the Lord," again, again,
 The Spirit strikes the chord ;
Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain ;
 We praise, we praise the Lord.

WORSHIP.

2 "Rejoice in Him," again, again,
The Spirit speaks the word ;
And faith takes up the happy strain ;
Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast *in Christ* ;" ah ! yet again,
He teaches all the band ;
If human efforts are in vain,
In Christ it is we stand.

4 "Clean every whit ;" Thou saidst it, Lord ;
Shall one suspicion lurk ?
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,
And Thine a finish'd work.

5 For ever be the glory given
To Thee, O Lamb of God !
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,
We owe it to thy blood.

161

L.M.

Assurance, 51.
China, 54.

1 REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of redeeming grace ;
Jesus, your everlasting Tower,
Mocks at the angry tempest's power.

2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness, a mountain high ;
His name's a rock, which winds above
And waves below can never move.

WORSHIP.

- 3 His faithfulness, for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure;
His perfect work will ever prove
The depth of his unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change, He changes not,
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as his name.

161a

C.M.

Salvation, 37.

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

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord !

2 Salvation ! O ascended Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power, etc.

1 SAVIOUR! come, thy saints are waiting,
 Waiting for the nuptial day,
 Thence their promis'd glory dating ;
 Come, and bear thy saints away.
 Come, Lord Jesus !
 Thus thy waiting people pray.

2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
 While on earth to find our rest ;
 Till we see thy face, we never
 Shall, or can, be fully blest ;
 In thy presence
 Nothing shall our peace molest.

3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing ;
 "Tarry not," thy people say :
 Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
 Of beholding Thee that day ;
 When our sorrow
 Shall for ever pass away.

4 Till it comes, O keep us steady,
 Keep us walking in thy ways ;
 At thy call may we be ready,
 On Thee, Lord, with joy to gaze ;
 And in heaven
 Sing thine everlasting praise.

1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us! -

Without Thee we cannot go;

Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,

Thou hast laid the tyrant low;

Let thy presence

Cheer us all the journey through.

2 With a price thy love has bought us,

(Saviour! what a love is Thine!)

Hitherto thy power has brought us,

Power and love in Thee combine;

Lord of glory,

Ever on thy people shine!

3 Through the desert waste and cheerless,

Though our destin'd journey lie,

Render'd by thy presence fearless,

We may every foe defy;

Naught shall move us,

While we see the Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt (no track discov'ring),

Fearful lest we go astray,

O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,—

Fire by night, and cloud by day,

Shall direct us:

Thus we shall not miss our way.

WORSHIP.

5 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround ;
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,
 Streams shall from the rock abound ;
 Happy people !
What a Saviour we have found !

164

L.M.

Burton, 53.
Rockingham, 64.

- 1 SEE mercy—mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound ;
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound !
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announc'd the blessed news,
"The woman's Seed thy head shall
 bruise."
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on man forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child, was born ;
And brighter still in splendour shone,
When Jesus, dying, cried, "'Tis done !"
- 4 Complete in power when He arose,
And burst the bands of all his foes ;
Then captive led captivity,
And took for us his seat on high.

WORSHIP.

5 Till we around Him there shall throng,
This mercy shall be still our song ;
For God shall every scheme confound
Of all that seek its course to bound !

165

8.7.4. *Saviour, through, 1:28.*
Vesper, 135.

1 SHEPHERD of the chosen number !
They are safe whom Thou dost keep ;
Other shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to guard the sheep.
 Watchful Shepherd !
Thou dost wake while others sleep.

2 When the Shepherd's life was needful,
Or the sheep must else be lost,
Not of thine own safety heedful,
But of theirs alone, Thou wast :
 Thou didst save them ;
But no tongue can tell the cost !

166

8.7.

Fount, 139.

1 SIMPLY as disciples gather'd
In his name—the Lord is here ;
And in Him our all is treasur'd ;
Him we all in common share.

WORSHIP.

2 Not to teach or hear, assembling,
 But to do our Master's will ;
Thus to Jesu's Self resembling,
 God Himself shall cheer us still.

3 Yea, this table of communion,
 Whither by the Lord we're led,
Sweetly speaks our blessed union,
 One the body—one the bread.

4 And, as gather'd round the table,
 We the wine together sup,
We have joy, both sure and stable,
 One the blessing—one the cup.

5 By our sins his blood was spilled,
 Pardon hence through love divine !
And, through Him the law fulfill'd,
 In his righteousness we shine.

6 Till He comes, we still are thinking,
 That "we wait for Him to come,"
And (with us the new wine drinking,)
 Take us to his royal home.

167

S.M.

*Carlisle, 3.
Watchman, 15.*

1 SINCE Christ and we are one,
 Why should we doubt or fear?

WORSHIP.

He sits upon the Father's throne,
And in Him we are there.

2 The Spirit doth unite
Our souls to Him our Head,
And forms us to his image bright,
While we his footstems tread.

3 And grace it is—free grace—
Which keeps us on the road,
Till we behold the Saviour's face,
And city of our God.

168

8.7.7.

Geneva, 132.
Vesper, 135.

1 SOFT the voice of mercy sounded,
Sweet as music to the ear,
“Grace abounds where sin abounded,”
This the word that sooth'd our fear ;
Grace, the sweetest sound we know,
Grace to sinners here below.

2 Grace, we sing, God's grace through Jesus ;
Grace, the spring of peace to man ;
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us ;
Grace too high for thought to scan ;
Grace, the theme of God's own love !
Grace the theme—all themes above.

WORSHIP.

169

S.M.

*Peckham, 10.
Reliance, 11.*

- 1 Soon shall our Master come,
 Our toil and sorrow cease ;
He'll call his waiting people home,
 To endless joy and peace.
- 2 Now may we do his will,
 In all his footsteps tread ;
And, in a world of evil, still,
 To grieve Him only dread.
- 3 May we his name confess,
 'Midst suff'ring, shame, and loss ;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
 And glory in the cross.
- 4 Watchful may each be found,
 Our loins well girded be ;
In works of faith and love abound,
 Till we our Master see.
- 5 Then shall we soar above,
 Nor cease our sweet employ ;
And hear Him say, with tend'rest love,
 "Enter thy Master's joy."

170

S.M.

*Mount Ephraim, 7.
Reliance, 11.*

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine !
 'Tis grace that makes us free

WORSHIP.

To feed upon this bread and wine,
In mem'ry, Lord, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord ! from Thee to learn
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life—
The fulness of thy love.

4 That blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are lov'd of Thee.

5 Oh ! if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet !

6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare !

171

L.M.

*China, 54.
Derby, 57.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, our God and King !
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And tell of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Our hearts shall triumph in Thee, Lord ;
And bless thy works, and bless thy word !
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 3 But if the little that we know
Of Thee and Thine, while here below,
Such triumph gives—what will it be
When face to face Thyself we see ?

172

8.7.

*Alma, 120.
Fount, 139.*

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.

WORSHIP.

3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
 While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
 And our songs of triumph raise.

4 O that, near the cross abiding,
 We may to the Saviour cleave ;
Naught with Him our hearts dividing,
 All for Him content to leave.

5 May we still, the cross discerning,
 There for peace and comfort go ;
There new wonders daily learning,
 All the depth of mercy know.

173

6.6.8.

Overton, 81.
Wisdom, 82.

1 Th' atoning work is done,
 The Victim's blood is shed ;
And Jesus now is gone
 His people's cause to plead :
He stands in heaven, their great High
 Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkled with his blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
For Justice had withstood
 The purposes of love ;
But Justice now withstands no more,
 And Mercy yields her boundless store.

WORSHIP.

3 No temple made with hands
 His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands,
 A heavenly priesthood His ;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again ;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take his waiting people home.

174

C.M.

*Martyrdom, 34.
Unity, 41.*

1 THE blood of Jesus, shed on earth,
 Has set Him up on high :
We also rise with Him by faith,
 And unto God draw nigh.

2 See ! how within the holiest
 By his own blood He stands ;
Jesus prepares for us the place,
 With incense in his hands.

3 Brethren, his glory all is ours,
 His fellowship with God ;
Come, let us sing with Christ the Lord,
 And sing of precious blood.

WORSHIP.

4 Whate'er the bosom's joy or grief,—
Our matters, great or small,
Are but an errand to the throne;
There go and tell out all.

175

P.M. *The Church, &c.* 179.

1 THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come then, LORD JESUS, come!

2 We long to hear thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord's return?
Come then, Lord JESUS, come!

WORSHIP.

3 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, LORD, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours,
 Thine own fair world again !
Come then, LORD JESUS, come !

176

L.M.

Burton, 53.
Conquest, 55.

1 THE countless multitude on high,
 Who tune their songs to Jesu's name,
All merit of their own deny,
 And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.

2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,
 They stand before Jehovah's throne ;
The only song in that blest place
 Is—"Thou art worthy ! Thou alone !"

3 Salvation's glory all be paid
 To Him who sits upon the throne ;
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed :
 "Thou ! Thou art worthy ! Thou alone !"

WORSHIP.

4 For Thou wast slain, and in thy blood
These robes were wash'd so spotless
pure;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
For ever let thy praise endure.

5 Let us with joy adopt the strain
We hope to sing for ever there;
“Worthy’s the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear!”

6 Without one thought that’s good to plead,
O what could shield us from despair?
But this, though we are vile indeed,
The Lord our Righteousness is there!

177

L.M.

Carey's, 74.

1 THE Cross! the Cross! O that’s our gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain:
’Twas there our Lord was crucified,
’Twas there our Saviour for us died.

2 What wondrous cause could move thy
heart,
To take on Thee our curse and smart,
Well knowing we should ever be
So cold, so negligent of Thee?

WORSHIP.

3 The cause was love. We sink with shame,
Before our sacred Jesu's name ;
That He could bleed and suffer thus,
Because—because He lovèd us.

178

7.6. *Swiss Air, 100.*
The day of glory, 98.

- 1 THE day of glory bearing
Its brightness far and near ;
The day of Christ's appearing
We now no longer fear.
- 2 For ere that day we meet Him,
Triumphant in the sky,
And every heart shall greet Him
With songs of victory.
- 3 He once, a spotless Victim,
For us on Calv'ry bled ;
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruise Him in our stead :
- 4 To Him by grace united,
We joy in Him alone ;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold Him on the throne.
- 5 There He is interceding,
For all who on Him rest ;

WORSHIP.

And grace, from Him proceeding,
Tells how in Him we're blest.

6 Soon, to his place in glory,
His waiting saints He'll raise,
To chant their joyful story
In songs of loudest praise.

179

C.M.

Arlington, 20.
Bedford, 21.

1 THE Father gave his only Son
For us upon the tree ;
His death is our eternal life,
Our glorious liberty.

2 Love mov'd Jehovah's hand to smite,
Love mov'd the Son to bear ;
How sweet on Calvary to stand !
The God of love is there.

180

6.6.8.

Darwell's, 80.
Wisdom, 82.

1 THE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Almighty now to save.
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

WORSHIP.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom the Surety died ?
Or who shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivey, etc.

4 Hail ! O triumphant LORD !
The Resurrection Thou :
Hail ! O incarnate Word !
Before thy throne we bow.
Captivity, etc.

181

C.M.

*Fragrance, 27.
Happiness, 29.*

1 THE head that once was crown'd with
thorns
Is crown'd with glory now!
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow !

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of saints below,
To us still manifest thy love,
That we its depths may know.

WORSHIP.

3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace be given !
Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
All worship it in heaven.

4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord ! below
Will reign with Thee above :
Their glory and their joy to know
The myst'ry of thy love.

5 To us thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to Thee,
Our glory, peace, and boundless wealth
Throughout eternity.

182

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.
Tallis, 39.

1 THE Lamb of God to slaughter led,
The King of glory see !
The crown of thorns upon his head,
They nail Him to the tree.

2 The Father gives his only Son ;
The Lord of glory dies
For us, the guilty and undone,
A spotless sacrifice.

3 Thy name is holy, O our God !
Before thy throne we bow ;

WORSHIP.

Thy bosom is thy saints' abode:
We call Thee Father now!

4 Enthron'd with Thee now sits the Lord,
 And in thy bosom dwells;
Justice, that smote Him with the sword,
 Our perfect pardon seals.

5 Eternal death was once our doom,
 Now Death has lost his sting;
We rose with Jesus from the tomb,
 Jehovah's love to sing.

183

6-8s. *And art Thou, &c. 72.*
Eaton, 75.

1 THE Lamb was slain: let us adore,
 And all his gracious mercy own:
And prostrate now and evermore
 Before his piercèd feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with rev'rence love
The Lord, whose boundless grace we prove.

2 Through Him alone we live, for He
 Hath drownèd our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:
 O love unknown, unsearchable!
The holy Lamb for sin was slain,
That sinners endless life might gain.

WORSHIP.

3 As ground when parch'd with summer's
heat,

Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
So should we, listening at his feet,

Receive his words, and feel his power—
Let nothing in our hearts remain
Like this great truth, "The Lamb was
slain!"

183a

S.M.

For ever, &c. 5.

1 THE Lord Himself shall come

And shout a quickening word;

Thousands shall answer from the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord."

2 Then as we upward fly,

That resurrection-word

Shall be our shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord."

3 How shall I meet those eyes?—

Mine on Himself I cast,

And own myself the Saviour's prize:
Mercy from first to last.

4 "Knowing as I am known!"

How shall I love that word,

How oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord."

WORSHIP.

5 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory—
Once more: “For ever with the Lord !”
Amen, so let it be !

184

S.M. *Peckham*, 10.
The Lord is risen, 14.

1 “*The Lord is risen indeed!*”
Then Justice asks no more ;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Which stood oppos’d before.

2 “*The Lord is risen indeed!*”
And great the work perform’d !
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm’d.

3 “*The Lord is risen indeed!*”
He lives—to die no more ;
He lives—his people’s cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 “*The Lord is risen indeed!*”
And death has lost its prey :
And with Him all the ransom’d seed
Shall reign in endless day.

185

P.M. *The Lord of glory*, 180.

1 THE Lord of glory ! who is He ?
Who is the King of glory ?
Only the Son of God can be
The Christ, the King of glory :
Consider all his wounds, and see
How Jesu's death upon the tree
Proclaims Him King of glory.

2 Above all heavens, at God's right hand,
Now sits the King of glory ;
The angels by his favour stand
Before the throne of glory ;
Swiftly they fly at his command,
To guard his own of every land,
To keep the heirs of glory.

3 Death and the Grave confess the Lamb
To be the King of glory ;
The powers of darkness dread his name,
All creatures show his glory.
He said, "Ere Abra'm was I am :"
Jesus is evermore the same,
Th' Almighty King of glory.

WORSHIP.

4 Thrice happy who in Him believe !
They soon will share his glory ;
Born of his Spirit, they receive,
His secret pledge of glory :
Taught by his cross, for sin they grieve,
He calls them brethren, and they cleave
To Him, their hope of glory.

186

P.M. *The night, &c.* 181.

1 The night is wearing fast away ;
The day of glory's dawning ;
When Christ shall all his grace display,
The fair millennial morning.

2 Gloomy and dark the night has been,
And long the way, and dreary ;
And sad each faithful saint is seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

3 Ye mourning pilgrims ! dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow ;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long sabbatic morrow.

4 Lift up your heads ! behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming !
It is the bright and morning Star,
In living lustre beaming.

WORSHIP.

5 O weeping Spouse, arise! rejoice!
Put off thy weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice,
In triumph now returning.

6 He comes! the Bridegroom promis'd
long—
Go forth with joy to meet Him;
And raise the new—the nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet Him.

187

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
York, 44.*

1 THE Prince of life, once slain for us,
Ascended up on high,
Captivity was captive led,
And Christ no more can die.

2 His soul was not in *hades* left;
His cross had spoil'd the grave;
His body no corruption saw;
He died the lost to save.

3 With Jesus we were crucified,
With Christ our Head we live;
The glory first by Him obtain'd,
To us the Lord shall give.

WORSHIP.

4 His word is faithfulness and truth,
 “Behold, I quickly come!”
 And faith, that counts the promise sure,
 Can pierce the midnight gloom.

5 Far spent already is the night :
 In hope we hail the day
 Of our beloved Lord’s return,
 To wipe all tears away.

6 Jesus at his appointed hour
 In glory shall appear ;
 And, fashion’d by his mighty hand,
 We shall his image bear.

7 Thou Son of God, the heavenly Man,
 Head of thy ransom’d seed !
 We treasure up thy precious word,
 “*The Lord is risen indeed !*”

188

L.M.

*Assurance, 51.
Burton, 53.*

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
 He lives our Head, enthron’d on high ;
 He lives triumphant o’er the grave ;
 He lives eternally to save !

2 He lives to still his people’s fears ;
 He lives to wipe away their tears ;
 He lives their mansions to prepare ;
 He lives to bring them safely there.

WORSHIP.

3 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful voice :
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

4 The chief of sinners He receives ;
His saints He loves, and never leaves ;
He'll guard us safe from every ill,
And all his promises fulfill.

5 Abundant grace will He afford,
Till we are present with the Lord,
And prove, what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

189

C.M.

Abridge, 16.
Nayland, 36.

1 THE veil is rent :—lo ! Jesus stands
Before the throne of grace ;
And clouds of incense from his hands
Fill all that glorious place.

2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
Before and on the throne ;
And his own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.

3 “*Tis finish'd!*” on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood ;

WORSHIP.

“*‘Tis finish’d!*” now He lives to plead,
Before the face of God.

4 “*‘Tis finish’d!*” here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail:
By Him our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.

5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleans’d by his precious blood,
Before thy throne thy children fall,
And worship Thee, our God.

6 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
His name, his blood, our plea;
Assur’d our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend by Him to Thee.

190

C.M.D.

Prospect, 50.

1 THERE is a fold where none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night are never seen.
Far up the everlasting hills,
In God’s own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

WORSHIP.

2 There is a Shepherd living there,
 The First-born from the dead,
Who tends with sweet unwearied care,
 The flock for which He bled.
There the deep streams of joy that flow,
 Proceed from God's right hand ;
He made them, and He bids them go
 To feed that happy land.

3 There congregate the sons of light,
 Fair as the morning sky,
And taste of infinite delight
 Beneath their Saviour's eye.
Where'er He turns, they willing turn ;
 In unity they move ;
Their seraph spirits nobly burn
 In harmony of love.

4 There in the power of heavenly sight,
 They gaze upon the throne,
And scan perfection's utmost height,
 And know as they are known.
Their joy bursts forth in strains of love
 And clear symphonious song,
And all the azure heights above
 The echoes roll along.

WORSHIP.

5 O may our faith take up that sound,
Though toiling here below !
'Midst trials may our joys abound,
And songs amidst our woe !
Until we reach that happy shore,
And join to swell their strain,
And from our God go out no more,
And never weep again.

191

C.M.

*Claimant, 23.
There is, &c. 40.*

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

Chorus — I can believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the cross He shed his blood—
Yes ! Jesus died for me !

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

3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

WORSHIP.

4 Since first by faith I saw the stream
 Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall for ever be.

5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
And with the heavenly blood-bought
 throng,
My palm of vict'ry wave.

191a

C.M. *Norse Melody*, 196.

1 THERE is a name I love to hear,
 I love to speak its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
 Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of his precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
 Beaming upon his child ;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
 Through desert, waste, and wild.

WORSHIP.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe ;
 Who in my sorrow bears a part,
 That none can bear below.

5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
 It dries each rising tear ;
 It tells me, in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and never fear.

6 Jesus ! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear !
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

7 This name shall shed its fragrance still
 Along this thorny road ;
 Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
 That leads me up to God.

8 And there, with all the blood-bought
 throng,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 I'll sing the new eternal song
 Of Jesu's love to me.

192

C.M.

Belmont, 45.
Faith, 26.

1 THERE is a name—one only name,
 On which the soul can rest ;

WORSHIP.

The pardon'd sinner owns its claim,
And is for ever blest.

2 A hist'ry full of wondrous love
That sacred name unfolds,
And still that sacrifice of blood,
The Father's eye beholds.

3 There is a name, the sweetest name ;
Let us in this draw nigh !
The veil is rent, the way is made
To God beyond the sky.

4 There is a name—it is our plea
Before the Father's throne ;
Of all his treasures, 'tis the key
Which makes them all our own.

5 No burning mount, no thunder's roar,
Shall scare a soul away ;
No foe can shut that open door,
Since Jesus is the way.

6 O plead his name, his precious name,
With boldness at the throne ;
When all He has, and all we need,
Will surely be our own.

WORSHIP.

193

8.7.

*Alma, 120.
Union, 123.*

- 1 This is not our place of resting,
Ours a city yet to come;
Onward to it we are hastening—
On to our eternal home.
- 2 There the Lamb, our Lord, will meet us,
There around Him we shall throng;
Great his joy at home to greet us,
And to lead our happy song.

194

C.M.D.

*Palestine, 49.
Prospect, 50.*

- 1 This is the day, the blessed day,
When Jesus left the grave;
Of Him we sing, and well we may,
For us He came to save:
'Tis sweet to know that by his death
We live—this grace is sweet;
The Saviour with his dying breath,
Proclaim'd his work complete.
- 2 The Saviour rose, as full of love
As when He bled and died;
And now He lives in heaven above,
To bless the Church his Bride:

WORSHIP.

In Him we died, through Him we live,
Our sins are all forgiven ;
At peace with God, we praises give,
And dwell by faith in heaven.

3 From Christ there flows a rich supply
Of all we can require ;
'Tis living hope, and holy joy,
'Tis all we can desire :
Then let us praise the God of grace,
And walk in truth and love ;
With patience run the Christian race,
And glory seek above.

195

C.M.

Faith, 26.
Martyrdom, 34.

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup :
The juices of the Living Vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed ;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.

195a

P.M. *Worthy, O Lamb, 201.*

1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
 The Father's only Son,
 God manifestly seen and heard,
 And Heaven's beloved One:
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee most perfectly express'd,
 The Father's glories shine,
 Of the full Deity possess'd,
 Eternally Divine !
 Worthy, etc.

3 True image of the Infinite,
 Whose essence is conceal'd
 Brightness of uncreated light,
 The heart of God revealed.
 Worthy, etc.

4 But the high myst'ries of thy Name
 An angel's grasp transcend,
 The Father only-glorious claim !
 The Son can comprehend :
 Worthy, etc.

WORSHIP.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom his love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy members all, in Thee—above,
As one with Thee are blest !
Worthy, etc.

6 Throughout the universe of bliss
The centre Thou, and Sun,
Th' eternal theme of praise is this
To Heaven's beloved One :
Worthy, etc.

196

8.8.6.

Gladness, 84.
Praise, 85.

1 THOU God of power, and God of love !
The seraphs in the realms above,
To Thee their praises bring ;
And vail their faces while they cry,
Thrice holy ! to their God most high,
Thrice holy ! to their King.

2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour's name,
Through whom this grace is given ;
Who bore the wrath to sinners due,
Who form'd our ruin'd souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.

WORSHIP.

3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
Thou dost incline thine ear ;
Lord, while we listen to thy word,
And praise thy name with glad accord,
Display thy presence here !

4 Give us to know the joy and love,
With which all worship Thee above
In heaven thy bless'd abode :
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
And all assembled cause to feel
The presence of our God.

197

C.M.

*Bedford, 21.
Happiness, 29.*

1 THOU great Redeemer, precious Lamb !
We love to sing of Thee ;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice
To us in mercy speak ;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec !

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We 'll sing our Jesu's blessed name,
When all things else decay.

WORSHIP.

4 When we ascend above the cloud,
With all the favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

198

8.8.6.

Repose, 86.
Waterford, 88.

1 THOU Son of God ! the woman's Seed,
Who didst for us on Calv'ry bleed,
And bear sin's heavy load :
Spoiler of all the power of hell,
Who conquer'd death invincible,
Thou Holy One of God !

2 Thy blood we sing ; by that alone,
With boldness to th' eternal throne,
Through Thee we now draw nigh ;
It silences the voice of sin,
Washes the guilty conscience clean,
And makes th' accuser fly.

3 Behold us, Lord ! a feeble band,
In conflict with the foe we stand,
The ransom'd of thy cross ;
We sing the triumphs of thy name,
All other glory here is shame,
All other gain's but loss.

199

1 THOUGH all the beasts that live and feed
 Upon a thousand hills, should bleed,
 Though all their blood should flow,
 The sacrifice would be in vain,
 The stain of sin would still remain:
 Sin is not cancell'd so.

2 "A better sacrifice" than these
 It needs, the conscience to appease,
 Or satisfy the Lord.
 No blood hath virtue to atone
 For man's offence, but His alone
 Whose title is "The Word."

3 Jesus the Christ, on earth his name,
 He came—in love to sinners came—
 And bow'd his head, and died;
 A full atonement now is made,
 The ransom, by his death, is paid,
 And justice satisfied.

4 That sinners might draw near to Him,
 God plann'd this great, this gracious
 scheme,
 And found the ransom too.

WORSHIP.

Let all his saints their voices raise,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise
While endless ages flow.

200

10.11.

Hanover, 148.
Home, 155.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse,
are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempest be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:

WORSHIP.

Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, "The Lord will provide."

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a sure Guide,
And trust, in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

201

8.7.7.

Vesper, 135.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has kept us,
Wearied we lie down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus ! Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well.

Free and changeless is his favour;
 All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us, [us,
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well.

Ours is such a full salvation,
 All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well.

Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

202a

S.M.

Old 134th, 8.

1 THROUGH waves, through clouds and
 storms,
 God gently clears the way ;
 We wait his time ; so shall the night
 Soon end in blissful day.

2 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve his might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.

3 When He makes bare his arm,
 Who shall his work withstand ?
 When He his people's cause defends,
 Who then shall stay his hand ?

4 We leave it to Himself,
 To choose and to command,
 With wonder fill'd, we soon shall see
 How wise, how strong his hand.

5 We comprehend Him not,
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as Sov'reign on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well !

WORSHIP.

203

L.M.

*Job, 61.
Rockingham, 64.*

- 1 THY broken body, gracious Lord !
Is shadow'd by this broken bread ;
The wine, which in this cup is pour'd,
Points to the blood which Thou hast
shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,
We shew that we are one in Thee ;
Thy precious blood was shed for us,
Thy death, O Lord ! has set us free.
- 3 Brethren in Thee, in union sweet,
(For ever be thy grace ador'd !)
'Tis in thy name that now we meet,
And know Thee with us, gracious Lord !
- 4 We have one hope—that Thou wilt come,
Thee in the air we wait to see,
When Thou wilt take thy people home,
And we shall ever reign with Thee.

204

P.M.

Thy love, &c. 182.

- 1 THY love we own, Lord Jesus !
In service unremitting,
Within the veil,
Thou dost prevail,
Each soul for worship fitting.

WORSHIP.

Encompass'd here with failure,
Each earthly refuge fails us ;
Without, within,
Beset with sin—
Thy name alone avails us.

2 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus !
For though thy toils are ended,
Thy tender heart
Doth take its part
With those thy grace befriended.
Thy sympathy, how precious !
Thou succourest in sorrow,
And bidd'st us cheer,
While pilgrims here,
And haste the hopeful morrow.

3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus !
Thy way is trac'd before Thee :
Thou wilt descend,
And we ascend,
To meet in heavenly glory.
Soon shall the blissful morning
Call forth thy saints to meet Thee ;
Our only Lord,
Alone ador'd,
With gladness then we 'll greet Thee !

WORSHIP.

4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus !
And wait to see thy glory,
To know as known,
And fully own
Thy perfect grace before Thee.
We plead thy parting promise,
Come, Saviour, to release us ;
Then endless praise
Our lips shall raise,
For love like Thine, Lord Jesus !

205

P.M.

Thy love, &c. 182.

1 Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus !
That name all names excelling :
How great thy love,
All praise above,
Should every tongue be telling.
The Father's loving-kindness,
In giving Thee was shewn us ;
Now by thy blood
Redeem'd to God,
As children He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory,
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He sent his Son,
That He in one,
His children all might gather ;

WORSHIP.

Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath Thou hast endurèd ;
It was for us,
Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace secured.

3 Thou from the dead wast raisèd,
And from all condemnation
The Church is free,
As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation !
On high Thou hast ascended
To God's right hand in heaven ;
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again,—
To Thee all power is given.

4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit ;
Till thou shalt come
To take us home,
We're seal'd by God the Spirit.
We wait for thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully
The Priest and King,
Whose praise we sing,
Thou Lamb of God most holy !

WORSHIP.

206

5-7s.

*Spanish Chant, 116.
Wells, 117.*

- 1 'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree ;
Children of a God of love,
Live as they shall live above :
Lord, our great Example be,
Teach us all to love like Thee !
- 2 As the precious ointment shed,
Upon Aaron's hallow'd head,
Downward through the garment stole,
Scatt'ring odours o'er the whole :
So, from our High Priest above,
To the Church flows heavenly love.
- 3 Gently, as the dews distill
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all ;
Such is Christian union shed
On the members from the Head.

207

L.M.

*Evening Hymn, 58.
Truro, 66.*

- 1 'Tis finish'd all : our souls to win,
His life the blessed Jesus gave ;
Then rising, left his people's sin
Behind Him in his opening grave.

WORSHIP.

2 Past suff'ring now, the tender heart
 Of Jesus, on his Father's throne,
Still in *our* sorrow bears a part,
 And feels it as He felt his own.

3 Sweet thought ! we have a Friend above,
 Our weary falt'ring steps to guide,
Who follows with the eye of love
 The little flock for whom He died.

4 O Jesus ! teach us more and more
 On Thee alone to cast our care ;
And, gazing on thy cross, adore
 The wondrous grace that brought Thee there.

208

C.M.

Arlington, 20.
Unity, 41.

1 'Tis past, the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord ! we hail Thee now,
Our Morning Star, without a cloud
 Of sadness on thy brow.

2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows all are o'er ;
And, oh, sweet thought ! thine eye shall
 weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.

WORSHIP.

3 Deep were those sorrows ; deeper still
 The love that brought Thee low ;
That bade the streams of life from Thee,
 A lifeless Victim, flow.

4 The soldier, as he pierc'd Thee, prov'd
 Man's hatred, Lord ! to Thee ;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only love, we see.

5 Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
 The virtues of thy blood.

6 Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
 Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, thy saints are call'd
 To share thy glorious throne.

7 So closely we are link'd in love,
 So wholly one with Thee,
That all *thy* bliss and glory then
 Our bright reward shall be.

8 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
 The dreary desert pass'd,
Our way-worn hearts shall find in Thee
 Their full repose at last.

WORSHIP.

209

C.M.

*Arlington, 20.
Martyrdom, 34.*

- 1 To Calvary, Lord ! in spirit now
 Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
 And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
 That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
 The peace with God, within !
- 3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
 Thy suff'ring spirit pass'd ;
Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gain'd,
 And love endur'd its last.
- 4 Dear suff'ring Lamb ! thy bleeding
 wounds,
With cords of love divine,
 Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.
- 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
 Dear Lord ! we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above—
 Redeem'd and bless'd by Thee.

WORSHIP.

6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt'rest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

7 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call;
Come, claim thine ancient power, and
reign
The Heir and Lord of all!

210

S.M.

*Arise ye, 2.
Peckham, 10.*

1 To God, the only wise,
The everlasting King!
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 His love and mighty power,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe each passing hour,
From every hurtful snare.

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

WORSHIP.

4 Then all his chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
To sing the triumph of his grace,
And make his glories known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Almighty power belongs ;
We soon shall reach his bless'd abode,
And shout triumphant songs !

210a

P.M.

Prefatory Hymn.

1 To Him who is able
To keep us—his call'd ones,
Preserv'd in Christ Jesus,
The saints of the Father,—
To keep us from falling,
And faultless to set us
Before his bright glory
With fulness of joy :—

2 To the Lord God who keepeth
'Midst sin, and in weakness,
Whose wisdom alone is,—
The God and our Saviour,—
Be majesty, glory,
Dominion, and power,
Both now, and for ever,
Amen, and Amen !

211

8.8.6.

Waterford, 88.

- 1 To wait for that important day,
When Christ will all his grace display,
Be this our one great care:
To do his will, our business here;
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
Resolv'd reproach to bear.
- 2 And though He should prolong his stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
His people need not fear:
The Man who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
To us will soon appear.
- 3 In patience, then, we now may rest,
(Assur'd the Father's time is best,)
And all his word obey:
We wait till that blest day shall come,
When Jesus will convey us home,
And all his grace display.

212

8.7.

Unto Him, &c. 124.

Unto Him who lov'd us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give;

WORSHIP.

Freely shed his blood to save us ;
Gave his life that we might live ;
Be the kingdom,
And dominion,
And the glory evermore !

213

C.M.

Happiness, 29.
Joy, 32.

1 Unto the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless honours paid !
Salvation, glory, praise remain
For ever on thy Head.

2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the captives free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

214

7.6.D.

Constancy, 90.
Piety, 95.

1 UNWORTHY is thanksgiving,
All service stain'd with sin ;
Except as Thou art living,
Our Priest to bear it in.
In every act of worship,
In every loving deed,
Our thoughts around Thee centre,
As meeting all our need.

WORSHIP.

2 A bond that naught can sever,
Has fix'd us to the rock ;
Sin put away for ever,
For all the Shepherd's flock.
And, Lord ! thy perfect fitness
To do a kinsman's part,
The Holy Ghost doth witness,
To each believer's heart.

3 As dews that fall on Hermon,
Refresh the plains below ;
The Spirit's holy unction,
Through Christ, to us doth flow.
Ah ! then, how good and pleasant,
As one, to live in love,
And rise o'er all things present,
In hope of joys above.

215

P.M. *We are but, &c. 163.*

1 We are but strangers here ;
Heaven is our home !
Earth is a desert drear ;
Heaven is our home !
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand ;
Heaven is our father-land ;
Heaven is our home !

WORSHIP.

2 What though the tempest rage !
Heaven is our home !
Short is our pilgrimage ;
Heaven is our home !
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast ;
We shall reach home at last ;
Heaven is our home !

3 There at our Saviour's side ;
Heaven is our home !
We shall be glorified ;
Heaven is our home !
There with the good and blest,
Those we 've lov'd most and best,
We shall for ever rest ;
Heaven is our home !

4 Therefore we 'll murmur not ;
Heaven is our home !
Whate'er our earthly lot ;
Heaven is our home !
For we shall surely stand
There at our Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is our father-land ;
Heaven is our home !

WORSHIP.

216

S.M.

*Peckham, 10.
Shirland, 12.*

- 1 We bless our Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven ;
To suffer, once to earth He came,
And now He's crown'd in heaven !
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruis'd for sin ;
Rememb'ring this, we break the bread,
And, joyful, drink the wine.
- 3 Lord ! we remember Thee,
We know that Thou art near :
Let each, by faith, thy body see,
While we assemble here.
- 4 We never would forget
Thy rich, thy precious love,
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above !
- 5 O let thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, "*Remember me.*"

217

L.M.

Brading, 52.
Burton, 53.

1 We bless Thee, Lord ! that we have met
Once more before thy mercy-seat,
Thy ransom'd family, to raise,
In Jesus' name, our songs of praise.

2 And now thy blessing we implore,
To guard and keep us evermore ;
Into thine hand ourselves commend,
To guide, to strengthen, and defend.

218

P.M.

We cannot, &c. 184.

1 We cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, our gracious Lord ! dost
move ;
But we can always surely say
That *Thou art love !*

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring ;
For *Thou art love !*

3 When myst'ry shrouds our darken'd path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts
reprove ;
In this each saint sweet comfort hath,
That *Thou art love !*

WORSHIP.

4 Yes, *Thou art love!* A truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove ;
And turn our tears and woes to bliss ;
Our *God is love!*

219

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.
Piety, 95.

1 We come, our gracious Father !
With many hearts as one,
And here we only gather
In mem'ry of thy Son.
We prize each happy token
Of peace with Thee, our God !
The bread—his body broken ;
The wine—his precious blood.

2 Whilst breaking bread, we ponder,
Lord Jesus ! on thy love,
And see, with silent wonder,
What drew Thee from above.
Complete, in thy completeness,
The Church, thy favour'd Bride,
Possesses all the meetness
Thy perfect love supplied.

220

1 We give eternal praise
 To God the Father's love !
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above.
 He sent his own
 Beloved Son,
 To die for sins
 That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs,
 Eternal glory too !
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe :
 And now He lives,
 And soon will reign,
 To see the fruit
 Of all his pain.

3 To God the Spirit's name,
 Eternal thanks we give !
 Whose new creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live.
 His work completes
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

WORSHIP.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done,—
The undivided Three,
And self-existing One !
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

221

7.6.D.

*Greenland, 91.
Swiss Air, 100.*

1 We go to meet Thee, Saviour !
Thy glorious face to see ;
Oh ! may our whole behaviour
With this bright hope agree !
May thine illumination
Guide heart and hand aright,
That so our preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2 Love caus'd thine incarnation,
Love brought Thee from on high ;
Thy thirst for our salvation,—
This made Thee come to die ;
O love beyond all measure !
Wherewith Thou didst embrace
The victims of the pressure
Of sin and its disgrace.

WORSHIP.

3 Not sinful man's endeavour,
 Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw thy sov'reign favour
 To sinners in despair.
Uncall'd, Thou cam'st with gladness,
 Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
 To songs of joy and praise.

222

L.M.

Assurance, 51.
China, 54.

1 We go, with the redeem'd, to taste
 Of joy supreme that never dies ;
Our feet still press the weary waste,
 Our hearts, our home are in the skies.

2 And oh ! while on to Zion's hill,
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
Around us, loving Father ! still
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.

3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
 O let our rising spirits prove
The strength of thine Almighty power,
 The sweetness of thy saving love.

WORSHIP.

222a

8s.

We sing of, Sc. 146.

- 1 We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without, and within ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear—
The Church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 4 Do thou, Lord ! 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there !

223

L.M.

*China, 54.
Truro, 66.*

- 1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross !
The sinner's Hope—let men deride ;
For this we count the world but loss.

WORSHIP.

2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, "GOD IS LOVE!"
The Lamb who died upon the tree
 Has brought us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

224

8s.

Resurrection, 145.
We'll sing, &c. 147.

1 We'll sing of the Shepherd that died,
 That died for the sake of the flock!
His love to the utmost was tried,
 But firmly dur'd as a rock.

WORSHIP.

2 When blood from a victim must flow,
 This Shepherd, by pity, was led
To stand between us and the foe,
 And willingly die in our stead.

3 Our song then for ever shall be
 Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;
No subject's so glorious as He;
 No theme's so affecting to us.

4 We'll sing of such subjects alone,
 None other our tongues shall employ;
Till better his love becomes known,
 In yonder bright regions of joy.

225

10.11. *We're not, &c. 149.*

1 We're not of the world which fadeth away,
 We're not of the night, but children of day;
The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are riven,
 We're strangers on earth, and our home is in heaven.

2 Our path is most rugged, and dangerous too;
 A wide trackless waste our journey lies through;

WORSHIP.

But the pillar of cloud that shews us
our way,
Is our sure light by night, and shades us
by day.

3 Our Shepherd is still our guardian and
guide,

Before us He goes to help and provide ;
We drink of the streams from the Rock
that was riven,
Our bread is the Manna that came down
from heaven.

4 'Mid mightiest foes, most feeble are we,
Yet trembling in every conflict they flee ;
The Lord is our Banner ; the battle is His ;
The weakest of saints more than con-
queror is.

5 Soon—soon shall we enter our own pro-
mis'd land,

Before his bright throne in glory shall
stand ;
Our song then for ever and ever shall be—
" All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus ! to
Thee."

WORSHIP.

226

7.8.D.

*Absence, 89.
Trichinopoly, 99.*

1 WE'RE pilgrims in the wilderness,
Our dwelling is a camp;
Created things, once pleasant,
Are bearing death's sad stamp;
Yet on, Lord! we are speeding,
Though sorely let and tried;
The Holy Ghost is leading
Thy well beloved Bride.

2 How sweet these frequent meetings,
As through the waste we roam;
'Tis well to sing together,
We are not far from home:
For when we've learn'd obedience,—
Our work, in suff'ring, done,
Our ever loving Father
Will welcome every one.

3 We look to meet our brethren
From every distant shore;
Not one will seem a stranger,
Though never seen before;
And angel hosts attending,
In myriads throng the sky,
Yet, midst them all, Thou only,
O Lord! wilt fix our eye.

WORSHIP.

4 The earth with glory filling,
Thou, Lord ! wilt reign on high ;
Enthron'd in royal beauty,
To us for ever nigh ;
The King of kings and nations,
Already known to us,
As our beloved Bridegroom,
Who lov'd and wash'd us thus.

227

C.M.

Belmont, 45.
Unity, 41.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below !
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !
- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle murmur'ring word,
Escap'd thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove :
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord ! to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

WORSHIP.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with Thee!

228

S.M.

*Carlisle, 3.
Solyms, 13.*

1 What rais'd the wondrous thought,
Or who did it suggest?
That blood-bought saints to glory brought,
Should with the Son be blest.

2 Father! the thought was Thine,
And only Thine could be;
Fruit of the wisdom, love divine,
Peculiar unto Thee.

3 And Jesus joys to own
His chosen Bride as His—
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
To share his weight of bliss.

4 The Father and his Son,
And Holy Spirit too,
In counsel deep, and power, have shewn,
What wonders love can do.

5 Now, Saviour! thy delight
Is to prepare thy Bride,
Till in the glory, cloth'd in white,
She's seated at thy side.

WORSHIP.

229

6.6.8.

*Dartmouth, 79.
Wisdom, 82.*

- 1 **W**HAT was it, O our God,
 Led Thee to give thy Son ?
 To yield thy Well-belov'd
 For us by sin undone ?
 'Twas love, unbounded, led Thee thus
 To give thy Well-belov'd for us.
- 2 **W**hat led the Son of God
 To leave his throne on high,
 To shed his precious blood,
 To suffer and to die ?
 'Twas love—unbounded love to us,
 Led Him to die and suffer thus.
- 3 **W**hat mov'd Thee to impart
 Thy Spirit from above,
 Therewith to fill our heart
 With heavenly peace and love ?
 'Twas love—unbounded love to us,
 Mov'd Thee to give thy Spirit thus.
- 4 **W**hat love to Thee we owe,
 Our God, for all thy grace !
 Our hearts should overflow
 In everlasting praise !
 Help us, O Lord ! to praise Thee thus
 For all thy boundless love to us.

WORSHIP.

230

6-8s.

*Eaton, 75.
Pardon, 76.*

- 1 **W**HAT will it be to dwell above,
And with the Lord of glory reign ;
Since the sweet earnest of his love
So brightens all this dreary plain ?
No heart can think or tongue explain,
What joy 'twill be with Christ to reign.
- 2 **W**hen sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore ;
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine.
- 3 **A**nd God has fix'd the happy day,
When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
When He will wipe all tears away,
And fill our hearts with glad surprise,
To hear his voice, and see his face,
And know the riches of his grace.
- 4 **T**his is the joy we seek to know ;
For this with patience we would wait,
Till call'd from earth and all below,
We rise our gracious Lord to meet,
Our harps to strike, our crowns to wear,
And praise the love that brought us there.

231

C.M.

*Claimant, 23.
Nayland, 36.*

1 WHEN Israel, by divine command,
 The pathless desert trod,
 They found, through all that barren land,
 A sure resource in God.

2 A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
 And screen'd them from the heat ;
 From the hard rock the water flow'd,
 And manna was their meat.

3 Like them we have a rest in view,
 Secure from adverse powers ;
 Like them we pass a desert too,
 But Israel's God is ours.

4 His word a light before us sheds,
 By which our path we see ;
 His love, a banner o'er our heads,
 From harm preserves us free.

5 Jesus, the Bread of Life, is given
 To be our daily food ;
 And from the Rock that once was riven,
 We drink the streams of God.

232

L.M.

Where high, &c. 67.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And there before our God appears.
- 2 He, who for us as Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his gracious plan—
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and griefs, and agonies.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The “Man of sorrows” bore a part;
He knows and feels our every grief,
And gives the suff’ring saint relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in each trying hour.

233

8.7.D.

Benediction, 136.
Surety, 143.

- 1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,

WORSHIP.

Saviour ! may we see Thee bleeding
On the cross to make us Thine !
Now our eyes for ever closing
To this fleeting world below ;
On thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord ! thy grace to know.

2 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love,
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us ;
Every doubt and fear remove :
Bring before us all the story
Of thy life and death of woe,
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

234

8.7.D.

Fount, 139.
Pilgrimage, 141.

1 WHILE to sev'ral paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
Keep his scatter'd flock in view.
May the bond of blest communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

WORSHIP.

2 O 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move,
One desire each heart pervading,
One our Lord, our faith, our love:
Sweet when each can bend, imploring
Soothing for his brother's pain,
And, the stumbling soul restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

235

C.M.

*Arabia, 19.
Faith, 26.*

1 WHILE we partake the bread and wine,
As emblems of thy death,
Lord ! raise each soul above the sign,
To feast on Thee by faith.

2 We do not come as strangers, Lord !
Who only see the sign ;
But, as the objects of thy love,—
As sav'd by love divine.

236

8.7.4. *Why those fears?* 129.

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

WORSHIP.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder
 Think on toils and dangers past.

4 O what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that they who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more :
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil happy shore.

237

S.M.

*All Saints, 1.
Reliance, 11.*

1 WITH Jesus in our midst,
 We gather round the board ;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
 One body in the Lord.

WORSHIP.

2 Our sins were laid on Him
When bruis'd on Calvary ;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine ;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesu's breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign ;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish all our pain.

238

C.M.

Happiness, 29.
Joy, 32.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His very name is Love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
Our great Redeemer stood ;

WORSHIP.

While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

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

5 Then boldly let our faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In each distressing hour.

239

L.M.

Burton, 53.
Windle, 70.

1 Yes ! 'tis a rough and thorny road
That leads us to the saints' abode ;
But when our Father's house we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.

2 And though we feel our present grief,
In hope we find a sweet relief ;
For hope anticipates the day,
When all our grief shall pass away.

3 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall
come,
And take his weary pilgrims home !

WORSHIP.

4 Then let us tread, without complaint,
The thorny road, and never faint ;
Though now by weariness opprest,
The end is everlasting rest.

240

S.M. *Peckham, 10.*
The Lord is risen, 14.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Let every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our rest above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end,
Clearer and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his love divine.

4 Secure within the vail,
Christ is our Anchor strong ;
While power supreme and love divine,
Still guide us safe along.

5 And should the surges rise,
Should sore afflictions come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

WORSHIP.

241

6.6.8.

*Darwell's, 80.
Wisdom, 82.*

- 1 YOUR praises hither bring,
Your Lord, ye saints, adore !
Let us give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 2 With Christ our theme begins
The Lord of truth and love :
When He had purg'd our sins,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He'll rule o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
To Him alone are given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice !
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Lord, shall come,
And take his brethren up
To their eternal home.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again we say, rejoice !

SCRIPTURE READING
AND
PRAYER.

242

C.M.

*Abridge, 16.
Ann's, 18.*

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord !
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.
- 2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart ;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.
- 3 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page ;
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.
- 4 Thus, while thy word our footsteps guides,
O may we safely go
To those fair realms, where Love provides
A final rest from woe !

SCRIPTURE READING

243

S.M.

*Carlisle, 3.
Old 134th, 6.*

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls us near !
To seek our God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee was spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 4 Beyond our utmost wants
His love and power can bless :
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
Our mouth we'll open wide :
Lord ! open Thou thy bounteous hand
That we may be supplied.
- 6 Thine image, Lord ! bestow
Thy presence and thy love :
We ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

244

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy Name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O may these holy pages be
Our ever new delight!
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor! gracious Lord!
Thou art for ever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view a Saviour there.

245

L.M.

From every, &c. 59.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

SCRIPTURE READING

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There we, on eagles' wings, would soar,
Where time and sense are all no more ;
There heavenly joys our spirits greet,
For glory crowns the mercy-seat.

246

6-7s.

*Geneva, 132.
Return, 115.*

- 1 HOLY Lord! our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer ;
Grant that, when we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to Thee ;
And thy presence may be found
Shedding peace and joy around.

AND PRAYER.

2 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose ;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace ;
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

247

C.M.

Tallis, 39.
Warwick, 42.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

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

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

248

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.
Hensbury, 30.

1 JESUS, our Saviour and our Lord !
To Thee we lift our eyes :
Teach and instruct us by thy word,
And make us truly wise.

SCRIPTURE READING

2 Make us to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would we learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Lord ! may thy word our thoughts engage
In each perplexing case ;
Help us to feed on every page,
And grow in every grace.

O let it purify our heart,
And guide us all our days !
Thy wonders, Lord ! to us impart,
And Thou shalt have the praise !

249

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.
Happiness, 29.

1 JESUS ! Thou source of true delight !
Whom we, unseen, adore,
Unvail our souls to all thy light,
That we may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But, in the sacred word,
We read in fairer, brighter lines,
The glories of our Lord !

AND PRAYER.

3 'Tis here, whene'er our comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
Each fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus ! our Lord ! our Life ! our Light !
O come with blissful ray ;
Break through the gloomy shades of night,
And bring the look'd-for day.

5 Then shall each soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love ;
And the full glories of thy face,
As known to those above.

250

C.M.

*Manchester, 33.
York, 44.*

1 LIGHT of the world ! shine on our souls ;
Thy grace to us afford ;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be Thou our Teacher, Lord !

2 May we its riches, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern ;
Its joyful news of saving grace,
By blest experience learn.

3 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day :

SCRIPTURE READING

And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

251

7s.

Fellowship, 104.
German Hymn, 105.

- 1 LORD ! wherever two or three
Meet together in thy name,
Thou hast promis'd Thou wilt be,
And that promise now we claim.
- 2 'Tis not number, time, nor place,
Can affect our feeble prayer :
Where thy people seek thy face,
Thou hast promis'd to be there.
- 3 On the ocean, in the field,
Mountain, valley, or at home,
Thou to us wilt be reveal'd,
If to Thee in faith we come.
- 4 Fewest voices that can meet,—
Feeblest accents that can rise,—
Carried to the mercy-seat,
Thou, O God ! wilt not despise.

252

C.M.

Nayland, 36.
Palestine, 49.

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

AND PRAYER.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs,
That arm upholds the sky ;
That ear is fill'd with heavenly songs,
That love is thron'd on high.

4 But there's a power which faith can wield,
When mortal aid is vain ;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand, which moves the
world,
To bring deliv'rance down.

253

8.8.6.

Repose, 86.
Waterford, 88.

1 To those who love Thee, gracious Lord !
How bright, how precious is the word,
By God in mercy given ;
A guide to all who, trav'lling here,
'Mid sin and darkness, death and fear,
Are pressing on to heaven.

SCRIPTURE READING

2 O gracious Saviour, God of Love !
Let thine own Spirit from above
 Now fill us with desire
To read, to mark, to learn thy will,
And with thy truth our spirits fill,
 And touch our hearts with fire.

3 And, till from heaven Thou dost come,
To take thy waiting people home,
 May we obedient stand ;
Doing thy will, till that blest day,
When from this earth we 're call'd away,
 Unto that better land.

254

L.M.

Brading, 52.
Truro, 66.

1 WHEN two or three together meet
 In his great Name who lives above,
Their fellowship and work are sweet,
 They meet and they depart in love.

2 O be it, Lord ! to us this day,
 According to thy gracious word,
And send us not unblest away,
 But joy, and peace, and strength afford.

AND PRAYER.

3 We nothing have, but all is Thine ;
While Thou art rich, we cannot want :
Thine ear, O Lord ! Thou dost incline,
And, what thy people need, dost grant.

4 Thus arm'd, to conflict may we go,
And boldly meet the adverse powers ;
Thus arm'd, we shall not fear the foe,
For everlasting strength is ours.

PRIVATE USE.

254a

C.M.

Happiness, 29.

- 1 A MIND at “perfect peace” with God ;—
 Oh, what a word is this !
 A sinner reconcil’d through blood ;—
 This, this indeed is peace !
- 2 By nature and by practice far—
 How very far from God !
 Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,
 Through faith in Jesus’ blood.
- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
 I cannot nearer be ;
 For in the person of his Son,
 I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,
 More dear I cannot be ;
 The love wherewith He loves the Son—
 Such is his love to me !
- 5 Why should I ever careful be,
 Since such a God is mine ?
 He watches o’er me night and day,
 And tells me “ Mine is thine.”

255

11s.

Ah! why, &c. 150.

1 Ah! why do you weep? I am falling asleep,

And Jesus, my Shepherd, is watching his sheep;

His arm is around me, his eye is above,
His Spirit within me says, "Rest in my love.

2 "With blood I have bought thee, and wash'd thee from sin;

With care I have brought thee, my fold to be in;

Refresh'd by still waters, in green pastures fed,

Thy day has gone by, I am making thy bed.

3 "There calmly repose, while the shades gather round;

I lay as thou liest, and hallow'd the ground:

And fear not, confiding thy spirit to me;
Sweet peace in my presence thy portion shall be.

PRIVATE USE.

4 "Nor long shalt thou wait for the sound
 of my voice,
To rouse thee from slumber, and bid thee
 rejoice;
The dawn of that morning unclouded is
 near,
When, rob'd with his glory, thy Lord
 shall appear:

5 "Encircled by saints once as feeble as
 thou,
But radiant with glory and holiness now!
Then thou shalt arise in his image to
 shine,
And, fill'd with his fulness, sing, 'All
 things are mine.'"

255a

C.M. *Alas! and did, &c.* 17.

1 *Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!*
 And did my Sov'reign die!
 Would He devote that sacred Head
 For such a worm as I?

2 *Was it for crimes that I had done,*
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

PRIVATE USE.

3 Well might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Lord ! let me give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

256

6-8s. *And art Thou, &c.* 72.

1 **AND** art Thou, gracious Master ! gone,
A mansion to prepare for me ?
Shall I behold Thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with Thee ?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I 'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its angry frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own—
What shame would fill me in that day
When Thou thy glory wilt display.

3 No ; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if it will ;

If to confess my Lord be shame,
 O then would I be viler still ;
 For Thee, my God, I'd all resign,
 Content that I can call Thee mine !

4 What transport then will fill my heart,
 When Thou my worthless name wilt own,
 When I shall see Thee as thou art,
 And know as I myself am known :
 When I, from sin and sorrow free,
 Shall like my Lord for ever be !

257

L.M.

Brading, 52.

1 [AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.]

2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept !
 Guard the first springs of thought and
 will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I may think, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers with all their might,
 For thy sole glory may unite.

1 BEGONE, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will
perform :
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my
Guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word He hath spoken will surely
prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite through.

4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ? He told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know, from his
word,
Through much tribulation must follow
their Lord.

5 How bitter the cup no heart can conceive,
 Which Jesus drank up, that sinners
 might live;
 His way was much rougher and darker
 than mine,
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

6 Since all that I meet shall work for my
 good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease
 before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
 song!

259

7.6.D.

*Absence, 89.
Constancy, 90.*

1 BEHOLD, my soul, the Saviour
 Pours out his life and blood,
 Thee to restore to favour,
 And reconcile to God !
 His death thy guilt erases,
 His stripes give thee relief ;
 Rise, then, and sing his praises,
 Who turns to joy thy grief.

PRIVATE USE.

2 I see Him in the garden,
 In sorrow and in tears ;
In prospect of sin's burden,
 I hear his earnest prayers ;
I see Him faint and languish,
 As prostrate there He lay,
Till through his pores, in anguish,
 The blood-sweat forc'd its way.

3 I fully am assur'd
 My Saviour loveth me ;
By all He hath endur'd
 In his great agony ;
His back plough'd o'er with furrows,
 His side pierc'd with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows,
 His boundless love declare.

4 My fav'rite theme is Jesus ;
 All else I count but loss :
No other subject pleases ;
 I glory in his cross !
With inward spirit's ardour
 I praise Him for his grace ;
Dear Lord ! this heavenly fervour
 Of love to Thee increase.

1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!
 Why sleep for sorrow now?
 The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
 A child of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sigh'd for One that's far away—
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
 The breaking morn is near;
 And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
 Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes; for oh! his yearning heart
 No more can bear delay;
 To scenes of full unmixed joy
 To call his Bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
 A homeless wild to thee,
 Full soon, upon his heavenly throne,
 Its rightful King shall see.

6 Thou, too, shalt reign: He will not wear
 His crown of joy alone!

PRIVATE USE.

And earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside Him on the throne.

7 Then weep no more ! 'tis all thine own—
His crown, his joy divine ;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself, is thine !

261

P.M.

Cling to, &c. 158.

1 CLING to the MIGHTY One,
Cling in thy grief ;
Cling to the HOLY One,
He gives relief ;
Cling to the GRACIOUS One,
Cling in thy pain ;
Cling to the FAITHFUL One,
He will sustain.

2 Cling to the LIVING One,
Cling in thy woe ;
Cling to the LOVING One,
Through all below ;
Cling to the PARDONING One,
He speaketh peace ;
Cling to the HEALING One,
Anguish shall cease.

PRIVATE USE.

3 Cling to the BLEEDING One,
Cling to his side ;
Cling to the RISEN One,
In Him abide ;
Cling to the COMING One,
Hope shall arise ;
Cling to the REIGNING One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

262

C.M.

*Unity, 41.
Wiltshire, 43.*

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ;
My heart's desire, all-gracious Lord !
Is to abide in Thee !
- 2 Less than Thyself will not suffice,
But Thou art ample store ;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
And Thou canst give no more.
- 3 Lov'd of my Lord with love intense,
For Thee again I burn ;
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
O teach me to resign ;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since my Belovèd's mine !

263

C.M.

Dear Refuge, 24.

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

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

3 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?

4 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 There let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

264

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
Manchester, 33.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand—through the skies.

PRIVATE USE.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill ;
And, on the wings of every hour,
 I read thy patience still.

3 But, Father ! in thy great design
 To save rebellious worms,
I see both truth and mercy shine,
 In their divinest forms.

4 And thus the glories of the Lamb
 Fill heaven and earth with praise ;
And angels learn Immanuel's name,
 And celebrate his grace.

5 Oh ! may I bear some humble part
 In that eternal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

265

P.M. *Father ! I know, 159.*

1 FATHER ! I know that all my life
 Is portion'd out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
 I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

PRIVATE USE.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"

Amen, so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high!

Home! to my soul how dear!

I long to see thee, and I sigh
Within thee to appear!

4 My thirsty spirit faints

To reach the home I love;

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 And though there intervene

Rough roads and stormy skies,

Faith will not suffer aught to screen
Thy glory from mine eyes.

6 There shall all clouds depart,

The wilderness shall cease;

And sweetly shall each gladden'd heart,
Enjoy eternal peace.

267

L.M.

Evening Hymn, 58.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 3 Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Tho' death may strike, it cannot harm.
- 4 For death is life, and labour rest,
When with thy gracious presence blest;
And whatsoe'er my lot may be,
I'm still secure, for still with Thee.

268

6-7s.

Adamant, 114.
Wells, 117.

- 1 GOD of pity! God of love!
Send me comfort from above;
Let not anxious thoughts perplex,
Harrowing fears my spirit vex:

Let me trust Thee, and be still,
Waiting patiently thy will.

2 Though to weak short-sighted man,
All uncertain seems each plan ;
Each event thy will ordains,
Fix'd immutably remains :
Not one link in life's long chain
Can be lost, or wrought in vain.

3 All that chain through by-gone years,
Woven in links of love appears ;
Not one storm of vengeful wrath,
E'er has swept across my path :
Why should fear o'er faith prevail ?
Thy sure mercies cannot fail.

269

7s. *Hark! my soul, 107.*
Moravian, 110.

1 HARK ! my soul ; it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!"

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be!
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love Thee more!

270

8.7.

*Canticles, 137.
Haydn's, 140.*

1 HARK! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God!" with one accord;
Thousand, thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

PRIVATE USE.

- 2 "Praise the Lamb!" the chorus waking,
 All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far each tongue partaking,
 Rolls around the endless song.
- 3 Grateful incense this, ascending
 Ever to the Father's throne ;
Every knee to Jesus bending,
 All the mind in heaven is one.
- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming
 Equal honours to the Son ;
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
 Makes the Father's glory known.
- 5 By the Spirit all pervading,
 Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,
Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
 Hail Him as the great "I AM."
- 6 Joyful now the new creation
 Rests in undisturb'd repose ;
Blest in Jesu's full salvation,
 Sorrow now, nor thraldom knows.
- 7 Hark ! the heavenly notes again !
 Louder swells the song of praise,
Throughout creation's vault, Amen !
 Amen, responsive joy doth raise.

271

C.M.

He sitteth o'er, 46.

- 1 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And He is strong to save ;
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And guides each drifting wave.
- 2 Tho' loud around the vessel's prow
The waves may toss and break ;
Yet at his word they sink to rest,
As on a tranquil lake.
- 3 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
When waves of sorrow rise ;
And while He holds the bitter cup,
He wipes the tearful eyes.
- 4 He knows how long the wilful heart
Requires the chastening grief ;
And soon as sorrow's work is done,
'Tis He who sends relief.
- 5 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
As in the days of old,
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head
The waves and billows roll'd.

PRIVATE USE.

6 Yea, *all* the billows pass'd o'er Him ;
Our sins—they bore Him down ;
For us He met the crushing storm—
He met th' Almighty's frown.

7 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods ;
Then doubt and fear no more,
For He who pass'd thro' *all* the storms,
Has reach'd the heavenly shore.

8 And every tempest-driven bark,
With Jesus for its Guide,
Will soon be moor'd in harbour calm,
In glory to abide.

272

P.M.

Palestine, 49.

1 I AM watching for the morning ;
The night is long and dreary ;
I have waited for the dawning
Till I am sad and weary ;
I am watching for the morning,
When the sons of God shall shew
All their beauteous adorning,
So dimly seen below.

PRIVATE USE.

2 I'm a stranger and a sojourner,
A pilgrim on the earth ;
A sick and lonely mourner,
Few own my noble birth.
But I'm watching for the morning ;
Oh ! when will morning come,
And I change the world's rude scorning
For the fellowship of home.

3 They often find me weeping
When I cannot tell them why,
For they know not the deep meaning
Of my spirit's sympathy :
I am watching for the morning
Of a bright and glorious day,
That shall hush creation's groaning,
And wipe her tears away.

4 The earnest expectation
Of all nature is abroad,
Waiting the manifestation
Of the true sons of God ;
And I'm waiting for the morning
That shall set the captive free,
And shall turn the chains of bondage
Into glorious liberty.

273

C.M.D. *I heard the voice, 48.*

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water,—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream,
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright."
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till trav'ling days are done.

274

7.6.D.

Greenland, 91.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God !
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

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

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

PRIVATE USE.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
 In one eternal song.

274a

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.

1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !
 For I am full of sin ;
My soul is faint and weary,
 My heart is cold within.
I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

PRIVATE USE.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus !

I need a Friend like Thee,

A Friend to soothe and sympathize,

A Friend to care for me :

I need the heart of Jesus

To feel each anxious care,

To tell my every want,

And all my sorrow share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus !

And hope to see Thee soon,

Encircl'd with the rainbow,

And seated on thy throne ;

There, with the blood-bought children,

My joy shall ever be,

To sing thy praises, Jesus,—

To gaze, my Lord, on Thee !

275

11s. *I once was, &c.* 151.

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to
God ;

I knew not my danger, I felt not my
load ;

Though friends spoke with rapture of
Christ on the tree,

Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

PRIVATE USE.

2 I oft read with pleasure, to soothe, or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure, or John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictur'd the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.

3 Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul:
Yet thought not that *my* sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

4 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, nor safety in self could I see,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

5 My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldnes I came

PRIVATE USE.

To drink at the fountain, life-giving and
free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

6 Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and
boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I cannot be lost ;
By Thee I shall conquer, by flood and
by field,
My Cable and Anchor, my Breastplate
and Shield !

7 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of
death,
This watch-word shall rally my faltering
breath ;
And when from life's fever my God sets
me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my triumph shall be.

276

C.M.

*Arlington, 20.
Unity, 41.*

1 I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien ;
Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

PRIVATE USE.

2 And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one ;
And in that din of voices rude,
 I recognize my own.

3 I see the scourges tear his back,
 I see the piercing crown ;
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
 I feel that I am one.

4 Around yon cross, the throng I see,
 Mocking the Suff'rer's groan ;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
 As if I mock'd alone.

5 'Twas I that shed that sacred blood ;
 I nail'd Him to the tree ;
I crucified the Christ of God ;
 I join'd the mockery.

6 Yet not the less that blood avails,
 To cleanse away my sin ;
And not the less that cross prevails,
 To give me peace within.

277

S.M.D.

Chant, 185-191.

1 I WAS a wand'ring sheep ;
 I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice ;
 I would not be controll'd.

PRIVATE USE.

I was a wayward child ;
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice ;
I lov'd afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep ;
The Father sought his child ;
They follow'd over vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They sav'd the wand'ring one !

3 They spoke in tender love ;
They rais'd my drooping head ;
They gently clos'd my bleeding wounds ;
My fainting soul they fed.
They wash'd my filth away ;
They made me clean and fair ;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer !

4 Jesus my Shepherd is ;
'Twas He that lov'd my soul :
'Twas He that wash'd me in his blood ;
'Twas He that made me whole.

PRIVATE USE.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold ;
"Tis He that still doth keep.

5 I was a wand'ring sheep ;
I would not be controll'd :
But now I love my Shepherd's voice ;
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child ;
I once preferr'd to roam :
But now I love my Father's voice ;
I love, I love his home.

277a

C.M.

Unity, 41.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

PRIVATE USE.

3 Sure never, till my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
 And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
 For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die, that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
 It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I kill'd.

- 1 IN the chambers of the grave,
Low beneath the heavy clod,
Deep below the ocean-wave,
Where man's foot hath never trod ;
Safe, though long forgotten, lie
Seeds of immortality.
- 2 They must live, like precious grain
Starting into life and bloom ;
They must rise, for He must reign—
Jesus, who despoil'd the tomb :
He, the Resurrection, lives ;
He the promis'd harvest gives.
- 3 O my soul ! is Jesus thine ?
Thine his resurrection-power ?
'Tis enough ; thy dust resign,
Till thy Lord's triumphant hour.
Vile and worthless as it is,
It shall share thy spirit's bliss.
- 4 Or should that expected day
Come before thou reach the tomb,
Thou shalt rise and soar away,
Changed with an immortal bloom ;
And in bridal glory shine,
Thou the Lord's, and Jesus thine !

279

C.M.

Palestine, 49.

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

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And street of shining gold ?

3 O happy city of our God !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

4 There all the millions of his saints,
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall see,
 With infinite delight.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

6 Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
 My soul still pants for thee!
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

280

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.

1 JESUS alone my Saviour is,
 My Shepherd, and my Lord,
 My Light, my Strength, my Joy, my Bliss,
 And I his grace record.

2 Whate'er I need in Jesus dwells,
 And there it dwells for me;
 'Tis Christ my earthen vessel fills
 With treasures rich and free.

3 Mercy and truth and righteousness
 And peace most richly meet
 In Jesus Christ, the fount of grace,
 In whom I stand complete.

4 As through the wilderness I roam,
 His mercies I'll proclaim;
 And when I safely reach my home,
 I'll still adore his name.

PRIVATE USE.

5 "Worthy the Lamb!" shall be my song,
Since He for me was slain;
And countless hosts, a heavenly throng,
Shall join and say "Amen."

281

8.7.D.

Canticles, 137.
Pilgrimage, 141.

1 Jesus! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
All things else for Thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
It has left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Shew thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

PRIVATE USE.

Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me !
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear :
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
Think what Father's love is thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer :
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

282

P.M.

Jesus ! I rest, 166.

1 Jesus ! I rest in Thee !
Myself in Thee I hide !

PRIVATE USE.

Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could I rest beside?
'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast,
My weary soul alone can rest.

2 Thou Holy One of God !
The Father rests in Thee !
And in the savour of that blood,
Which speaks to Him for me,
The curse is gone; through Thee I'm blest;
God rests in Thee; in Thee I rest.

3 The slave of sin and fear,
Thy truth my bondage broke;
My happy spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke;
Thy love, which fills my grateful breast,
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

4 Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God, shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home;
Then, of the promis'd land possess'd,
My soul shall know eternal rest.

283

C.M.

*Fragrance, 27.
Sympathy, 38.*

1 JESUS! immutably the same,
 Thou true and living Vine;
 Around thy all-supporting stem,
 My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quicken'd by Thee, and kept alive,
 I flourish and bear fruit;
 My life I from thy life derive,
 My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without Thee;
 My strength is wholly Thine;
 Wither'd and barren should I be,
 If sever'd from the vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
 Refreshing dews shall drop:
 And when the rain and tempest beat,
 Thou still wilt bear me up.

5 The object of the Father's care,
 And prun'd by love divine;
 Fruit to eternal life shall bear
 The feeblest branch of Thine.

284

7s. D. Jesus! lover, &c. 119.

1 Jesus! Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life be o'er:
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Where the tempest's heard no more.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 [Thou, O Lord, art all I want;
 Boundless love in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 I am full of sin and shame;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.]

PRIVATE USE.

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

285

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.

1 JESUS, my Lord and Saviour !
How great a love is Thine !
The riches of thy favour,
How boundless ! how divine !
No angel's thought can measure,
In all its depth and height,
Th' extent of the good pleasure
Of goodness infinite !

2 Redeemèd sinners only
Thy praises may proclaim ;
For only they can know Thee,
Or the glories of thy name.
But oh ! to them is given
(Munificence of love !)
To bask in love's own heaven,
And all its sweetness prove.

PRIVATE USE.

3 All that the Father gave Thee,
Have each his treasur'd share,
In the secrets of thy travail ;—
The burden of thy prayer.
No stranger intermeddleth
With joy so deep and high ;
No human thought unrav'leth
The wondrous mystery.

4 The glory of the Father—
The pledge of love from Him,—
Thine own deep love did transfer
Immediately to them.
• While angels bow before Thee,
Saints thy bright honours share,
Beholding all thy glory,
And dwelling with Thee there.

5 'Tis not the public owning,
When multitudes are there ;
'Tis not the bright enthroning,—
The crowns that we shall wear !
These are not love's ambition ;
To us how far more dear
The smile of recognition,
The tone that calms our fear !

286

C.M.

Sympathy, 38.

1 JESUS! my sorrow lies too deep
 For human ministry:
 It knows not how to tell itself
 To any but to Thee.

2 Thou dost remember still, amid
 The glories of thy throne,
 The sorrows of humanity,
 For they were once thine Own.

3 Yes, for as if Thou wouldest be God,
 E'en in thy misery,
 There's been no sorrow but thine Own
 Untouch'd by sympathy.

4 Jesus! my fainting spirit brings
 Its fearfulness to Thee;
 Thine eye at least can penetrate
 The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not enough—enough,
 This holy sympathy?
 There is no sorrow e'er so deep,
 But I may bring to Thee.

1 Jesus! O Name of power divine
 To all of heavenly birth!
 Jesus! the never failing mine
 Of richest, sweetest worth!

2 With Thee I cannot feel alone,
 I cannot be forgot;
 Though friends are changing one by one,
 Thou, Saviour, changest not!

3 My future path, I know may be
 A path of anxious care;
 But love has plann'd that path for me;
 That love in which I share.

4 The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
 O'er rock, and waste, and wild;
 The object of that love I am,
 And carried like a child.

5 And is not this, O Lord! enough,
 Thy perfect love to share,
 Till Thou shalt call thy Bride above,
 To meet Thee in the air?

6 It is enough: thy tender smile
 (Till I behold Thee there)
 Shall cheer me through the "little while"
 I'm waiting for Thee here.

7 Then speak the word—that gladdening
 word,
 To bid us rise to Thee—
 To bid creation own her Lord,
 And all his glory see.

288

O.M.

Fragrance, 27.

1 JESUS! the very thought of Thee
 With fragrance fills my breast;
 But better far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the mem'ry find
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
 O joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!

PRIVATE USE.

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show!

The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his lov'd ones know.

5 Jesus! our only strength be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

289

6-8s.

*Pardon, 76.
Purpose, 77.*

1 JESUS! thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue de-
clare;
Then bend my wayward heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I'd live;
Myself to Thee entirely give.

2 O Lord! how gracious is thy way;
All fear before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, apart from Thee.

3 In suff'ring be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thine arm my strength;

And when the storms of life shall cease,
And Thou from heaven shalt come at
length,
O Jesus! then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with Thee!

290

P.M.

Just as I am, 167.

- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and foes without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

PRIVATE USE.

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

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

291

L.M.

*Assurance, 51.
Windle, 70.*

1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thy unvail'd glory to behold!
Then only will this wand'ring heart
 Cease to be wayward, wand'ring, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Where none can die, where none re-
 move;
Where nothing evermore can part
 Me from thy presence and thy love!

292

L.M.

*Evening Hymn, 58.
Luther's, 62.*

- 1 LET me, Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Low at thy footstool humbly fall ;
And while I see affliction's rod,
Be still, and know that *Thou art God.*
- 2 Let me not murmur, nor repine,
Under these trying strokes of Thine ;
But while I walk the mournful road,
Be still, and know that *Thou art God.*
- 3 When and wherever Thou shalt smite,
Teach me to own thy sov'reign right ;
And underneath the heaviest load,
Be still, and know that *Thou art God.*
- 4 Still let this truth support my mind,
Thou canst not err, nor be unkind ;
And thus approve thy chastening rod,
And know *Thou art my Father, God.*
- 5 Thy love in heaven shall best appear,
In all I 've borne and suffer'd here :
Let me, till brought to that abode,
Be still, and know that *Thou art God.*

293

C.M.

*Claimant, 23.
Wiltshire, 43.*

1 LORD Jesus! when I think of Thee,
 Of all thy love and grace,
 My spirit longs, and fain would see
 Thy beauty, face to face.

2 And though the wilderness I tread,
 A barren, thirsty ground,
 With thorns and briars overspread,
 Where foes and snares abound;

3 Yet in thy love such depths I see,
 My soul o'erflows with praise—
 Contents itself, while, Lord, to Thee
 A joyful song I raise!

4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,
 My Rock, my Food, my Light!
 Each thought of Thee doth constant yield
 Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour! keep my spirit stay'd,
 Hard following after Thee,
 Till I, in robes of white array'd,
 Thy face in glory see.

294

L.M.

Sun of my soul, 65.

- 1 LORD! let my heart still turn to Thee,
In all my hours of waking thought;
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not!
- 2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When naught on earth this heart can
cheer,
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,
Lord! hush the sigh, and chase the tear.
- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do Thou, dear Saviour, present be!
Nor let me dream of happiness
On earth, without the thought of Thee!
- 4 To my last ling'ring thought at night,
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, still be near;
And ere the dawn of opening light,
In still small accents wake mine ear!
- 5 Whene'er I read thy sacred word,
Bright on the page in glory shine!
And let me say, "This precious Lord
In all his full salvation's mine."

PRIVATE USE.

6 And when before the throne I kneel,
 Grant from that throne of grace my
 prayer;
And let each hope of heaven I feel
 Burn with the thought to meet Thee
 there.

7 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee
 In every hour of waking thought;
Nor let me ever wish to be,
 Or think or feel where Thou art not!

295

C.M.D.

Palestine, 49.

1 My heart was full of happiness,
 Each scene around was bright;
I lean'd on my beloved One,
 His candle gave me light;
I thought such joys would still be mine,
 Such bliss would never cease,
And gladly said to all around,
 That wisdom's paths are peace.

2 But soon a cloud obscur'd my path,
 A cross before me lay;
I knew it was for me to bear,
 And yet I turn'd away;

PRIVATE USE.

The voice of my Belovèd spake,
 Yet stern it seem'd to be ;
He pointed to the cross, and said,
 "Take it and follow me."

3 Father ! O Father, ask not this,
 'Tis more than I can bear ;
Lay any other burden on,
 But this in mercy spare ;
Let me but move one step aside,
 And so escape this loss ;
Father ! thy feeble child will sink
 Beneath this weary cross.

4 But He who lov'd me at the first,
 Still lov'd me to the end ;
And, spite of all my waywardness,
 Remain'd my faithful friend :
He bore with all my loud complaints,
 'Gainst my rebellion strove,
And shew'd me that the dreaded cross
 Was sent in faithful love.

5 I stoop'd—I rais'd it up, and lo !
 My heavy weight was gone ;
My Saviour bore the load for me,
 I was not left alone.

PRIVATE USE.

Then grateful, humbled to the dust,
Once more my path I trod,
Feeling how light the burden is,
Which we can cast on God.

296

P.M. *My Shepherd*, 171.

- 1 My Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, who died ;
With all things good I ever am
By Him supplied ;
He richly feeds my soul
With blessings from above ;
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of endless love.
- 2 My soul He doth restore
Whene'er I go astray ;
He makes my cup of joy run o'er
From day to day ;
His love, so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil ;
Mercy and goodness follow me,--
Fruit of his toil.
- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
I then shall see Him face to face,
And know as known.

PRIVATE USE.

Still shall I lift my voice ;
His praise my song shall be ;
And I will in his love rejoice
Who died for me.

297

C.M.

Arlington, 20.

- 1 My soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove ;
And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Him I love.
- 2 The cords that bound my heart to earth
Were broken by his hand ;
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.
- 3 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
These were his golden chains of love
His captive to enthrall.
- 4 My heart is with Him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
“Rise up, and come away.”

PRIVATE USE.

5 With hope deferr'd, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries He?" I cry;
And should my Saviour chide my haste,
Sure I could make reply:

6 May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release—
A prisoner to be free?

7 A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent Lord,
May sigh till He appear.

8 I would, my Lord and Saviour! know,
That which no measure knows:
Would search the myst'ry of thy love—
The depths of all thy woes.

9 I fain would strike my golden harp
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done.

10 Ah! leave me not in this dark world
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord! and take me to Thyself,
"Come, Jesus! quickly come."

298

C.M. *There is a fountain, 40.*
Wiltshire, 43.

- 1 My weary soul, from sin set free,
Reclines on Jesu's breast ;
And yet I long his face to see,
And in his glory rest.
- 2 Must I depart before He come
With all his saints to reign ?
My ransom'd soul with Him at home—
E'en death shall be my gain.
- 3 O Jesus ! with this fleeting breath,
I 'll speak thy love to me ;
Thy agony, thy bitter death,
Shall still my comfort be.
- 4 Then, though I in the body groan,
This hope supports me still,
That Thou wilt form it like thine Own,
With life and glory fill.
- 5 Thus, Thou my full salvation art,
Both present and to come ;
And here I wait with patient heart,
Till Thou shalt fetch me home.

299

P.M. *Nearer to Thee!* 172.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

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

PRIVATE USE.

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

300

C.M.

*Dear Refuge, 24.
Tallis, 39.*

- 1 "No condemnation!" O my soul !
"Tis God that speaks the word ;
Perfect in comeliness art thou,
In Christ the glorious Lord.
- 2 In heaven his blood for ever speaks,
In God the Father's ear ;
His Church the jewels on his heart,
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation!" precious word !
Consider it, my soul !
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid ;
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God ! to fix our eyes
On Christ the spotless Lamb ;
So shall we love thy gracious will,
And glorify thy name.

301

6-8s.

*Berwick, 73.
Waiting, 78.*

1 O GLORIOUS grace ! nor spot, nor stain
 Is seen on the adopted child !
 Jesus, who died and rose again,
 The holy, harmless, undefil'd,
 Within the holiest is gone,
 And stands before the Father's throne.

2 My Saviour died upon the tree,
 And sank for me beneath the flood ;
 My sins are cast into a sea
 Of love, of sorrows, and of blood !
 Perfect in Jesus' sacrifice,
 Her foes my blameless soul defies.

3 My God, I give Thee of thine Own,
 A heart by Jesus' cross subdued,
 Polluted once, a heart of stone,
 By thy good Spirit now renew'd !
 Look Thou upon my Priest and King,
 While unto Thee this gift I bring.

302

C.M.

*Alas ! and did, 17.
Wiltshire, 43.*

1 O LORD ! I would delight in Thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,
 My sure, my steadfast Friend.

PRIVATE USE.

2 When human cisterns all are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should I thirst for aught below,
While there's a fountain near;
A fountain which doth ever flow,
The fainting heart to cheer?

4 No good in creatures can be found
Apart, my Lord, from Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
Since Thou art all to me!

5 O that I had but simpler faith,
To live within the vail!
To feed on what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will all I need provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside!

7 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore:
O that my great concern may be,
To love and praise Thee more!

303

7.6. *O Lord, thy love's &c. 94.
Palestine, 49.*

- 1 O Lord, thy love's unbounded;
So sweet, so full, so free!
My soul is all transported,
Whene'er I think on Thee!
- 2 Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness
Within myself I find!
No infant's changing pleasure
Is like my wand'ring mind.
- 3 And yet thy love's unchanging,
And doth recall my heart
To joy in all its brightness
The peace its beams impart.
- 4 Yet sure, if in thy presence
My soul still constant were,
Mine eye would, more familiar,
Its brighter glories bear.
- 5 And, thus, thy deep perfections
Much better should I know;
And with adoring fervour
In this thy nature grow.

6 Still sweet 'tis to discover,
 If clouds have dimm'd my sight,
 When pass'd, Eternal Lover,
 Tow'rds me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

7 O guard my soul then, Jesus !
 Abiding still with Thee ;
 And, if I wander, teach me
 Soon back to Thee to flee,—

8 That all thy gracious favour
 May to my soul be known ;
 And vers'd in this thy goodness,
 My hopes Thyself shalt crown.

304

6-8s.

Eaton, 75.

1 O LOVE, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and
 skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !

2 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;

PRIVATE USE.

Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and
 friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies—
 Father, thy mercy never dies!

4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love!

305

7s.

O my Saviour, 112.

1 O my Saviour, crucified,
 Near thy cross would I abide,
 There to look with steadfast eye,
 On thy dying agony.

2 Jesus bruis'd and put to shame
 Tells me all Jehovah's name;
 God is love, I surely know
 By the Saviour's depths of woe.

3 In his spotless soul's distress,
 I perceive my guiltiness ;
 Oh ! how vile my low estate,
 Since my ransom was so great.

4 Dwelling on mount Calvary,
 Contrite shall my spirit be ;
 Rest and holiness shall find,
 Fashion'd like my Saviour's mind.

306

C.M.

Sympathy, 38.

1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
 So sweet a message bear,
 Dark tho' they seem, we cannot find
 A frown of anger there.

2 'Tis well to be thus wean'd from earth ;
 'Tis well if we be driven,
 By loss of every earthly stay,
 To seek our rest in heaven.

3 Most loving is the hand that strikes,
 However keen the smart,
 If sorrow's discipline can chase
 One evil from the heart.

4 He was "*a Man of sorrows*," He
 Who lov'd and sav'd us thus :

And shall the world that frown'd on Him
Wear only smiles for us?

5 No! let us follow in the path
In which our Lord has run:
We would not seek our resting-place,
Where He we love had none.

307

L.M.

Contrition, 56.
Sun of my soul, 65.

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

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart—my want supplies;
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with Him above the skies:
Oh! what a Friend is Christ to me!

308

8.7.

Rise, my soul, 142.

1 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, his hand protects thee,
Strength, that has the captive freed.

PRIVATE USE.

2 Is the wilderness before thee—
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

3 Light divine surrounds thy going;
God Himself shall mark thy way:
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

4 God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion;
Egypt's food no more to eat.

5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures?
God in secret thee shall keep;
There unfold his hidden treasures,
There—his love's exhaustless deep.

6 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,—
All his grace shall there abound.

7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace, from high descending;
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

PRIVATE USE.

8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew:
Garments fresh and foot unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

9 When to Canaan's long-lov'd dwelling,
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing.

10 There, no stranger-God shall meet thee;
Stranger thou in courts above;
He who to his rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

309

6-7a.

Adamant, 114.

1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Lo! I hide myself in Thee,
Where the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Are of sin the double cure;
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Could fulfill the law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

PRIVATE USE.

3 Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Hungry, thirsty, still I flee,
All-sufficient Lord, to Thee !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
Should my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to heights unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Still I'll hide myself in Thee.

310

8.8.6.

Praise, 85.

Watchfulness, 87.

1 SAVIOUR ! whene'er I think of Thee,
And of thy love so full and free,
In death and suff'ring shewn ;
I would all earthly good resign,
Follow where'er thy footsteps shine,
And cleave to Thee alone.

2 Thee, my sole portion, Lord, I'd make,
And suffer all things for thy sake,
Who all my woes didst bear :
I would in all things take my cross,
Thy tribulation, shame, and loss ;
Resolv'd with Thee to share.

PRIVATE USE.

3 What tho' I meet the worldling's hate,
Thy love will richly compensate
For all my present loss ;
The joy with Thee to live and reign,
Should my cold heart at once constrain
To count all else but dross.

4 I can encounter every ill,
If but my heart and mind be still,
With thy lov'd presence blest :
With joy I then my way pursue,
Assur'd that Thou wilt bear me through,
Up to thy heavenly rest.

311

L.M.

China, 54.

1 SHEW me thy wounds, exalted Lord !
Thou hast the power and skill divine,
Since Justice smote Thee with the sword,
To make my heart resemble Thine.

2 O grant me ever to behold,
With heavenly wisdom's piercing eye,
Thy pains of death ; for they unfold
Thy name, Thou Son of God most high !

3 Shew me thy wounds, and by thy skill
May I, my Saviour ! be refin'd,
To do, like Thee, the Father's will,
And serve Him with a perfect mind.

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

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new:
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown morrow
 Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too:
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed,
 And He who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God, the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice,

313

8.7.

Alma, 120.

1 Sov'reign grace, o'er sin abounding,
 Ransom'd souls the tidings swell !
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding ;
 Who its length or breadth can tell

2 Sav'd by Christ, we're free for ever,
 This the Spirit's voice declares ;
 Death, nor hell, nor sin can sever,
 Jesus from the chosen heirs.

3 Souls above, in his communion,
 Rest from conflict with their Head ;
 While we sing the blessed union,
 Though in thorny paths we tread.

314

C.M.

*Fragrance, 27.
Sympathy, 38.*

- 1 SWEETER, O Lord! than rest to Thee,
While seated by the well,
Was the blest work that led Thee there,
Of grace and peace to tell.
- 2 One thoughtless heart, that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord! in Thee
Samaria's daughter there
Found One, whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,
In her, O Lord, we see
The wand'ring soul by love subdued,
The sinner drawn to Thee.
- 5 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour! by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds,
His guilty fears to quell.

6 There, in the blest repose of faith,
 The soul delights to see,
Not only One who fully loves,
 But *Love itself* in Thee.

7 Not One alone who feels for all,
 But knows the wondrous art
Of meeting all the sympathies
 Of every loving heart.

315

7s.

*Durham, 101.
Fellowship, 104.*

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

2 When He came, the heavenly host
 Glory gave to God on high ;
Lord ! my tongue should praise Thee most ;
 Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That He might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room ;
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

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

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

316

C.M.

*Arlington, 20.
Unity, 41.*

1 THE Son of God, the Prince of life,
 Thrice in the garden pray'd ;
 The sword was drawn to pierce the man,
 On whom our sins were laid.

2 He ask'd, if it were possible,
 The cup might pass away ;
 Made flesh for us, the Son of God
 A prostrate suppliant lay.

3 Strong crying, tears, and sweat of blood,
 Bespeak his agony ;
 Yet must He sink in deeper grief,
 That we may never die.

4 The sword awaken'd cannot rest,
 Till God has slain his Son ;

PRIVATE USE.

The Lord must die on Calvary,
And thus for sin atone.

5 Go to Gethsemane, my soul,
And watch with Jesus there;
Ponder his foretaste of the cup;
Then to the cross repair.

316a

8s.

Faithfulness, 144.
Resurrection, 145.

1 This world is a wilderness wide!
I have nothing to seek or to choose;
I've no thought in the waste to abide;
I've naught to regret nor to lose.

2 The Lord is Himself gone before;
He has mark'd out the path that I
tread;
It's as sure as the love I adore,
I have nothing to fear nor to dread.

3 There is but that One in the waste,
Which his footsteps have mark'd as his
Own;
And I follow in diligent haste
To the seats where He's put on his
crown.

PRIVATE USE.

4 For the path where my Saviour is gone,
 Has led up to his Father and God,
To the place where He's now on the
 throne,
 And his strength shall be mine on the
 road.

5 And with Him shall my rest be on high,
 When in holiness bright I sit down,
In the joy of his love ever nigh,
 In the peace that his presence shall
 crown.

6 'Tis the treasure I've found in his love
 That has made me a pilgrim below,
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
 As I'm known, all his fulness I'll know.

7 And, Saviour! 'tis Thee, from on high,
 I await till the time Thou shalt come,
To take him Thou hast led by thine eye
 To Thyself in thy heavenly home.

8 Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod,
 My delight and my comfort shall be;
I'm content with thy staff and thy rod,
 Till with Thee all thy glory I see.

317

S.M.

*Chant, 185-191.
Solyma, 13.*

- 1 THOU very present aid
In suff'ring and distress !
The soul, which still on Thee is stay'd
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 Calmly the heart reclin'd
By faith on Jesu's breast,
In deepest woe exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Does all my wishes fill :
What though the creature-streams are dry,
I have a fountain still.
- 4 Stripp'd of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone !

318

6-8a.

Carey's, 74.

- 1 WHEN first o'erwhelm'd with sin and
shame,
To Jesu's cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love to venture near,

PRIVATE USE.

Pardon I found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich Atoning Blood!

2 My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun God's presence now no more ;
He sits upon a throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face :
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich Atoning Blood!

3 Here I can rest without a fear ;
By this, to God I now draw near ;
By this, I triumph over sin ;
For this has made and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich Atoning Blood !

319

L.M.

Brading, 52.
Luther's, 62.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the King of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God !
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

PRIVATE USE.

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 bright a crown ?

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

320

6-7s. *When this passing, &c. 118.*

1 When this passing world is done;
When has sunk yon radiant sun;
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe !

2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall ;
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe !

3 When I stand before thy throne,
Dress'd in beauty not mine own ;

PRIVATE USE.

When I see Thee as Thou art—
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe !

4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear ;
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

321

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.

1 WHERE in this waste unlovely world,
May weary hearts, opprest
With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
In calm assurance rest ?

2 In Him, who, of the Father's love,
The gracious Herald came,
Of mercy to a guilty world,
Of blessing through his name.

3 In Him, who, with unsullied feet,
And guileless spirit, trod
The paths of this unquiet earth,
In solitude with God.

PRIVATE USE.

4 In JESUS! who, ascended now,
 Looks backward on the past;
 Feels for his suff'ring members here,
 And loves us to the last.

5 'Tis only in his changeless love
 Our waiting spirits, blest
 With the sweet hope of glory, find
 Their dwelling-place of rest.

6 In the same track where He of old
 The dreary desert trod,
 Led onward by his grace, we learn
 The fulness of our God.

322

S.M.

Falcon Street, 4.

1 Why did the paschal beast,
 Of old, for Israel bleed?
 To be their safeguard and their feast,
 To sprinkle and to feed.

2 Dwell not, my searching soul,
 On ritual shadows now;
 Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole,
 The ransom'd first-born Thou.

PRIVATE USE.

3 Now get thy house within,
Slay, eat, anoint thy door;
The dread avenger comes not in
To smite, but passeth o'er.

4 He looks and calls from high,
Art thou to die or live?
He hears the posts and lintels cry—
“Forgive, forgive, forgive.”

5 I hear the accuser roar
Of ills that I have done;
I know them well, and thousands more:
Jehovah findeth none.

6 Sin, Satan, Death, press near,
To harass and appall;
Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
Backward they go, and fall.

7 Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight—and force me from my ground,
Along Immanuel's way.

8 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesu's conquest blest;
March in the triumph of his grace,
Right onward to my rest.

PRIVATE USE.

9 There in his book I bear
A more than conqu'ror's name;
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
Who fought and overcame.

10 His be the Victor's name,
Who fought our fight alone;
Triumphant saints no honour claim;
Their conquest was his Own.

11 By weakness and defeat,
He won the meed and crown;
Trod all our foes beneath his feet,
By being trodden down.

12 He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
Bow'd to the grave, destroy'd it so,
And death, by dying, slew.

13 Bless, bless the Conqu'ror slain!
Slain by divine decree!
Who liv'd, who died, who lives again,
For thee, his saint, for thee!

M E A L S.

323

L.M.

*Brading, 52.
Truro, 66.*

Be present at our table, Lord !
Be here and everywhere ador'd ;
These creatures bless, and may this be
A foretaste of our feast with Thee.

324

7s.

*Durham, 101.
Wentworth, 113.*

1 JESU's mercies never fail,
This we prove at every meal ;
But no gift can to the heart
Be what Thou our Saviour art.

2 Jesus gave us life and breath,
Died to save our souls from death ;
Jesus gives us daily food ;
He alone is truly good.

325

8.7.D.

Surety, 143.

1 LORD! by thy good hand sustained,
 Through thy mercy now to meet;
 We would render thanks unfeignèd
 For the food Thou giv'st to eat.
 Let the sweetening sense refresh us
 Of a Father's tender care:
 And of Him whose blood most precious
 Purchas'd us, thy gifts to share.

2 To our thoughts and conversation,
 As in days of old, draw near;
 Be thy name our meditation;
 Our discourse be in thy fear!
 By thy Holy Spirit sealèd,
 Monuments of grace divine,
 That when Jesus is revealèd,
 We may as his jewels shine.

326

L.M.

China, 54.
Truro, 66.

LORD! we accept with grateful hearts
 These blessings, thy kind hand imparts:
 May we thy word, that greater good,
 Esteem above our daily food.

327

L.M.

Windle, 70.

1 O GOD! thy bounteous hand hath spread
 With earthly food our social board;
 And feeds our souls with sweeter bread,
 The bread of life—our dying Lord.

2 Thy grace in all things soars above
 The sweetest song thy saints can raise:
 Yet, Lord! for this, and all thy love,
 Accept our weak unworthy praise.

328

L.M.

Truro, 66.

O LORD! may we with thankfulness,
 And temperance, now use our food;
 And others help in their distress,
 Like Thee! the Author of all good.

MARRIAGE.

329

78.

Durham, 101.
Fellowship, 104.

- 1 FATHER of the human race !
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done ;
Let these twain be truly one :
- 2 One in sickness, one in health,
One in poverty or wealth ;
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear :
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Until call'd by Thee to part ;
Then, around thy throne to be
One for ever, Lord, in Thee !

330

6-8s.

Pardon, 76.

- 1 O GOD ! who didst an equal mate
For Adam of himself create,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
That both might feel and love as one ;
Make these thy servants one in heart :
Whom Thou hast join'd let no man part.

MARRIAGE.

2 Lord of the Church ! whose bleeding side,
Gave life to thy redeemed Bride,
Whose grace, thro' every member spread,
Joins the whole body to its Head ;
Oh ! let thy love the model be
Of this their nuptial unity.

3 O Thou, who once, a Guest divine,
Didst turn the water into wine !
Thy presence, not unsought, afford ;
Fill Thou their cup and bless their board ;
And, while each heart thy word obeys,
May all their joy be turn'd to praise.

331

L.M.

Assurance, 51.
Windle, 70.

1 O LORD ! when Thou didst man create,
Thou didst ordain the marriage state ;
And here we learn that mystery,
The union of the Church with Thee.

2 With grace of life, and love divine,
Upon this union deign to shine ;
That hand and heart may faithful prove,
In duties, prayers, and mutual love.

MARRIAGE.

332

C.M.

*Gabriel, 28.
Happiness, 29.*

- 1 SINCE Thou, O Jesus! didst appear
To grace a marriage feast,
We now may ask thy presence here,
To make this wedding blest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best:
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 And, looking to their heavenly home,
May all their trials here
But make them long for Thee to come,
The Church, thy Bride, to cheer.

BRINGING LITTLE CHILDREN TO JESUS.

Matt. xix. 13, &c. Mark x. 13, &c. Luke xviii. 15, &c.

333

8.8.6.

Waterford, 88.

- 1 A HELPLESS child of Adam's race,
Saviour! we bring before thy face,
For Thou hast life to give;
Oh! that within the grace divine,
Which made our souls for ever Thine,
This little one might live!
- 2 Oh! that this soul, by nature lost,
Ere yet on life's dark ocean toss'd,
Might reach thy shelt'ring breast;
And, by thy gentle Spirit led,
With us the narrow pathway tread,
That leads to endless rest!
- 3 O Saviour! who like Thee could plead,
Or meet the ruin'd sinner's need,
With love so full and free?

BRINGING CHILDREN TO JESUS.

Thy gracious presence, Lord ! we claim,
And, meeting in thine own blest name,
We bring this babe to Thee.

334

6-7a.

*Return, 115.
Spanish Chant, 116.*

- 1 FATHER ! hear thy children's cry,
Who in Jesu's name draw nigh !
At thy throne of Sov'reign grace
We would boldly take our place,
Pleading in a Father's ear,
For this child, to us so dear.
- 2 Lord ! the power is all with Thee !
This our confidence shall be :
Thou canst melt the heart of stone,
Thou canst make this child thine Own ;
By thy Spirit born anew,
To thy faith and service true.
- 3 Give us grace to train him [her], Lord,
By the precepts of thy word ;
May we in our household shew
Thine example here below.
In us and upon us shine,
And the glory all be Thine.

BRINGING LITTLE CHILDREN

335

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
Manchester, 33.*

- 1 LORD JESUS! at whose glorious feet,
The angels worship now;
And there before thy lofty seat,
In lowly rev'rence bow;
- 2 When mothers for their infants sought
The grace of life divine,
The yearning heart, the tender thought,
Found sweet response in Thine.
- 3 And gently, as the dew is shed
From evening's balmy air,
Thine hand, on every infant head,
Left heavenly blessing there.
- 4 O Saviour! changeless in thy love,
Our hearts turn now to Thee,
And still we hear Thee from above
Say, Bring the babes to Me.
- 5 Once more, Thou Shepherd good and kind!
The gracious answer speak;
And grant this little one may find
The blessing which we seek.

336

L.M.

*Breding, 52.
Rockingham, 64.*

1 O LORD! encourag'd by thy grace,
 We bring this infant to thy throne;
 Give it within thy house a place,
 Let it be Thine, and Thine alone!

2 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
 Nor earthly honours, wealth, nor fame;
 The sum of our request is this—
 That it may love and fear thy name.

3 This infant we by faith commit
 To thy kind love, and guardian care;
 We lay it at our Saviour's feet,
 He will not let it perish there.

BAPTISM.

337

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.
Trichinopoly, 99.

- 1 AROUND thy grave, Lord Jesus !
Thine empty grave, we stand ;
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep thy blest command :
Our souls by faith rejoicing
To trace thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.
- 2 O Lord ! Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er ;
For sin Thou once hast suffer'd ;
Thou liv'st to die no more :
Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd
By Thee, the Church's Head ;
And lo ! we share thy triumphs,
Thou First-born from the dead !
- 3 Into thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died ;
With Thee, our Life, we're risen,
And shall be glorified.

BAPTISM.

From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransom'd by thy blood,
And here would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee to God.

338

C.M.

*Bedford, 21.
Happiness, 29.*

- 1 **BENEATH** the mystic waves of death
Obediently we go ;
And thus, O Lord ! our part with Thee
In death and burial shew.
- 2 Here, as the waters o'er us close,
We count ourselves as dead ;
And, rising, see our heavenly life,
In Thee, our living Head !
- 3 O Jesus ! bless us while we seek
To do thy holy will ;
And every precept of thy word,
May we, by grace, fulfill.

339

C.M.

*Joy, 32.
Nayland, 36.*

- 1 **COME**, ye who bow to sov'reign grace,
Record Immanuel's love ;
Join in a song of grateful praise
To Him who lives above.

BAPTISM.

2 Once in the gloomy grave He lay ;
 But, by his rising power,
He bore the gates of death away ;
 Hail ! mighty Conqueror !

3 Buried with Him beneath this flood,
 We glory in his death ;
We own our great incarnate God,
 And rise with Him by faith.

4 No trust in water do we place ;
 'Tis but an outward sign ;
The great reality is grace,
 Bestow'd by love divine.

340

7s. *Fellowship*, 104.
German Hymn, 105.

1 "DEAD with Christ" to sin and earth,
Now we sing our heavenly birth ;
For, begotten from the dead,
We arose with Christ our Head.

2 Sin is buried where He lay ;
Judgment pass'd from us away ;
Here, "complete in Him" we stand,
Thus fulfilling his command.

3 As the sign of truth believ'd,
As the seal of grace receiv'd,

BAPTISM.

We that Saviour would "put on,"
Who the resurrection won.

4 To his burial-emblem now
We in glad obedience bow ;
And like Him we rise again,
Soon with Him as sons to reign..

5 He "a quickening spirit" made,
His new life in us display'd ;
We "the earthy" now disown,
In "the heavenly" to be known.

6 Ours his home, his wealth, his name,
We in Him have lost our shame ;
His the glory we shall share,
When He shall again appear.

341

C.M.

*Claimant, 23.
Hensbury, 30.*

1 LORD Jesus ! we confess thy name
With joy and thankfulness ;
And seek our fellowship to claim
With those who own Thee thus.

2 'Tis sweet to see thy work set forth
In this Thine own command ;
We gladly own the wondrous worth
Of all thy love hath plann'd.

BAPTISM.

3 Here we recall, O blessed Lord !
Thine agony and death ;
When o'er thy holy soul were pour'd
The floods of righteous wrath.

4 Thy resurrection from the dead
We joyfully review ;
And, one with Thee, our living Head,
We praise Thee, Lord, anew !

342

L.M.

Brading, 52.
Luther's, 62.

1 WHILE we thy ways, blest Saviour ! tread,
We'll think what Thou for us hast done ;
Rejoice in Thee, our glorious Head,
And sing the triumphs Thou hast won.

2 While through the wat'ry grave we go,
Thee to remembrance may it bring ;
Thy baptism of bitter woe,
From whence such joys and blessings
spring.

3 When rising also from the wave,
Thy resurrection meets our eyes ;
We see how Thou didst spoil the grave,
And as our Head triumphant rise !

BAPTISM.

4 Here we with rapture see portray'd
 With Thee our union, tender, sure ;
Where grace its riches hath display'd
 Which shall for evermore endure.

5 And may we ever live to prove,
 Thy cleansing blood hath set us free ;
In willing services of love,
 To consecrate our lives to Thee.

B U R I A L.

343

C.M.

*Martyrdom, 34.
Unity, 41.*

- 1 ALL times are times for praising Thee,
When triumphing by faith:
Thy power, O gracious Lord, we see,
To conquer sin and death !
- 2 We thank Thee that this weary one
Hath enter'd into rest;
His [her] work of faith for ever done,
He [she] leans upon thy breast.
- 3 The perfect spirit droops no more
Beneath its earthly load;
His [her] groaning is for ever o'er;
He [she]'s hid with Thee in God.
- 4 We praise Thee ! for thy mighty hand
Hath help'd him [her] thro' the flood;
And safe before the throne will stand
This purchase of thy blood.
- 5 O blessed Jesus ! quickly come !
Us, and the sleepers call;
Make up thy jewels' perfect sum,
And give thy joy to all !

BURIAL.

344

7.6.D.

*Absence, 89.
Trichinopoly, 90.*

1 GREAT Captain of salvation !

We bless thy glorious name :
Of death and hell the Victor,
With all their power and shame ;
Weak, helpless, poor, and trembling,
As in ourselves we stand,
We triumph, more than conqu'rors,
Through thine Almighty hand.

2 Our brother's [sister's] fight is over,

His [her] arduous course is run ;
'Twas by thy grace and power,
The race of life he [she] won.
He [she] now is sweetly sleeping !
His [her] spirit rests with Thee ;
And though thy saints are weeping,
Our song is—Victory !

3 Soon wilt Thou come in glory,

With all thy Church to shine ;
Thy saints array'd in honour,
And beauty, Lord, like Thine !
Then—then, we 'll raise still louder
The song which now we sing,—
“O Grave ! where is thy vict'ry ?”
“O Death ! where is thy sting ?”

BURIAL.

4 O Son of God ! we thank Thee,
We bless thy holy name,
Thy love once made Thee willing
To bear our sin and shame ;
And now thy love is waiting,
Thy Church, like Thee, to raise ;
Firstborn of many brethren,
Thine—Thine be all the praise !

345

8.7.

*Sicilian, 121.
Union, 123.*

1 LORD ! we thank Thee, Thou didst cherish,
Infants on thy tender breast ;
Not thy will that one should perish,
Or their coming be represt.

2 Hearty thanks to Thee we render,
Thou didst call this sleeping child ;
Made him [her], at an age so tender,
See him [her] self by sin defil'd.

3 Yes, distinguish'd by thy favour,
Cleansing he [she] receiv'd from Thee ;
And we bless Thee, precious Saviour !
Where Thou art thy lamb must be.

BURIAL.

4 This young pilgrim, without toiling
Longer through the wilderness,
Sin no more his [her] footsteps soiling,
Rests with Thee—thy name we bless.

345a

P.M.

Over there, 198.

1 OH! they 've reach'd the sunny shore,
They will never suffer more,
All their pain and grief are o'er,
Over there.

2 Oh! the street is shining gold,
And the glory is untold,
'Tis our Shepherd's peaceful fold,
Over there.

3 Oh! they 've done the weary fight,
Jesus sav'd them by his might,
And they walk with Him in white,
Over there.

4 Oh! they never shed a tear,
For the Lord Himself is near,
And to Him they're ever dear,
Over there.

5 Oh! they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And the summers always last,
Over there.

BURIAL.

6 Oh! they need no lamp at night,
For the day is always bright,
And the Saviour is their light,
Over there.

7 Oh! we'll form a happy band,
When we hear our Lord's command,
And in glory round Him stand,
Over there.

346

L.M.

Brading, 52.
Luther's, 82.

- 1 THE storm is hush'd, and all is still ;
 His [her] conflicts are for ever past ;
And now, beyond the reach of ill,
 He [she] waits the trumpet's final blast ;
- 2 The signal of our Lord's return,
 When all his saints shall rise again,
The mark no more of human scorn,
 But glorious like their Master then.
- 3 The people of the Lord can say,
 “ The friends we mourn are gone before,
And soon we hope to see the day
 When we shall meet to part no more.”
- 4 How sweet, how blessèd, thus to see
 The last great foe bereft of power !
For Jesus sets his people free,
 And gilds with light their dying hour.

BURIAL.

5 O may we close to Jesus cleave,
Who cancell'd all our debt of sin !
We would the world for ever leave,
And forward press, the prize to win.

347

10.11.

Rest, 156.

1 This child sweetly rests,
Him nothing molests,
Received in mercy among the Lamb's guests;
His soul like the dove,
Came forth but to prove
Earth's woe, then call'd home to the ark of
his love.

2 The body now dead,
And in the grave laid,
Shall spring forth immortal, in glory array'd;
The soul on the breast
Of Jesus doth rest,
With Him who so lov'd it, eternally blest.

3 Thus run his short race,
He views the Lamb's face,
Where tears, death, and sorrow, no more
can have place;

BURIAL.

With patience may we,
Press on constantly,
Still looking to Jesus, whose blood makes
us free.

4 And may we soon meet
At Jesu's dear feet,
And there, in the kingdom, this child again
greet ;
For that joyful day—
Thy coming, we pray ;
Lord Jesus ! come quickly, nor longer delay.

348

7.6.D.

*Absence, 89.
Greenland, 91.*

1 THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus !
Beside the still cold grave ;
And prov'd thy deep compassion,
And mighty power to save.
Thy tears of tender pity,
Thine agonizing groan,
Teach how for us Thou feelest,
Now seated on the throne.

2 Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus !
Thyself the Victim then ;
The Lord of life and glory,
Once slain for wretched men.

BURIAL.

From sin and condemnation,
When none but Thou couldst save,
Thy love than death was stronger,
And deeper than the grave.

3 Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus !

But Thou art here no more :

The terror and the darkness,

The night of death is o'er.

Great Captain of salvation,

Thy triumphs now we sing !

“ O Grave ! where is thy vict'ry ? ”

“ O Death ! where is thy sting ? ”

4 We wait for thy returning ;

We weep, but we rejoice ;

In all our depths of sorrow,

We still can hear thy voice—

“ I am the Resurrection !

I live who once was slain !

Fear not ! thy friend and brother [sister]

Shall rise with Me to reign ! ”

349

C.M.

Belmont, 45.

1 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest,

Who sleep in Christ the Lord ;

Whose spirits now with Him are blest,

According to his word.

BURIAL.

2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
 In Jesus now they sleep ;
And we for them, while resting thus,
 As hopeless cannot weep.

3 How bright the resurrection-morn
 On all the saints will break !
The Lord Himself will then return,
 The ransom'd Church to take.

4 Or rais'd, or chang'd, his saints will meet,
 All grief and care remov'd ;
What joy 'twill be for us to greet
 Each saint whom here we lov'd !

5 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,
 Whose blood for us was shed ;
With Him for ever we shall be,
 Made like our glorious Head.

6 We cannot linger o'er the tomb :
 The resurrection-day
To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
 Christ's glory to display !

MISSIONS.

350

7.6.D.

Greenland, 91.

- 1 **FROM** Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 **What though** the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 **Shall we**, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

MISSIONS.

Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
'Till each remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

351

8.7.8.7.4.

God is love, 164.

1 “*God is love !*” His word has said it :
This is news of heavenly birth :
Speed abroad and widely spread it,
Make it known through all the earth,
That “*God is love.*”

2 Not in yonder blessed regions,
Where the Lord, with glory crown'd,
Reigns amidst angelic legions,
Will the brightest proof be found
That “*God is love.*”

MISSIONS.

3 'Tis on earth the Lord discloses
 All his love, how vast it is;
Earth's the favour'd spot He chooses
 To display the truth of this,
 That "*God is love.*"

4 'Tis that "Man of sorrows" yonder,
 Object of contempt beneath,
But, in heaven, of highest wonder,
 Teaches fully by his death,
 That "*God is love.*"

5 His a throne—the throne of heaven,
 Yet He comes on earth to bleed,
And for man his life is given:
 This is what declares indeed
 That "*God is love.*"

6 Not for those who ever lov'd Him,
 Did the Lord of glory die;
Pity to the wretched mov'd Him:
 Who that hears it will deny,
 That "*God is love?*"

7 'Tis a truth: away and spread it;
 Spread the tidings far and near:
O may sinners give it credit,
 And be joyful when they hear
 That "*God is love.*"

352

C.M. *How blessed, &c. 47.*

1 How blessed is the tie that binds
 Believers' hearts in one !
 How sweet the hope that tunes our minds
 In harmony divine !

It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesu's grace hath given ;
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 That we shall meet in heaven ;
 We all shall meet in heaven at last,
 With Jesus meet in heaven ;
 With Him, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven !

2 What though our lot in trial here
 Or poverty be cast !
 What tho' around our sorrowing hearts
 May howl the wintry blast !
 Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from India's
 strand,
 From Afric's burning plain,
 From Europe's and Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.

MISSIONS.

4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There love shall beam from every eye,
And joy for ever grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope! &c.

353

6-8s.

Eaton, 75.

LORD of the gospel harvest! send
More lab'lers forth into thy field:
More shepherds teach, thy flock to tend;
More workmen raise, thy house to build:
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe the word with power divine.

354

8.7.4.

*Geneva, 132.
Percy, 134.*

1 WHO are those that go with gladness,
Far from friends and native land?
By the world 'tis counted madness,
But they do not understand,—
God is with them,
And they go at his command.

MISSIONS.

2 These are bound for heavenly glory ;
Once they lov'd the world alone ;
Now they tell *his* wondrous story,
Who has claim'd them as his Own ;
And He bids them
Go, and make his mercy known.

3 Blessings from the Saviour speed them,
And make every burden light !
May the hand of Mercy lead them
Safe to yon celestial height,
Where for ever
All is pure, and all is bright !

THE GOSPEL.

THE following Hymns are intended to supply a need often felt by Christians, who, at the preaching of the Gospel, desire to sing of truths calculated to arrest the attention of the unconverted.

OBSERVE,—Nos. 15, 17, 43, 48, 56, 73, 80, 112, 164, 168, 173, 181, 184, 191, 199, 223, and 255a, may also be used for the same object.

“Who hath believed our report?”—Is. liii. 1.

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”—John i. 29.

“For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—John iii. 16.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life.”—Jno. vi. 47.

355

C.M.

Martyrdom, 34.
Unity, 41.

1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

GOSPEL.

2 Yes, the Redeemer left the throne,
The radiant throne on high :
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the rebel sinner's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man ! O miracle of grace !
For sinful man He bled.

4 What heavenly truths and wonders dwell
In that atoning blood !
By this are sinners sav'd from hell,
And reconcil'd to God.

356

S.M.

Old 134th, 8.

1 AND will the Judge appear ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

2 How will the sinner stand
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before God's face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?

3 But, ere th' Almighty shake
The mansions of the dead,

GOSPEL.

Hark ! from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread !

4 O sinner, bow to Him
Whose wrath thou canst not bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there !

356a

C.M.

Joy, 32.
Unity, 41.

1 ASCENDED Jesus ! from thy throne
Of mercy and of love,
Look now in sweet compassion down,
And draw our hearts above.

2 We're here to speak thy precious word,
And herald forth thy grace ;
Oh ! may thy word, by power divine,
Find in each heart a place.

3 Give faith that it might profit all
Who hear it now declar'd ;
We only can thy grace proclaim,
The *power* is Thine, O Lord !

4 Now cause the healing streams to flow
Into each heart and soul ;
Speak life and peace to each one here,
And joy unspeakable.

357

S.M.

Falcon Street, 4.

- 1 ASSEMBLED here, O Lord,
Thy blessing now we crave ;
Be here, in all thy wondrous grace,
The mighty One, to save !
- 2 Reveal thy precious love,
Display thy saving power ;
Attract poor sinners to thy cross,
Save, Lord, oh ! save this hour !
- 3 The wanderers restore,
Poor prodigals embrace :
Let each and all thy presence prove,
And triumph in thy grace !

357a

P.M.

Behold, &c. 193.

- 1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross !
For us He shed his precious blood,
On the cross !
O hear that sad expiring cry—
“Eli lama sabacthani.”
Draw near and see the Saviour die,
On the cross.

GOSPEL.

2 See, see his arms extended wide,
On the cross;
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross.
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are cloth'd in shades of night,
While Jesus wins the glorious fight,
On the cross.

3 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the cross;
He drinks for us the bitter cup,
On the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
The earth doth to its centre shake,
While Jesus doth atonement make
On the cross.

4 And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross;
The battle's fought, the vict'ry won,
On the cross.
To heaven He turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finish'd," now the Conq'ror cries,
Then bows his sacred head, and dies
On the cross.

GOSPEL.

357b

78.D. *Spanish Chant, 110.*

- 1 BOUND upon the shameful tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
See his eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb !
See his flesh, with scourges torn !
See the crown of twisted thorn !
See the drooping, death-dew'd brow !
Son of Man, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !
- 2 Bound upon the shameful tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
Hark ! his prayer for them that slew—
“ Lord, they know not what they do.”
Lo ! the sun at noon grown pale ;
Rent in twain the temple's vail !
Trembling nature knows Thee now,
Son of God, 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

GOSPEL.

3 Bound upon the shameful tree,
Dread and awful, who was He ?
Though his lifeless corpse was laid
In a cold, sepulchral bed,
Soon the Saviour from the grave,
Rose a Conq'ror, strong to save :
Bright the crown that decks his brow !
Jesus ! Son of God ! 'tis Thou !

358

C.M.

Nayland, 36.

1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power around make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone !

2 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
Nor feels his want of Thee ?
A stranger to the blood which bought
Salvation on the tree ?

3 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain ;
And fill his heart with bitter grief,
And penitential pain.

4 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise !
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

GOSPEL.

5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

359

C.M.

Arlington, { 20.
203.

1 COME, sinner, come ! to Jesus come !
For time is hastening by ;
The day of grace is closing in,
The end is drawing nigh.

Chorus.—Come to Jesus—come to Jesus ;
Come to Jesus—even now ;
O believe Him—O believe Him ;
O believe Him—even now.

2 The vilest soul that turns to Him,
He ne'er will send away ;
But from his sins will set him free,
In this bright gospel day.

3 O come, then ! come, and haste away,
From sin's delusive power :
You shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In Satan's darkest hour.

GOSPEL.

4 For all that trust in Jesu's blood,
 Have everlasting light,
A home with God in heaven above,
 And robes of purest white.

360

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
York, 44.*

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast !
 O come without delay !
For there is room in Jesu's breast
 For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
 To save thy precious soul ;
Room in the Spirit's grace to move
 Thy heart, and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the Church, redeem'd
 With blood of Christ divine ;
Room in the ransom'd throng conven'd,
 For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
 And harps, and crowns of gold,
And rapt'rous songs of vict'ry there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.

GOSPEL.

5 There's room around the Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O come and welcome to the Lord !
Yea, come this very hour !

361

8.7.

Sicilian, 121.
Suffield, 122.

1 COME to Jesus, all ye weary,
Burden'd with the load of sin;
Come to Jesus, He is ready
To receive such wand'rers in.

2 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you,
He will cancel all your guilt;
'Twas for this He came to save you,
'Twas for this his blood was spilt.

362

C.M.

Faith, 26.
Nayland, 36.

1 *Come to the ark ! come to the ark !*
To Jesus come away !
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

GOSPEL.

2 *Come to the ark!* the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear:
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near.

3 *Come to the ark!* all—all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin;
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 *Come to the ark!* ere yet the flood
Your ling'ring steps oppose!
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

363

8.7.4.

Geneva, 132.
Percy, 134.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 HO! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,

GOSPEL.

Every grace which brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd in the fall !
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! the Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the blood-stain'd tree behold Him !
Hear Him cry before He dies,
“ It is finish'd ! ”
Sinner, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,

GOSPEL.

Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

364

8.7.4. *Mount of Olives, 133.*
Percy, 134.

- 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
 Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;
Conscience-stricken and convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown !
 Look to Jesus !
 Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take his easy yoke and wear it ;
 Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
 While his wisdom guides your feet
 Safe to glory,
 Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
 Light to newly-open'd eyes ;
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
 Is the rest the cross supplies ;
 All who taste it
 Shall to rest eternal rise.

365

L.M.

*Old 100th, 63.
Rockingham, 64.*

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made:
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?
 In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
 The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
 With fatal strength in every part;
 The dire contagion fills the veins,
 And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?
 And is no kind physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There *is* a great Physician near!
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live!
 See, in his heavenly smiles, appear,
 Such health as nature cannot give!

5 See, in the Saviour's precious blood,
 Life, health, and peace abundant flow!
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood
 Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

GOSPEL.

366

8.7.4. *Calvary, 125.*
Mount of Olives, 133.

1 FATHER, bless the heavenly message,
Now in Jesus' name declar'd ;
Let no heart by Satan harden'd,
To the heavenly voice be barr'd—
 Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless thy preachèd word !

2 Thou art working for the honour
And the glory of thy Son ;
Lay thy word upon each conscience,
Let each soul to Christ be won :
 Bless the Gospel,
And exalt thy blessed Son.

3 By thy Spirit work in power,
Souls subdue to Jesus' sway ;
Speak to each and all assembled,
Let each soul thy voice obey :
 Bless the Gospel,
Father, bless the word, we pray !

367

L.M.

Luther's 62.
Old 100th. 63.

1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
There love, in all its glory, shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

GOSPEL.

2 The pris'ner here may lose his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth, to realms of endless day.

368

L.M.

Job, 61.
Luther's, 62.

1 Ho ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
('Tis God invites the fallen race !)
Mercy, and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living water, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice !
Return, ye weary wand'lers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

GOSPEL.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all ye have and are behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

369

L.M.

*Assurance, 51.
Brading, 52.*

1 How great the privilege ! how sweet !
To sing of Christ, the Lord we own ;
Who gives us hope that we shall sit,
Ere long, with Him upon his throne.

2 Is any subject half so sweet,
So varied as the love of God ?
Is any other name so great,
As His who bore our heavy load ?

3 'Tis this alone that suits lost man,
That makes his opposition cease :
Beholding Love's amazing plan,
He drops his arms and sues for peace.

4 'Twas so with us ; we once were foes,
Were foes to Him who gave us breath :
But He, whose mercy freely flows,
Has sav'd us from eternal death.

GOSPEL.

5 Of Him then let us speak and sing,
Who soon in glory shall appear,
And us in all that glory bring
His own peculiar throne to share.

370

7.6.D.

Absence, 89.
Trichinopoly, 99.

1 How lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole !
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
In sin and death He found us ;
He snatch'd us from the grave,
To tell to all around us,
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
How gracious this Physician !
His help He'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition ;
'Tis only—Look and LIVE.

GOSPEL.

370a

S.M.

*Mount Ephraim, 7.
Reliance, 11.*

- 1 How vast, how full, how free,
The mercy of our God!
Proclaim the blessed news around,
And spread it all abroad.
- 2 How *vast!* “Whoever will”
May drink at mercy’s stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation e’en for him.
- 3 How *full!* It doth remove
The stain of every sin,
And leaves the soul as white and pure
As though no sin had been.
- 4 How *free!* It asks no price,
For God delights to give,
It only says—a simple thing—
“Believe in Christ, and live.”
- 5 Poor trembling sinner, “come,”
God waits to comfort thee;
O cast thyself upon his love,
So *vast*, so *full*, so *free!*

371

8.7.4.

*Geneva, 132.
Percy, 134.*

1 "It is finish'd!" sinners, hear it!
 'Tis the dying Victor's cry;
 "It is finish'd! angels, bear it,—
 Bear the joyful truth on high!
 "It is finish'd!"
 Tell it through the earth and sky.

2 Justice, from her awful station,
 Bars the sinner's peace no more:
 Justice views with approbation
 What the Saviour did and bore:
 Grace and mercy
 Now display their boundless store!

3 "It is finish'd!" all is over;
 He the cup of wrath has drain'd:
 Such the truth these words discover,
 Thus our vict'ry was obtain'd.
 'Tis a vict'ry
 None but Jesus could have gain'd!

371a

P.M.

*All is well, 157.
O how He loves, 176.*

1 Jesus died upon the tree,
 O boundless love!
 Died to set the sinner free,
 O boundless love!

GOSPEL.

To the cross, grace matchless drew Him,
There man's sin and hatred slew Him—
Now we have redemption through Him,
 O boundless love !

2 Love beyond a mortal's speech,
 O boundless love !

Love that thought can never reach,
 O boundless love !

Death most cruel Jesus suffer'd,
When for sin his soul He offer'd,
And his love to justice proffer'd,
 O boundless love !

3 Loud and far the theme shall swell,
 O boundless love !

On it saints shall ever dwell,
 O boundless love !

Matchless theme ! He died, yet liveth,
To that soul salvation giveth,
Who in Him, by grace, believeth ;
 O boundless love !

371b

C.M.D.

*Palestine, 49.
Prospect, 50.*

1 JESUS ! thy blessed word proclaims
 Salvation full and free,
To every contrite heart that feels
 Its need—deep need, of Thee ;

GOSPEL.

That feels though ruin'd, lost, undone,
And far estrang'd from God,
There is forgiveness still with Thee,
Through thine atoning blood.

2 Yes, Lord ! thy precious word proclaims
 Salvation full and free ;
Oh ! give to sinners here to feel
 Their deep, deep need of Thee ;
Thy Spirit must begin the work,
 For Thou alone canst save ;
Work, blessed Lord, in living power,
 And Thou the praise shalt have !

372

P.M. *Just as thou art*, 168.

1 Just as thou art, without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,
 O guilty sinner, come !

2 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest ?
 Trust not the world, it gives no rest ;
 Christ brings relief to hearts oppress'd :
 O weary sinner, come !

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;
 Count all thy gains but worthless dross ;
 His grace o'erpays all earthly loss :
 O needy sinner, come !

GOSPEL.

4 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;
"Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears :
 O trembling sinner, come !

5 The time is short ; God's word says,
 "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
 The Saviour bids thee come ! [come :

373

L.M.

Luther's, 62.
Rockingham, 64.

1 LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,
And view the bleeding sacrifice ;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

2 Beneath his people's crimes He stood,
Sign'd their acquittances in blood :
Herein God's justice is appeas'd ;
Sinners, look up and be releas'd !

3 Mercy, and peace, and righteousness
Beam from the Reconciler's face ;
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.

374

C.M.

*Herman, 31.
York, 44.*

- 1 LIKE as the days of Noah were,
So shall they also be,
When Christ, the Son of Man, shall come,
Whom every eye shall see.
- 2 Before the flood, they ate, they drank,
And married, day by day ;
And knew not, till the flood was come,
And swept them all away.
- 3 So now men live, and buy and sell,
And "Peace and safety!" cry,
Not knowing, in their unbelief,
That Christ the Lord is nigh.
- 4 The ark, the ark, and it alone
Was safety in the flood ;
So Jesus, and no other name,
Saves sinners by his blood !
- 5 All in the ark were then kept safe,
For God had shut them in ;
So all Christ's sheep are in his hand,
And none can pluck from Him.

GOSPEL.

374a

S.M.

*Carlisle, 3.
Peckham, 10.*

- 1 LORD ! let thy Spirit's power
Now carry home thy word ;
That this may be a gracious hour,
And souls be won for God.
- 2 Sprinkle the Saviour's blood
Upon the guilty heart ;
Remove the sinner's heavy load,
And liberty impart.
- 3 O tell the doubting soul—
The feeble, trembling mind,
Salvation's finish'd, "Christ is all"—
His kindness knows no end !
- 4 Lord, open hearts to feel
Their lost and guilty state ;
And pity, quicken, cleanse, and heal,
Ere it shall be too late.
- 5 Let thy unfailing word
Go forth, with living power,
That rebels may own Christ as Lord,
And crown Him Conqueror !

GOSPEL.

374b

8.7.

Alma, 120.
Union, 123.

- 1 LORD! prepare the hearts of sinners
To receive the preached word;
Let it now with deep attention,
Mix'd with precious faith, be heard.
- 2 Let the gospel come with power,
Proving that it is from Thee,
Laying bare the hearts of sinners,
Causing souls to Christ to flee.
- 3 Let this be a time of blessing,
Let thy saving power be known;
Glorify the name of Jesus,
Him exalt, and Him alone.
- 4 Help in speaking, help in hearing,
Hold the hearts of each and all;
Father, here let goodly numbers
Now thy saving grace extol!

375

L.M.

Luther's, 62.

- 1 No terrors of the law we hear,
From Sinai's top with dread and fear,
But glorious beams of gospel-grace,
Appear unvail'd in Jesus' face.

GOSPEL.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
He speaks in love from heaven now ;
It is the voice of Jesus' blood,
Calling the sinner nigh to God.

3 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds,
" Pardon and grace I freely give ;
O sinner, look to Me and live."

4 O Saviour, let thy power be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt ;
May trembling, doubting sinners flee,
To find eternal life in Thēe !

376

C.M. *Nayland, 36.*
There is a fountain, 40.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given ;
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates the heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh ;
Implants a new, a heavenly mind,
And forms the man afresh.

GOSPEL.

4 The quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things they fix their eyes,
And praise employs their breath.

377

L.M.

*China, 54.
Rockingham, 64.*

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty Name and live!
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

378

8.7.

*Fount, 139.
Sicilian, 121.*

1 **NOTHING** but thy blood, O Jesus!
Can relieve the sinner's smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.

GOSPEL.

2 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

3 Jesus ! every consolation
 Flows from Thee, the sov'reign good !
Love, and faith, and true repentance,
 All are purchas'd by thy blood.

4 From thy fulness we receive them ;
 We have nothing of our own ;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy, who have none.

378a P.M. *Nothing sinner, no, 197.*

1 NOTHING, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
 Long, long ago.
When He, from his lofty throne,
 Stoop'd to do and die ;
Every thing was fully done,
 Hearken to his cry :—

2 “It is finish'd !” Yes, indeed,
 Finish'd every jot :
Sinner, this is what you need,
 Tell me, is it not ?

GOSPEL.

Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherfore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done,
Long, long ago.

3 Till to Jesu's work you cling,
By a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death:
Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesu's feet;
Stand in Him and Him alone,
Gloriously complete.

379

S.M.

*Falcon Street, 4.
Watchman, 15.*

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Let sinners come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
'Tis madness to delay.

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids all come;
And every promise of his word
Declares there still is room.

GOSPEL.

4 Let every ruin'd soul
Believe the Father's love,
Then shall there be rejoicing heard
'Midst angel hosts above.

380

C.M.

Bedford, 21.

- 1 Now let thy Spirit, holy Lord !
The power of grace make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
Break up each heart of stone.
- 2 O give poor sinners Christ to know,
While still 'tis call'd to-day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And grace —free grace, display.
- 3 Break now the bonds of unbelief,
The prison'd soul release ;
Fill every heart with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 4 Shew them their poverty ; relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of their sickness give—
The knowledge of their cure.
- 5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load !
Trouble—then lead the troubled heart
To Christ's atoning blood !

381

L.M.

*Conquest, 55.
Truro, 66.*

- 1 Now may the gospel's conq'ring power
Be felt by all assembled here !
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of power appear.
- 2 Lord ! let thy mighty voice be heard ;
Speak in the word, and speak with
power ;
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
By those who never fear'd before.
- 3 O pity those who sleep in sin ;
Preserve them from the sinner's doom !
Shew them the ark and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.
- 4 So shall the angels joyful be,
And saints below more loudly sing ;
And both ascribe the praise to Thee,
To Thee—the Everlasting King !

381a

8.7.

O Thou lovely, 204.

"The Chiefest among ten thousand—yea, He is altogether lovely."—THE SONG OF SONGS, v. 10-16.

- 1 O THOU lovely, lovely Jesus !
Though Thou'rt precious unto me,
Thousands in thy blessed Person,
Form nor comeliness can see.

GOSPEL.

Chorus—Lovely Jesus, lovely Jesus!

O draw sinners unto Thee;
Lovely Jesus, O my Saviour!
Give them eyes thy charms to see.

2 O Thou lovely, lovely Jesus!

Thou wast slain upon the tree;
How thy visage then was marrèd,
More than any man's could be.

3 O Thou lovely, lovely Jesus!

'Twas for sinners, *vile* like me—
Black, undone, and hell-deserving,
Thou didst die on Calvary.

5 O Thou lovely, lovely Jesus!

Now may sinners trust in Thee;
None can perish who Thee trusteth,
Though he chief of sinners be.

382

C.M.

Hensbury, 30.
York, 44.

1 OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise!

The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

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

GOSPEL.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
The mourning, weary souls rejoice,
 The child-like hearts believe.

383

S.M.

*Old 134th, 8.
Watchman, 15.*

1 Oh ! the transcendent love
 The holy Saviour shews !
Our miseries his mercy move ;
 His heart with pity glows.

2 Jesus invited near
 The vilest of our race,
And bids the greatest sinner hear
 The words of truth and grace.

3 Where sin and sickness dwelt,
 The kind Physician came ;
And every one his pity felt—
 The blind, the deaf, the lame.

4 Ere life's short journey end,
 May each this mercy know ;
Own Jesus as the sinner's Friend,
 But sin's eternal Foe.

384

C.M.

Hensbury, 30.

- 1 OH! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
wounds,
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 "Whoever will," (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty soul, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake!
- 5 Thousands of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtue true,
And drink, adore, and bless!

385

6.6.8.

*Dartmouth, 79.
Wisdom, 82.*

On what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
 The power is Thine alone,
 To make it spring and grow ;
 Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise !

386

8.7.4.

Vesper, 135.

- 1 PASSING onward, quickly passing,
 But I ask thee—whither bound ?
 Is it to the many mansions
 Where eternal rest is found ?
 Passing onward—
 Tell me, sinner, whither bound ?
- 2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Naught the wheels of time can stay ;
 Sweet the thought that some are going,
 To the realms of perfect day,
 Passing onward,
 Christ their Leader—Christ their Way.
- 3 Passing onward, quickly passing,
 Many on the downward road ;
 Careless of their souls immortal,
 Heeding not the call of God,
 Passing onward—
 Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

GOSPEL.

4 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run;
Sinner, hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever gracious One,—
“Come and welcome,”
“’Tis by *Me* that life is won.”

386a

P.M.

Poor child, 199.

1 Poor child of sin and woe,
Now listen to the Saviour’s pleading voice;
No longer need’st thou go
Without a friend to bid thy heart rejoice.

2 “I know thou canst not rest
Until thou art from guilt and sorrow free;
Earth cannot make thee blest;
Come, bring thy suff’ring, bleeding heart
to *Me*.

3 “Oh, what on earth appears
To comfort thy distress and heal thy grief,
To dry thy bitter tears,
And offer thy poor sinking soul relief?

4 “Come, leave the desert land,
And all the husks on which thy soul has fed;
And trust the faithful Hand
That offers thee a feast of living Bread.”

GOSPEL.

5 O sinner! 'tis the voice
Of One who long has lov'd and pitied thee!
 He would thy heart rejoice,
And set thee from all sin and suff'ring free.

6 And canst thou turn away?
It is the Friend of sinners bids thee come;
 O trust in Him to-day;
His blood will shelter thee, and take thee
 home.

386b

P.M. *Return, return, 200.*

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home;
 Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam,
 In guilt and misery:
 Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
Whoever is athirst may come:
 O now for refuge flee;
 Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
 'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day:
 Return, return!

1 SALVATION, Lord, is Thine!
 Then graciously incline
 Thine ear and save;
 Sinners thy mercy need,
 Make them all blest indeed,
 For them in faith we plead,
 Lord Jesus, save!

2 Jesus, thy precious blood
 Brings sinners near to God,
 Stretch forth thine arm!
 Thou who dost never sleep,
 Guarding thy precious sheep,
 Now a rich harvest reap,
 Stretch forth thine arm.

3 Jesus! make known thy love;
 Draw sinners' hearts above;
 Blessing we crave.
 Arm of the Lord, awake!
 Captive each sinner make,
 Save, for thy mercy's sake,
 Lord Jesus, save!

3888.7.7. *Mount of Olives, 133.*
Percy, 134.

SAVIOUR ! follow with thy blessing
 Truths deliver'd in thy name ;
 Thus the word thy power possessing,
 Shall declare from whence it came :
 Mighty let the gospel be,
 Soul-subduing, Lord, to Thee !

3898.7.7. *Geneva, 132.*

- 1 SEE the Saviour ! sinners slew Him,
 Yet for sinners He was slain ;
 Sinners now are welcome to Him ;
 Such compose the Saviour's train :
 Sinners, ransom'd by his blood !
 Sinners, reconcil'd to God !
- 2 See the holy Victim suff'ring,
 Sinners, here's a sight for you !
 Here's an all-sufficient off'ring ;
 O believe the record true :
 See the Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Every other hope is vain.
- 3 'Tis a true and faithful saying,—
 Jesus came to save the lost ;
 Grace and truth at once displaying,
 God, the Saviour, true and just :

GOSPEL.

Sinners, hear his gracious voice,
In his saving work rejoice!

390

7s. *Spanish Chant, 116.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
See themselves, and look on Thee.
- 2 Shew them what their ways have been ;
Shew them the desert of sin ;
Then thy dying love reveal ;
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 3 Where Thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Call forth praise from every tongue ;
Let each anxious sinner prove
All the sweetness of thy love.

391 •

8.7.

*Sicilian, 121.
Union, 123.*

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
Lo ! He dies upon the tree !
'Tis the Christ by man rejected ;
Jesus Christ ! 'tis He ! 'tis He !

GOSPEL.

2 'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
 David's Son, and David's Lord,
Sacrific'd to shew us favour,
 And declare the love of God.

3 Mark the sacrifice appointed !
 See who bears the awful load !
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of Man, and Son of God !

4 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !
 Sacrifice which cancels guilt !
None shall ever be confounded,
 Who on Thee their hopes have built.

392

C.M. *Bedford*, 21.
 Behold the Lamb, 22.

1 Ten thousand, thousand souls there are,
 Enter'd within the door;
These countless souls are gather'd in,
 And yet there's room for more.

2 Room for the lame, the halt, the blind;
 Sinner, there's room for thee !
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls,
 By dying on the tree.

GOSPEL.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart
For all the Father gave ;
He bore their sins, their curse, their guilt,
That He might freely save.

4 Room for the chief of sinners still,
Though plagued with unbelief ;
That precious Christ can save thy soul,
Who sav'd the dying thief.

5 There's room for seeking, sighing souls,
Who seek their fears to quell ;
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,
Can save a soul from hell.

393

7.6.D.

*Constancy, 90.
Greenland, 91.*

1 THE God of wide creation,
The all-upholding One,
To save us from damnation,
Gave up his only Son ;
Who to this earth descended,
And died a death of pain ;
Rose, and on clouds ascended
To God's right hand again !

2 Hence full and free redemption
Is found in Jesu's blood,
Which gives entire exemption
From sin's o'erwhelming flood.

GOSPEL.

To all who have receiv'd it,
In simpleness of faith,
And from their heart believ'd it,
'Tis vict'ry over death.

394

C.M.

*Arabia, 19.
York, 44.*

- 1 THE God of love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heaven ;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiven.
- 2 Believe in Him that died for thee,
And sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

395

C.M.

Devizes, 25.

There is a fountain, 40.

- 1 THE rain had pour'd unceasingly
For many a night and day,
And all that liv'd upon the earth
The flood had swept away ;
- 2 While calmly in the ark upborne
Along that death-strewn sea,
The God of grace had safely kept
A little company.

GOSPEL.

3 Another flood is coming soon,
 Of fiery wrath and woe,
On all whose hearts have here refus'd
 The God of grace to know.

4 But Jesus is the living Ark,
 Where all who will may come,
And find in Him a hiding-place,
 A safe, a happy home.

5 This Ark, by God's own love prepar'd,
 Stands open every day ;
And He has promis'd, him that comes
 He 'll never cast away.

396

C.M.

*Happiness, 29.
York, 44.*

1 THE Saviour calls ; let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

GOSPEL.

3 Ye sinners, come ! 'tis mercy's voice ;
 The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay ?

4 Blest Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts ;
 To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

397

C.M.

Devizes, 25.

1 THE Saviour loves poor sinners' souls,
 For them his life-blood gave,
When on the cross He bled and died ;
 For He their souls would save,

2 How sweet to know such wondrous grace,
 Transcending all before ;
A Saviour's blood, a Saviour's love !
 Well may our souls adore !

3 The vilest sinner here may come ;
 Salvation now is free ;
For Christ has finish'd all the work,
 Upon the shameful tree.

GOSPEL.

4 Come, sinners, now, whoever will,

And taste the living stream;

Wells of salvation here abound,

And ever flow from Him.

5 And thus we shall in glory meet,

With Christ in heaven above,

And harps and crowns to us be given,

The fruit of Jesu's love.

398

11s.

Home, 155.
Rest, 156.

1 THERE 's a refuge in God for the sin-
burden'd soul,

In the peace-giving fountain, whose
streams make us whole;

There 's a refuge in Jesus, the sinner's
rich Friend,

Who pardons, and cleanses, and keeps
to the end.

2 There 's a refuge in God for the care-
burden'd heart,

That turns in its sorrow from others
apart;

There 's a refuge in Jesus, whose love
and whose power

Can take off the load in the heaviest
hour.

GOSPEL.

3 Then faint not, and fear not; his presence is nigh,
His arm shall protect thee, his fulness supply;
O trust his assurance; cast on Him thy load;
O come to thy rest, to thy refuge in God!

399

7s. *German Hymn, 105.*
Gratitude, 106.

- 1 To the cross, away! away!
'Tis the place for you and me;
'Tis the place, again I say,
Where a sinner ought to be.
- 2 There it is, and only there,
What the sinner needs is found;
There he breathes a purer air;
All is tainted, all around.
- 3 Light is there, and there alone;
All is dark but one bright spot—
That on which the Lord has shone—
Light is there, but elsewhere not.
- 4 Ere another dawn begins,
Who can tell what change may be!
He that dieth in his sins,
Life in heaven will never see.

GOSPEL.

5 Happy they who life have found,
In the cross, of life the spring,
Joy is theirs, and shall abound,
When in heaven *his* praise they sing!

400

C.M.

Fragrance, 27.
Nayland, 36.

1 To us our God his love commends,
When by our sins undone ;
That He might spare his enemies,
He would not spare his Son—

2 His only Son, on whom he plac'd
His whole delight and love,
Before He form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heavens above.

3 He sent this well-belovèd Son
To vail his glorious face ;
To take a servant's form, and feel
The pains of human race :

4 Our sorrows and our sins to bear,
Our heavy load sustain—
Upon the tree of shame to die,
That we might life obtain.

GOSPEL.

5 This life is hid in God with Him
Who fell a sacrifice ;
And, dying, conquer'd death for us,
That we like Him might rise.

401

L.M.

China, 54.

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise,
Throughout 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 living soul He form'd anew ;
And saints with gladness join to sing,
The glory of their God and King !

402

8.7.7.

*Geneva, 132.
Remission, 130.*

- 1 WITHOUT blood is no remission ;
Thus the Lord proclaims from heaven ;
Blood must flow. On this condition,
This alone, is sin forgiven.
Yes, a victim must be slain,
Else all hope of life is vain.

GOSPEL.

2 But the victim, who shall find it—
Such an one as sinners need?
To the altar who shall bind it?
Who shall make the victim bleed?
Such a victim as must die,
All the world could not supply.

3 God Himself provides the Victim;
Jesus is the Lamb of God;
Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict Him,
While He bears the sinner's load.
Jesus' blood—his blood alone,
Can for human guilt atone.

4 Joyful truth! He bore transgression
In his body, on the cross!
Through his blood there's full remission
For the vilest, e'en for us;
Jesus for the sinner bleeds,
Nothing more the sinner needs.

403

P.M. *Yes, dear soul, 202.*

1 Yes, dear soul, a voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee—
Even thee.

GOSPEL.

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Saviour on the tree;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, lov'd one, 'tis for thee—
Even thee.

3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,
"Come and lay thy soul on Me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee—
Even thee."

4 Come, then, now—to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burden'd, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will He welcome thee—
Even thee.

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
Even thee.

6 There in love for ever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be,
And thy song shall still be telling
All his mercy did for thee—
Even thee.

INDEX

TO THE FIRST LINES OF ALL THE HYMNS.

The names of the original authors of the hymns are given, so far as they are known, whether the hymns have been altered or not. The names of authoresses are marked thus (+).

The asterisk (*) points out the hymns under the head of Worship.

- A helpless child of Adam's.. 333 *Carter.*+
- *A little while, Our Lord .. 1 *Deck.*
- A mind at perfect peace .. 254a
- *A pilgrim thro' this lonely.. 2 *Denny.*
- *Abba, Father, Lord! we call .. 3 *Hawker.*
- *Abba, Father! we approach .. 4 *Deck.*
- Ah! why do you weep? .. 255 *Robertson.*+
- Alas! and did my Saviour.. 255a *Watts.*
- *All hail the power of Jesus' .. 5 *Perronet.*
- *All that we were—our sins .. 6 *Bonar.*
- All times are times for 343 *Bowly.*+
- And art Thou, gracious 256 *Kelly.*
- And did the Holy and the .. 355 *Steele.*+

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

And will the Judge appear 356 *Doddridge.*
*Arise, ye saints, arise! 7 *Kelly*
*Ark of God! Love's own .. 8 *Bowly.* +
Around thy grave, Lord .. 337 *Deck.*
*Around thy table, holy Lord 9 *Bowly.* +
*As debtors to mercy alone .. 10 *Toplady.*
Ascended Jesus! from thy.. 356a
Assembled here, O Lord.... 357
*At our Father's table meet . 11 *Kelly.*
*Author of our salvation 12 *Chapman.*
*Awake! and sing the song 13 *Hammond.*
*Awake, each saint, in joyful 14 *Medley.*
Awake, my soul, and with 257 *Kenn.*
Be present at our table, Lord 323 *Cennick.*
Before thy mercy-seat, O .. 242 *Bath.*
Begone, unbelief! my 258 *Newton.*
Behold, behold the Lamb of 357a
Behold, my soul, the Saviour 259 *Moravian.*
*Behold th' amazing sight .. 15 *Doddridge.*
*Behold the Lamb with glory 16 *Kelly.*
*Behold the Lamb whose .. 17
*Behold the loving Son of .. 18 *C. Taylor.* +
Behold the throne of grace 243 *Newton.*
Beneath the mystic waves of 338 *Carter.* +
*Blest be the dear uniting .. 19 *C. Wesley.*
Bound upon the shameful .. 357b
*Brethren, come! our 20 *Kelly.*
*Brethren, let us join to bless 21 *Cennick.*
Bride of the Lamb, awake 260 *Denny.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

- *By Thee, O God! invited .. 22
- *Christ shed his precious 23 *Newton.*
- *Christian brethren, ere we .. 24 *C. Wesley.*
Cling to the Mighty One .. 261 *Bennett.*
- *Come, let us join our cheer 25 *Watts.*
Come, O Thou all-victorious 358 *C. Wesley.*
- *Come on, my partners in .. 26 *C. Wesley.*
- *Come, saints, your grateful 27 *Burnham.*
Come, sinner, come! to Jesus 359 *Rhind.*
- Come, sinner, to the gospel.. 360 *Warner's C.*
- *Come, Thou Fount of every 28 *Robinson.*
Come to Jesus, all ye weary 361
- Come to the ark! come to .. 362
- Come, ye sinners, poor and.. 363 *Hart.*
- Come, ye souls by sin..... 364 *Swain.*
- *Come, ye that know the.... 29 *Watts.*
- *Come, ye that love the Lord 30 *Burder.*
Come, ye who bow to sov'.. 339 *Upton.*
- Compar'd with Christ, in all 262 *Toplady.*
- Dead with Christ to sin and 340
- Dear Refuge of my weary.. 263 *Steele.+*
- Deep are the wounds which 365 *Steele.+*
- *Endless praises 30a *Kelly.*
- *Ere God had built the moun 31 *Cowper.*
- *Ere our evening meeting .. 32 *Noel.*
- *Faint not, Christian! though 33
- Father, bless the heavenly.. 366
- Father! hear thy children's 334 *Collingwood*
- Father, how wide thy glory 264 *Watts.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

Father! I know that all 265 *Waring.*+

Father of mercies! in thy .. 244 *Steele.*+

Father of the human race!.. 329 *Collyer.*

*Father! we commend our .. 34

*Father! we own thy mercy's 35

*Father! we, thy children.. 36 *Tregelles.*

*Firm as the earth thy gospel 37 *Watts.*

For ever with the Lord! .. 266 *Montgomery*

*Forward let the people go .. 38 *Kelly.*

*From all that dwell below.. 39 *Watts.*

*From earth the Saviour's .. 40

*From Egypt lately come .. 41 *Kelly.*

From every stormy wind .. 245 *Stowell.*

From Greenland's icy moun 350 *Heber.*

*Glorious things of thee are.. 42 *Newton.*

*Glory, glory everlasting 43 *Kelly.*

*Glory, honour, praise and .. 161a

*Glory to God on high 44 *Batty.*

Glory to Thee, my God, this 267 *Kenn.*

*Glory unto Jesus be 45 *C. Wesley.*

God, in the Gospel of his .. 367 *Beddome.*

God is love! His word has.. 351 *Kelly.*

God of pity! God of love .. 268 *Taylor.*+

*Grace! 'tis a joyful sound .. 46 *Doddridge.*

*Gracious Lord! my heart .. 47 *Kelly.*

Great Captain of salvation.. 344 *Deck.*

*Great God of wonders! all.. 48 *Davies.*

*Great the joy when Christians 49 *Burder.*

*Guide us, O Thou great 50 *Williams.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

- ***Hail, Thou once despisèd .. 51** *Bakewell.*
- ***Happy they who trust in .. 52** *Kelly.*
- ***Hark! how the blood-bought 53** *Kent.*
- Hark! my soul; it is the .. 269 *Cowper.*
- Hark! ten thousand voices.. 270 *Darby.*
- ***Hark! the song of Jubilee.. 54** *Montgomery*
- ***Hark! the voice of angels .. 55** *Kelly.*
- ***Hark! the voice of love and 56** *Evans.*
- ***He lives—the great Redeem 57** *Steele.+*
- He sitteth o'er the water .. 271 *Whately.+*
- ***Head of the Church trium.. 58** *C. Wesley.*
- ***Henceforward, till the Lord 58a**
- Ho! every one that thirsts 368 *J. Wesley.*
- ***Holy Lamb! who Thee 59** *C. Wesley.*
- Holy Lord! our hearts pre 246 *Bathurst.*
- ***Hope of our hearts! O Lord 60** *Denny.*
- ***Hosanna! to the living 61** *Heber.*
- How blessed is the tie that 352
- ***How firm a foundation, ye.. 62** *Kirkham.*
- ***How good is the God we .. 63** *Hart.*
- How great the privilege .. 369
- ***How long, O Lord, our 64** *Deck.*
- How lost was our condition 370 *Newton.*
- How precious is the book .. 247 *Fawcett.*
- ***How sweet the name of 65** *Newton.*
- How vast, how full, how .. 370a
- I am watching for the morn 272 *J. L.*
- I heard the voice of Jesus .. 273 *Bonar.*
- I lay my sins on Jesus 274 *Bonar.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

I need Thee, precious Jesus 274a *Whitfield.*
I once was a stranger to 275 *M'Cheyne.*
I see the crowd in Pilate's . . . 276 *Bonar.*
I was a wand'ring sheep . . . 277 *Bonar.*
*If human kindness meets . . . 66 *Noel.*
*In blessed union here we . . . 67 *Kelly.*
In evil long I took delight . . . 277a *Newton.*
*In fellowship we meet . . . 68 *Kelly.*
*In sacred fellowship we meet 69 *Kelly.*
In the chambers of the grave 278 *Beverley.*
*In thy name, O Lord, assem 70 *Kelly.*
*In weakness and trial 71
It is finish'd! sinners, hear 371 *Kelly.*
Jerusalem, my happy home 279 *Dickson.*
Jesus alone my Saviour is . . . 280
*Jesus! before thy face we . . . 72 *Medley.*
Jesus died upon the tree . . . 371a
*Jesus! how much thy name 73 *Bowly.* +
Jesus! I my cross have 281 *Lyte.*
Jesus! I rest in Thee 282 *Deck.*
Jesus! immutably the same 283 *Toplady.*
*Jesus, in his heavenly tem 74 *Chapman.*
*Jesus! in Thee our eyes be 75 *Watts.*
*Jesus invites his saints 76 *Watts.*
*Jesus! lead us by thy 77 *Williams.*
Jesus! Lover of my soul . . . 284 *C. Wesley.*
Jesu's mercies never fail . . . 324
Jesus! my Lord and Saviour 285 *J. L.*
Jesus! my sorrow lies too . . 286 *Fry.* +

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

Jesus! O Name of power .. 287
*Jesus! once for sinners 78 *Hart.*
*Jesus, only He can give.... 79 *Masters.* +
 Jesus, our Saviour and our.. 248
*Jesus shall reign where'er .. 80 *Watts.*
*Jesus! spotless Lamb of .. 81 *Deck.*
*Jesus, the Christ! eternal .. 82 *Morshead.*
*Jesus, the Lord, our Right 83 *Zinzendorf.*
*Jesus, the Shepherd of the.. 84 *Kelly.*
 Jesus! the very thought of 288 *Bernard.*
 Jesus! Thou source of true 249
 Jesus! thy blessed word .. 371b
 Jesus! thy boundless love to 289 *J. Wesley.*
*Jesus! we look to Thee 85 *C. Wesley.*
*Jesus! where'er thy people 86 *Cowper.*
*Join all the glorious names 87 *Watts.*
 Just as I am—without one 290 *Elliott.* +
 Just as thou art, without .. 372 *Deck.* +
 Laden with guilt, sinners .. 373 *Steele.* +
*Lamb of God! our souls .. 88 *Deck.*
*Lamb of God! Thou now .. 89 *Deck.*
*Let earth and heaven agree 90 *C. Wesley.*
 Let me be with Thee where 291 *Elliott's C.*
 Let me, Thou sov'reign 292 *Medley.*
*Let sinners sav'd give thanks 91 *Kelly.*
*Let us love, and sing, and .. 92 *Newton.*
*Let us rejoice in Christ the 93 *Newton.*
 Light of the world! shine on 250 *Bickersteth.*
 Like as the days of Noah .. 374 *Tweedy.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

- *Like sheep we went astray 94 *Watts.*
- *Lo! He comes, with clouds 95 *C. Wesley.*
- *Look, ye saints, the sight .. 96 *Kelly.*
- *Lord! accept our feeble song 97 *Kelly.*
- *Lord! at thy table we 98 *Stennett.*
- Lord! by thy good hand .. 325 *Collingwood*
- *Lord! dismiss us with thy .. 99 *Anonymous.*
- *Lord Jesus, are we one with 101 *Deck.*
- Lord Jesus! at whose 335 *Carter.†*
- *Lord Jesus, come 99a
- *Lord Jesus! in thy name .. 100 *Bowly.†*
- Lord Jesus! we confess thy 341
- Lord Jesus! when I think.. 293 *Deck.*
- Lord! let my heart still turn 294+*Powerscourt*
- Lord! let thy Spirit's power 374a*Snell.*
- Lord of the gospel harvest.. 353
- *Lord of the worlds above .. 102 *Watts.*
- Lord! prepare the hearts of 374b
- Lord! we accept with grate 326
- *Lord! we are Thine: in 103 *Deck.*
- Lord! we thank Thee, Thou 345
- Lord! wherever two or 251 *Monsell.*
- *Many sons to glory bringing 104 *Bowly.†*
- *May the grace of Christ our 105 *Newton.*
- *Meek and lowly Lamb of .. 105a *Yerbury.*
- *Meeting in the Saviour's .. 106 *Kelly.*
- *Much in sorrow, oft in woe.. 107 *Kirke White*
- My heart was full of happi 295
- My Shepherd is the Lamb.. 296 *Beaumont.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

My soul, amid this stormy.. 297 *Chapman.*
My weary soul, from sin set 298 *Coleman.*
Nearer, my God, to Thee .. 299 *Adams.*
*No bone of Thee was broken 108 *Chapman.*
No condemnation ! O my .. 300 *Chapman.*
No terrors of the law we .. 375 *Newton.*
*Not all the blood of beasts.. 109 *Watts.*
Not all the outward forms .. 376 *Watts.*
Not to condemn the sons of 377 *Watts.*
*Not to ourselves we owe .. 110 *Hart.*
Nothing but thy blood, O .. 378 *Hart.*
Nothing, either great or.... 378a
*Nothing know we of the .. 111 *Kelly.*
*Now begin the heavenly.... 112 *Langford.*
*Now, in a song of grateful.. 113 *Medley.*
Now is th' accepted time .. 379 *Dobell.*
Now let thy Spirit, holy.... 380 *Wesley.*
Now may the gospel's con .. 381 *Kelly.*
*O blessed Jesus ! who but .. 114 *Denny.*
*O blessed Lord ! what hast 115 *Bowly.+*
*O blessed Saviour ! is thy .. 116 *Stennett.*
*O blessed Saviour ! Son of.. 117
*O come, Thou stricken 118 *J. Wesley.*
O glorious grace ! nor spot.. 301 *Chapman.*
*O God ! our help in ages .. 119 *Watts.*
O God ! thy bounteous hand 327 *Denny.*
*O God ! we see Thee in the 120 *Watts.*
*O God ! what cords of love 121 *Doddridge.*
O God ! who didst an equal 330

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

- *O God! whose wondrous .. 122 *Chapman.*
- *O gracious Father! God of 123
- *O gracious Shepherd! bind 124 *Moravian.*
- *O happy day, when first we 125 *Deck.*
- *O happy morn! the Lord .. 126
- *O haste away, my brethren . 127
- *O Head, so full of bruises .. 128 *Gerhardt.*
- *O Holy Saviour! Friend un 129 *Elliott.†*
- *O how the thought that I .. 130 *Swain.*
- *O Jesus Christ, most holy .. 131 *Moravian.*
- *O Jesus Christ, our Saviour 132 *Deck.*
- *O Jesus! everlasting God .. 133 *Batty.*
- *O Jesus, gracious Saviour .. 134 *Deck.*
- *O Jesus, Lord! 'tis joy to .. 135
- *O Jesus! teach us still to .. 136 *Kelly.*
- *O Jesus! to tell of thy love 137 *C. Wesley.*
- *O joyful day! O glorious .. 138
- *O Lamb of God! still keep 139 *Deck.*
- O Lord! encourag'd by thy 336 *Carter.†*
- O Lord! I would delight in 302 *Ryland.*
- O Lord! may we with 328
- O Lord! thy love's..... 303 *Darby.*
- *O Lord! 'tis joy to look.... 140 *Deck.*
- *O Lord! we adore Thee.... 140a *Bowly.†*
- *O Lord! we know it matters 141 *Bowly.†*
- O Lord! when Thou didst.. 331 *Coleman.*
- *O Lord! when we the path 142 *Deck.*
- *O Lord! who now art seated 143 *Deck.*
- *O Love divine! what hast.. 144 *C. Wesley*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

O love, thou bottomless abyss 304 *J. Wesley.*
O my Saviour, crucified 305 *Chapman.*
*O precious Saviour! deep .. 145
*O teach us more of thy blest 146 *Hutton.*
O Thou lovely, lovely Jesus 381a
*O Thou tender gracious 147 *A. S. W. +*
*Oft we, alas! forget the 148 *Deck.*
Often the clouds of deepest 306 *Fry. +*
Oh! for a thousand tongues 382 *C. Wesley.*
Oh! the transcendent love.. 383 *Boyce.*
Oh! they've reach'd the 345a
*Oh! what a lonely path .. 149 *Denny.*
Oh! what amazing words.. 384 *Medley.*
*On earth the song begins .. 150
*On thy broken body feeding 151 *Carter. +*
On what has now been sown 385 *Newton.*
*One there is, above all others 152 *Newton.*
*One there is—Oh! how He 153
*Our Father! by whose 154 *Chapman.*
*Our Father! we would 155
*Our rest is in heaven, our .. 156 *Lyte.*
*Our times are in thy hand .. 157 *Waring. +*
Passing onward, quickly .. 386
Poor child of sin and woe .. 386a *Morris. +*
Poor, weak, and worthless . 307 *Newton.*
*Praise God from whom all.. 158 *Kenn.*
*Praise the Lord who died to 159 *Kelly.*
*Praise ye the Lord, again, .. 160 *Bowly. +*
*Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice .. 161

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

Return, O wanderer, to thy 386 *b Hastings.*
Rise, my soul, thy God 308 *Darby.*
Rock of Ages! cleft for me 309 *Toplady.*
*Salvation! O the joyful .. 161 *a Watts.*
 Salvation Lord, is Thine 387
*Saviour, come! thy saints .. 162 *Kelly.*
 Saviour! follow with thy .. 388 *Kelly.*
*Saviour! through the desert 163 *Kelly.*
 Saviour! whene'er I think 310 *Groves' Trans-
lation.*
*See mercy—mercy from on 164
 See the Saviour, sinners .. 389 *Kelly.*
*Shepherd of the chosen .. 165 *Kelly.*
 Shepherd of thy blood 390 *Newton.*
 Shew me thy wounds..... 311 *Chapman.*
*Simply as disciples gather'd 166 *Wigram.*
*Since Christ and we are one 167
 Since Thou, O Jesus! didst 332 *Berridge.*
*Soft the voice of mercy.... 168
 Sometimes a light surprises. 312 *Cowper.*
*Soon shall our Master come 169 *Deck.*
 Sov'reign grace, o'er sin .. 313 *Kent.*
 Stricken, smitten, and 391
*Sweet feast of love divine.. 170 *Denny.*
*Sweet is the work, our God 171 *Watts.*
*Sweet the moments, rich in 172 *Shirley.*
 Sweeter, O Lord! than rest 314 *Denny.*
 Sweeter sounds than music 315 *Newton.*
 Ten thousand, thousand.... 392 *Herbert.*
*Th' atoning work is done .. 173 *Kelly.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

- *The blood of Jesus, shed on 174 *Chapman.*
- *The Church has waited long 175 *Bonar.*
- *The countless multitude on 176
- *The Cross! the Cross 177 *C. Taylor.*+
- *The day of glory bearing .. 178 *Deck.*
- *The Father gave his only .. 179 *Chapman.*
The God of wide creation .. 393
The God of love, to earth .. 394 *Newton.*
- *The happy morn is come .. 180 *Haweis.*
- *The head that once was 181 *Kelly.*
- *The Lamb of God to 182 *Chapman.*
- *The Lamb was slain: let us 183 *Wesley, from
Tersteegen.*
- *The Lord Himself shall.... 183a
- *The Lord is risen indeed .. 184 *Kelly.*
- *The Lord of glory! who is 185 *Chapman.*
- *The night is wearing fast .. 186 *Hoare.*+
- *The Prince of life, once..... 187 *Chapman.*
The rain had pour'd 395
The Saviour calls; let every 396 *Steele.*+
- *The Saviour lives, no more 188
The Saviour loves poor 397
The Son of God, the Prince 316 *Chapman.*
The storm is hush'd, and all 346
- *The vail is rent:—lo! Jesus 189 *Deck.*
- *There is a fold where none 190 *Beverley.*
- *There is a fountain fill'd .. 191 *Cowper.*
- *There is a name I love to .. 191a *Whitfield.*
- *There is a name—one only 192
There is an eye that never.. 252

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

There's a refuge in God for 398 *Bennett.*
This child sweetly rests 347 *Moravian.*
*This is not our place of rest 193 *Bonar.*
*This is the day, the blessed 194 *Coleman's C.*
*This is the feast of heavenly 195 *Cowper.*
This world is a wilderness.. 316a *Darby.*
*Thou art the Everlasting .. 195a
*Thou God of power, and .. 196 *Walker.*
*Thou great Redeemer. 197 *Cennick.*
Thou hast stood here, Lord 348 *Deck.*
*Thou Son of God! the 198
Thou very present aid 317 *C. Wesley.*
*Though all the beasts that .. 199 *Kelly.*
*Though troubles assail, and 200 *Newton.*
*Through the day thy love .. 201 *Kelly.*
*Through the love of God .. 202 *Bowly.* +
*Through waves, through .. 202a *Gerhardt.*
*Thy broken body, gracious.. 203
*Thy love we own, Lord Jesus 204 *Yerbury.*
*Thy name we bless, Lord .. 205 *Tregelles.*
*Tis a pleasant thing to see 206 *Lyte.*
*Tis finish'd all: our souls.. 207 *Denny.*
*Tis past, the dark and 208 *Denny.*
'Tis sweet to think of those 349 *Tregelles*
*To Calv'ry, Lord! in spirit 209 *Denny.*
*To God, the only wise 210 *Watts.*
*To Him who is able 210a
To the cross, away! away .. 399
To those who love Thee.... 253 *Isbell.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

To us our God his love 400
*To wait for that important.. 211 *Kelly.*
*Unto Him who lov'd us.... 212
*Unto the Lamb that once .. 213 *Watts.*
*Unworthy is thanksgiving.. 214 *Bowly.*†
*We are but strangers here.. 215 *Taylor.*†
*We bless our Saviour's name 216 *Deck.*
*We bless Thee, Lord! that 217 *Morshead.*
*We cannot always trace the 218 *Bowring.*
*We come, our gracious 219
*We give eternal praise 220 *Watts.*
*We go to meet Thee 221 *Moravian.*
*We go, with the redeem'd .. 222 *Denny.*
*We sing of the realms of .. 222a *Wilson*
*We sing the praise of Him 223 *Kelly.*
*We'll sing of the Shepherd 224 *Kelly.*
*We're not of the world .. 225 *Deck.*
*We're pilgrims in the 226
*What grace, O Lord, and .. 227 *Denny.*
*What rais'd the wondrous.. 228 *Coleman's C.*
*What was it, O our God .. 229† *Ann Taylor.*
*What will it be to dwell .. 230 *Swain.*
When first o'erwhelm'd with 318 *Deck.*
When I survey the wond .. 319 *Watts.*
*When Israel, by divine 231 *Newton.*
When this passing world is 320 *McCheyne.*
When two or three together 254 *Kelly.*
*Where high the heavenly .. 232 *Logan.*
Where in this waste 321 *Denny.*

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

- *While in sweet communion 233 *Denny.*
While we thy ways, blest .. 342
- *While to sev'ral paths 234† *C. Elisabeth*
- *While we partake the bread 235
Who are those that go with 351 *Kelly.*
Who can describe the joys.. 401 *Watts.*
Why did the paschal beast.. 322 *Gandy.*
- *Why those fears? Behold.. 236 *Kelly.*
- *With Jesus in our midst .. 237 *Chapman.*
- *With joy we meditate the .. 238 *Watts.*
Without blood is no 402 *Kelly.*
Yes, dear soul, a voice 403
- *Yes! 'tis a rough and thorny 239 *Kelly.*
- *Your harps, ye trembling .. 240 *Toplady.*
- *Your praises hither bring .. 241

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

WORSHIP.

Christ, Advocate, 57.

Ark, 8.

Guide, 7, 236.

Head of the Church, 58.

Keeper, 47, 77.

King of Glory, 185.

Lamb, 17, 27, 51, 88, 89, 105a, 182, 183.

Our Righteousness, 83.

Priest, 40, 74, 75, 173, 189, 214, 232, 238.

Redeemer, 43, 112.

Sanctuary, 72.

Shepherd, 84, 94, 124, 165, 190, 224.

Sin Bearer, 198.

Wisdom, (Prov. viii.) 31.

Christ, Abiding in, 139.

Adoration of, 140a.

Blood of, 109, 191, 199.

Church, Bride of, 145.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

WORSHIP.

Christ, Coming for Church, 1, 60, 64, 99a, 126, 162, 175, 178, 183a, 186.
Coming of, 95, 96, 111.
Confidence in, 79, 129, 210.
Conformity to, 59, 81, 131, 136, 146.
Cross of, 144, 172, 177, 181, 223.
Death of, 15.
Death of, at hand of God, 12.
Debtors to, 6.
Dependence on, 82.
Exaltation of, 5, 16, 55, 135, 241.
Example of, 2, 227.
Faithfulness of, 142.
Finished work of, 22, 56, 133.
Intercession of, 188.
Joy of meeting, 130, 230.
Kingdom of, 54, 80.
Love of, 118, 137, 143, 152, 153, 221.
Love to, 114, 116.
Lovingkindness of, 14.
Portion in, 26.
Praise to, 13, 21, 30a, 90, 91, 97, 113, 115, 150, 159, 160.
Resurrection of, 123, 138, 180, 184, 187, 194.
Security in, 37, 52, 62, 93, 104, 161.
Sufferings of, 18, 128, 209.
Sympathy of, 204, 207.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

WORSHIP.

Christ, Union with, 208.
Waiting for, 211.
Work of, 10.
Worthiness of, 25, 44, 45, 87, 117, 176, 195a.
Christian Hope, 102, 226, 239.
Pilgrimage, 36, 41, 50, 134, 149, 156, 163, 193, 215, 222, 231.
Union, 206.
Warfare, 33, 107, 132, 225.
Watchfulness, 169.
Commencing, 35, 49, 70, 85, 86, 196.
Doxologies, 39, 58a, 61, 63, 105, 158, 210a, 212, 213.
Electing love, 228.
Evening hymn, 201.
Father's purpose, 3.
God, Access to, 174.
 City of, 42.
 Confidence in, 71, 110, 119, 157, 200, 202, 202a.
 Love of, 4, 29, 121, 122, 179, 218, 229.
 Mercy of, 164.
 Our Father, 120.
 Praise to, 171, 210.
Grace, 46, 53, 168.
Hallelujah, 127.
Heaven, longing for, 222a.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

WORSHIP.

Holy Spirit, 154.
Holy Spirit, Leader of worship, 155.
Invitation to praise, 30.
Joy of Salvation, 28, 92, 125, 140, 161a.
Lord's Supper, 9, 11, 20, 66, 67, 68, 69, 76, 78,
98, 100, 106, 108, 147, 148, 151,
166, 170, 195, 203, 216, 219,
233, 235, 237.
Name of Jesus, 65, 73, 191a, 192, 197.
Obedience, 23.
Oneness of the Church, 101, 167, 205.
Pardon, 48.
Parting, 19, 24, 32, 34, 99, 217, 234.
Path of Faith, 38.
Redemption, praise for, 103.
Trinity, 220.
Worship, 141.

PRIVATE USE.

Chastening, 292.
Christ, Friend, 307.
Lamb of God, 290, 322.
Our Righteousness, 275.
Shepherd, 277, 296.
Refuge, 284, 317.
Rock, 309.
Sin Bearer, 316.
Vine, 283.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

PRIVATE USE.

Christ, Abiding in, 303.
Church, Bride of, 260.
Church perfect in, 300.
Confession of, 256.
Confidence in, 258.
Conformity to, 311.
Crucifixion of, 276, 305.
Debtors to, 320.
Delight in, 262, 293, 302.
Fellowship with, 310.
Finished work of, 301.
Following, 295.
Fulness of, 274, 280, 288.
Love of, 269, 319.
Need of, 274a.
Peace in, 289.
Praise to, 270, 315.
Rest in, 282, 294, 298, 321.
Salvation in, 273, 277a, 314.
Sympathy of, and trust in, 261, 286.
Sufferings of, 255a, 259.
Thirsting for, 291, 297.
Christian devotedness, 265.
Evening hymn, 267.
Father's House, 266.
God, City of, 279.
 Confidence in, 312.
 Grace of, 313.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

PRIVATE USE.

God, Mercy of, 304.
Nearness to, 299.
Our Portion, 308.
Perfect peace with, 254a.
Power and mercy of, 264.
Refuge, 263.
Joy of Salvation, 285.
Morning hymn, 257.
Name of Jesus, 287.
Patience under trial, 268, 271.
Pilgrimage, 281, 316a.
Redemption, praise for, 318.
Resurrection of the body, 278.
Sleep in Jesus, 255.
Trial, 306.
Watching, 272.

THE GOSPEL.

Born of God, 376.
Christ came to *save*, 371b, 377, 394.
 The Ark, 362, 374, 395.
 The Blood of, 378, 393, 402.
 The Cross of, 357a, 357b, 391, 399.
 The Love of, 371a.
 The Loveliness of, 381a.
Come as you are, 372.
Commencing, 356a, 357, 358, 374b, 381.
Concluding, 366, 374a, 385, 387, 388.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

THE GOSPEL.

Conviction, 380, 390.
Deliverance, 367, 370a, 397.
God so loved, &c., 400.
 Refuge in, 398.
Invitation to come, 359, 361, 363, 364, 386a,
 386b, 396, 403.
It is finished! 371, 378a.
Judgment, 356.
Just for the unjust, 355.
Law—Gospel, 375.
Living Water, 368, 384.
Look and Live, 370.
Prodigal, 401.
Reconciliation, 373.
Redemption, praise for, 382.
Room enough, 360, 392.
Salvation is of the Lord, 387.
Sin and its Remedy, 365, 383.
Sinners, 389.
Such were some of you, 369.
Time is short, 386.
To-day, 379.

INDEX

TO EVERY VERSE, EXCEPT THE FIRST, IN EACH HYMN.

A better sacrifice 199	And ere the day 117	Another flood.. 395
A blessed sense 380	And every temp 271	Ark of God 8
A bond that.... 214	And gently, as 335	Around his 127
A child when .. 297	And God has .. 230	Around yon.... 276
A cloudy pillar. 231	And grace it is . 167	Art thou wean'd 308
A dying, risen.. 370	And is it 286	As dews that .. 214
A hist'ry full .. 192	And is not 287	As ground when 183
A little while .. 1	And Jesus joys. 228	As Head for.... 135
A second look a277	And let us 23	As our Surety.. 147
A thousand age 119	And, looking to 332	As surely as.... 93
Abba, Father . 3 4	And may we 342 347	As the bird 52
Abba's purpose 3	And now, before 30	As the precious 206
Above all heav 185	And now the.. a357	As the sign 340
Abundant grace 188	And now thy .. 217	As thro' the.... 280
Agonizing in .. 363	And of that.... 276	Ascended now . 101
Ah! leave me.. 297	And oh! 'tis .. 140	Assembled in .. 61
Ah, Lord! enlar 118	And oh! what.. 128	Astonish'd at .. 136
Ah! whither .. 245	And oh! while . 222	
Alas! I knew.. a277	And one with .. 114	Base the wish.. 162
Alas! we own.. 18	And, Saviour .. a316	Be Thou our .. 87
All, all,—above 5	And should the 240	Before, behind 322
All his blessed 45	And since our.. 113	Before the flood 374
All in the ark.. 374	And there with a191	Before the hills 119
All righteousne 18	And tho' awhile 173	Behold, He lead 7
All should sing 45	And tho' He .. 211	Behold us, Lord 198
All that chain . 268	And tho' the .. 293	Being of the .. 111
All that the.... 285	And tho' there 266	Believe in Him 394
All that we are. 6	And tho' we.... 239	Believing, we.. 109
All the Father's 270	And thus the .. 264	Beneath his.... 373
All worlds his.. 113	And, thus, thy . 303	Beyond our.... 243
Alone He bore . 150	And thus we sh 397	Bless, bless the 322
Almighty God . 220	And, till from .. 253	Bless thy word 390
And as gather'd 166	And what is.... 239	Blessed is the.. 11
And be it 82	And when befor 294	Blessed supper. 147
And can no.... 365	And when on 113 299	Blessings aboun 80
And canst thou a386	And while we.. 203	Blessings from . 354
And couldst Th 31	And with Him a316	Blest is our.... 129
And, ere long .. 104	And yet thy.... 303	Blest Saviour.. 396

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

<p>Bold shall we... 83 Boldly our 189 Bound upon... b357 Boundless wisd 59 Break now the . 380 Brethren, his .. 174 Brethren in Th 203 Brightly it 164 Buried with .. 339 Burden'd with . 372 But boundless . 115 But Christ, the. 109 But, dearest Lo 60 But drops of .. a255 But, ere th' Al.. 356 But, Father.... 264 But God shall.. 94 But, gracious .. 136 But He who .. 295 But hence our.. 18 But how will .. 130 But if such 67 But if the..... 171 But Jesus is.... 395 But see, the.... 260 But soon a 295 But spotless.... 238 But the high .. a195 But the victim . 402 But there 's a .. 252 But Thon art .. 149 But what to .. 288 By nature and a254 By our sins ... 166 By the Holy Gh 34 By the Spirit .. 270 By this grace.. a105 By thy Spirit .. 366 By weakness .. 322</p> <p>Calmly the hear 317 Can a woman's 269 Christ hath the 180 Clean every whi 160 Cleans'd from.. 145 Cling to the... 261 Cloth'd in garm 4 Cold our praises 32 Come hither .. 372 Come, leave the a386</p>	<p>Come leave thy 372 Come, Saviour. 125 Come, sinners, n 397 Come sinners, sa357 Come then, now 403 Come then, with 384 Come to Jes 359 361 Come to the ark 362 Come to the liv 368 Come, ye weary 363 Comfort thro'.. 121 Commune with 9 Complete in.... 164 Convince him.. 358 Crown the 96</p> <p>Dear dying 191 Dear name 65 Dear suff'ring.. 209 Death and the . 185 Deep and wide. 38 Deep were thos 208 Descending fro 137 Did the Lord .. 315 Direct, control . 257 Divine Instruct 244 Do Thou, Lord a222 Drawn by such 121 Drawn from thy 208 Dwell not, my . 322 Dwelling in.... 74 Dwelling on.... 305</p> <p>E'en treading.. 275 Encircled by .. 255 Endless life.... 55 Engrave this .. 146 Enthron'd with 182 Ere another .. 399 Ere life's short . 383 Eternal are 39 Eternal death.. 182 Every eye..... 95 Every sin shall 403 Exalted, by 117</p> <p>Fading is the .. 42 Faint not..... 33 Fain would we 133 Fair the scene . 47</p>	<p>Fair witness .. 314 Faith eats the.. 237 Faithful amidst 142 Far from our .. 129 Far spent alrea 187 Father! O Fathe 295 Father, O how.. 36 Father! the tho 228 Fear not, I am 62 Fewest voices.. 251 Fight the glori 107 Finish'd all 56 Firm on the.... 176 First-born of .. 118 Fix, O fix 59 Fix'd on this .. 304 For all that 359 For death is .. 267 For ere that day 178 For ever be 160 For ever on 227 For ever to 130 For every thirst 396 For love of 15 For the path .. a316 For the mercies 32 For this, O may 146 For this will .. 120 For Thou excee 115 For Thou wast 176 For whom—for. 15 Forbid it, Lord. 319 Fresh blood, as 75 Friend of the.. 314 From Burmah's 352 From Christ .. 194 From day to.... 222 From that eter 205 From the cross 106 From the world 34 From thy fulnes 378</p> <p>'Gainst the gian 71 Gently as the.. 206 Give faith that a356 Give us grace .. 334 Give us thy 148 Give us to..... 196 Gloomy and da 186 Glory, honour a161</p>
--	---	--

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

Glory to Thee.. 257	He was a..... 306	His word is.... 187
Go to Gethsem 316	He wears no .. 375	Hither then .. 112
God Himself .. 402	He, who for.... 232	Ho! ye needy.. 363
God, thine 308	He will present 210	Hosanna! Lord 61
God who gave.. 104	Head of the.... 117	How bitter 258
Grace all the .. 46	Hear his love .. 403	How blest are.. 118
Grace it was .. 159	Hearty thanks . 345	How bright.... 346
Grace sav'd us . 46	Help in speaki 374	How dreadful.. 94
Grace still 53	Help us to con 81	How free! It a370
Grace taught .. 46	Help us to see . 242	How full! It a370
Grace, we sing . 168	Hence full and 393	How glorious.. 94
Grant us hence 124	Hence, thro' all 3	How long..... 64
Grateful incens 270	Henceforth let . 141	How shall I ..a183
Great Advocate 57	Here, as the wa 338	How sweet, how 946
Great Prophet . 87	Here conscienc 170	How sweet the 41
Great Shepherd 86	Here every one 9	How sweet thes 226
	Here every wel 170	How sweet to he 127
Hail! O triumph 180	Here faith reve 367	How sweet to k 397
Hallelujah 54	Here I can 318	How vast! who a370
Happy they.... 399	Here I raise.... 28	How will the .. 356
Hark! how from 375	Here in the 148 266	However poor.. 9
Hark that voice 56	Here may we .. 86	
Hark! the heav 270	Here, the pledge 151	I ask Thee 265
Hark! those.... 96	Here the Redee 244	I can believe .. 191
Hast Thou not. 263	Here we all.... 24	I can do..... 283
Haste thee on.. 281	Here we find .. 172	I can encounter 310
He a quickening 340	Here we recall . 341	I deliver'd thee 269
He ask'd, if.... 316	Here we rest .. 172	I fain would .. 297
He breaks the.. 382	Here we survey 76	I fully am..... 259
He cheers my.. 307	Here we with.. 342	I hear the..... 322
He comes; for . 260	Him from the.. 123	I heard the 273
He comes! the. 186	His a throne .. 361	I know thou ..a386
He everywhere 2202	His be the 322	I lay my 274
He fills the 16	His call we 200	I long to be 274
He has made .. 78	His faithfulness 161	I meet them.... 322
He hell in..... 322	His grace will.. 240	I need Thee ..a274
He, in the days 238	His honour 37	I oft read 275
He knows how 271	His is love 43	I rest my 274
He lives to 188	His kingdom .. 241	I saw One ..a277
He looks and .. 322	His love and .. 210	I see Him..... 259
He once, a 178	His love in 258	I see the scourg 276
Heransom'd me 307	His love's a.... 161	I stoop'd—I.... 295
He saw us 14	His mercy who 27	I was a 277
He sent this .. 400	His name the.. 90	I would, my.... 297
He shall reign .. 54	His only Son .. 400	I would not.... 265
He sitteth o'er . 271	His patience .. 29	If He his 43
He speaks 382	His precious 189 216	I'm a stranger . 272
He sprinkled.. 173	His soul, by.... 17	Immortal glorie 75
He that has.... 302	His soul was not 187	In Canaan's.... 147
He took the.... 353	His word a 231	In every dark.. 57

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

In every dream	294	Jesus! my faint	286	Let us with	176
In every hour..	294	Jesus my Shep	277	Let us wonder..	92
In every pang..	232	Jesus, our Lo	44 249	Lift up your ..	186
In heaven his..	300	Jesus! our only	288	Light divine ..	308
In Him, who ..	321	Jesus our Shep	65	Light is there..	399
In his spotless ..	305	Jesus sought me	28	Like tears	275
In holy	312	Jesus, the Bread	231	Like Thee in ..	116
In Jesus! who..	321	Jesus the Christ	199	Like them we..	231
In patience	211	Jesus! the nam	a191	Lo! our Saviour	52
In purest love..	332	Jesus! the name	382	Lo! the tokens	95
In suff'ring	289	Jesus the One..	73	Lo! th' incarnat	363
In the desert ..	308	Jesus, thy preci	387	Look forward ..	26
In the refuge ..	104	Jesus, to whom	317	Lord! in all....	89
In the same....	321	Join all the	44	Lord! it is	269
In Thee most..	a195	Join'd in one ..	19	Lord Jesus, com	a99
In Thee our ..	15	Joy to confess..	140	Lord! let thy ..	381
In Thee we	72	Joyful now	270	Lord! may our	126
In thy presence	77	Joyful truth....	402	Lord! may thy	248
Inscrib'd upon ..	223	Just as I am ..	290	Lord of the Chu	330
Into thy death ..	337	Justice,from her	371	Lord, open	a374
Is any subject..	369	Justice,our guilt	12	Lord! the power	334
Is here a soul..	358	Knowing as I	a183	Lord! we are ..	86
Is the wildernes	308	Lamb of God	88 89	Lord! we are 103	148
Israel, art thou	38	Lamb of God ..	391	Lord! we remem	216
It bids my	a191	Law and terrors	378	Lord! we thus ..	78
It can bring....	312	Lead on, Almig	7	Lord! we wait ..	162
It is enough....	287	Less than Thys	262	Lord! while our	115
It is finish	371 a378	Let all creation	25	Loud and far ..	a371
It is not	156	Let all our	76	Love beyond a	a371
It is the hope..	352	Let all that	25	Love caus'd	221
It makes the	65 223	Let all the hosts	44	Love mov'd	179
It speaks of....	73	Let every ruin'd	379	Lov'd of my ..	264
It sweetly cheer	247	Let me be.....	291	Lovely Jesus..	a381
It tells me of..	a191	Let me not ...	292	Make us to	248
It tells of One	a191	Let not conscie	363	Man may	281
Jehovah Tsidke	275	Let sinners ...	91	Many were the.	47
Jerusalem	279	Let the gospel	b374	Mark the sacri.	391
Jesus! all praise	90	Let the world..	281	May Grace, free	46
Jesus at his	187	Let this be a ..	b374	May not an	297
Jesus bruis'd ..	305	Let those refuse	30	May we follow ..	21
Jesus died	106	Let thy eternal	242	May we his	169
Jesus, enthron'd	154	Let thy unfall	a374	May we its	250
Jesus! every ..	378	Let trial and ..	156	May we still ..	172
Jesus gave us ..	324	Let us love	92	Mercy, and peac	373
Jesus invited ..	383	Let us sing	92	Mercy and truth	280
Jesus is worthy	25	Let us, then ..	56	'Mid mightiest.	225
Jesus!—it speak	73	Let us think ..	20	Mine is an	269
Jesus! life-givin	90	Let us walk....	11	Most loving is..	306
Jesus! make kn	387			Mourning souls	112

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

Must I depart.. 298	O be it, Lord .. 54	O Saviour let .. 375
My conscience 277	O bid the 66	O Saviour, who 333
My Father's hou 266	O bless the 195	O sinner, bow.. 356
My fav'rite 259	O blessed Jesus 343	O sinner, 'tis .. 386
My future..... 287	O come, then .. 359	O Son of God.. 344
My God, I..... 301	O for grace 152	O teach us 101
My heart is.... 297	O give poor 380	O tell the..... 374
My Lord, my .. 293	O give us hearts 227	O tell us..... 146
My Saviour died 301	O God of mercy 22	O that I..... 302
My Saviour! kee 293	O God! our help 119	O that near ... 172
My sin is 318	O God we ac 2140	O that we..... 136
My soul ask.... 243	O gracious Savi 253	O then, how.... 132
My soul He.... 296	O grant me 311	O then, what .. 148
My terrors 275	O guard my.... 303	O Thou lovely 2381
My thirsty 266	O guard thy.... 84	O Thou, who .. 330
Never more sha 74	O happy city .. 279	O 'tis sweet.... 234
No burning mo 192	O happy day .. 125	O to grace..... 26
No condemnati 300	O hope of..... 288	O wake thy 64
No facing all .. 2	O how much .. 20	O weeping spou 186
No fiery vengea 40	O how sweet .. 34	O what pleasure 236
No good in 302	O Jesus! bless . 338	O what sacred .. 111
No, I must 315	O Jesus! teach 207	Of Him then .. 369
No; let the 256	O Jesus! with.. 298	Oft we forget .. 148
No! let us 306	O keep us..... 82	Oh, by thy 134
No ling'ring loo 352	O largely give.. 141	Oh! if this 170
No man of 116	O let it 248	Oh, may I bear 264
No more the .. 110	O let this 143	Oh! shall not.. 66
No resting-plac 60	O let thy .. 154 216	Oh! that Jesus. 151
No temple made 173	O let us ever 19 197	Oh! that this .. 333
No trust in 339	O Lord! how .. 289	Oh! the street 2345
No wrath God's 22	O Lord! I cast. 302	Oh! they feel.. 2345
Nor Death, nor 37	O Lord! Thou n 337	Oh! they need 2345
Nor long shalt.. 255	O Lord! Thou t 134	Oh! they never 2345
Nor voice can.. 288	O Lord! thro' .. 134	Oh! they've .. 2345
Not all things.. 130	O Lord! thy lov 143	Oh! we'll form 2345
Not for those .. 351	O Lord! we trea 116	Oh, what on .. 2386
Not in yonder.. 351	O Lord! with .. 142	On earth his .. 69
Not One alone.. 314	O may my 267	On his heart .. 74
Not sinful man's 221	O may our 190	On the ocean .. 251
Not the labour. 309	O may the sheep 84	On the Rock .. 42
Not to teach .. 165	O may these .. 244	On to Canaan's 308
Nothing in my . 309	O may thy 123	Once as prodiga 4
Nothing ye in.. 368	O may we all .. 29	Once in the.... 339
Now cause the 2356	O may we close 346	Once more, Tho 335
Now get thy .. 322	O my Saviour . 315	One in purpose 329
Now is th' accep 379	O my soul..... 278	One in sickness 329
Now may we 169 245	O pity those .. 381	One thoughtless 314
Now, Saviour.. 228	O plead his 192	One with Thyse 227
Now the sprink 36	O precious Jesu 100	Open wide the 50
	O Saviour! chan 335	Or rais'd, or.... 349

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

<p>Or should that . 278 Other refuge .. 284 Our brother's .. 344 Our calls may.. 71 Our hearts 171 Our heavenly 76 122 Our Jesus..... 197 Our longing.... 209 Our Lord Hims 349 Our names 10 Our path is 225 Our Shepherd.. 225 Our sins, our .. 101 Our sins were.. 237 Our song then . 224 Our sorrows.... 400 Our souls look . 109 Our times are.. 157 Ours his home . 340</p> <p>Pardon—from . 48 Partaker of the 232 Paschal Lamb . 51 Passing onward 386 Past suff'ring.. 207 People and real 80 Pilgrims here .. 201 Plenteous grace 284 Poor, sinful, thir 384 Poor trembling a370 Praise his name 159 Praise the Lamb 270 Present we kno 85 Prone to wande 28</p> <p>Quicken'd by .. 283</p> <p>Redeemed sinn 285 Rejoice in glori 241 Rejoice in Him 160 ReinemberThee 66 Render'd safe .. 236 Return, O wan b386 Reveal thy 357 Rich in glory .. 97 Room for the .. 392 Room in the .. 392</p> <p>Saints adore .. a30 Salvation, O ..a161</p>	<p>Salvation's glor 176 Sav'd by Christ 313 Saviour, come.. 50 Saviour, if in .. 42 See from his .. 319 See from the ro 368 See, how within 174 See, in the 365 See,see his arm a357 See, the Father 55 See the healing 403 See the holy .. 389 See the streams 42 See where the.. 26 Secure them fro 84 Secure within . 240 Shall we, whose 350 Shew me thy .. 311 Shew them thei 380 Shew them wha 390 Should death .. 267 Should I, to.... 256 Shrink not 107 Sin is buried .. 340 Sin, like a..... 365 Sin, Satan 322 Since all that.. 258 Since first by .. 191 Since his love.. 52 Since in Thee.. 77 Since 'tis the .. 243 Sing of his 13 Sing on your .. 13 Sing the Son's . 49 Sing we then 49 106 Sing we too.... 49 Sinners, believe 377 Sinners in deris' 96 So closely we .. 208 So dear, so very a254 So I ask Thee.. 265 So nigh, so very a254 So now men .. 374 So shall the.... 381 So, whene'er .. 99 Son of God 21 Soon as the 164 Soon, full soon .. 151 Soon in a..... 191 Soon shall our . 139</p> <p>Soon shall 27 80 237 Soon shall we 13 14 Soon, soon 101 225 Soon the bright 282 Soon, to his pla 178 Soon wilt Thou 344 Soul, then know 281 Souls above, in 313 Speak with that 358 Spread his blest 27 Sprinkle the ..a374 Stand fast 160 Stand thou still 38 Standing in the 11 Still let this.... 292 Still sweet 'tis.. 303 Strangers on .. 60 Stripp'd of my . 317 Strong crying.. 316 Such deep 48 Such was our .. 2 Such was the .. 377 Such was thy.. 101 Sure never, till a277 Sweet as home . 364 Sweet hope.... 149 Sweet resting.. 209 Sweet the thoug 49 Sweet thought . 207</p> <p>Take his easy.. 364 Take Thou our 118 Teach me, Lord 28 Teach us, as we 246 Teach us, O Go 300 Thanks we give 99 That all thy.... 303 That blessed .. 358 That blood that 170 That eye is 252 That power is.. 252 That resurrect a183 That rich atoni 243 That sinners mi 199 That tender he 2 That visage.... 297 The ark, the .. 374 The balm of .. 223 The birds with 200 The blood He.. 69</p>
---	--

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

<p>The body now .. 347 The cause was .. 177 The chief of .. 188 The cords that .. 297 The cross, it .. 223 The dying .. 17 191 The earnest.... 272 The earth with 226 The Father and 228 The Father's .. 110 The Father giv 182 The first begot .. 138 The fire thy.... 155 The food they .. 68 The glory of.... 285 The God that.. 30 The guilt of.... 121 The joy of 181 The Lord is ris 184 The Lord is Hi 4316 The mention of 73 The more, thro' 133 The object of .. 283 The people of.. 346 The people who 68 The perfect spir 343 The pris'ner her 367 The quicken'd .. 376 The resurrectio. 126 The Saviour ros 194 The Shepherd .. 277 The Shepherd's 287 The signal of .. 346 The slave of .. 282 The soldier, as .. 208 The soul that.. 62 The sov'reign .. 376 The Spirit doth 167 The Spirit, like 376 The Spirit takes 401 The sword awak 316 The sword of G .. 12 The thorn and .. 156 The time is sho 372 The trembling .. 22 The vilest soul .. 359 The vilest sinne 397 The wanderers. 357 The whole crea 175 The work begun 29</p>	<p>The work which 10 Thee, as our .. 196 Thee my sole .. 310 Their priesthoo 75 Their range was 75 Then all his .. 210 Then as we up a183 Then boldly .. 238 Then faint not. 398 Then, in worshi 70 Then let our 30 68 Then let our 138 188 Then let us .. 23 144 Then let us trea 239 Then may our .. 40 Then oh, to us .. 120 Then shall conn 36 Then shall each 249 Then shall we .. 169 Then speak the 287 Then teach 141 Then, tho' I.... 298 Then weep no.. 260 Then, while we 35 Then, with my 299 There all the .. 279 There at our .. 215 There calmly .. 255 There congrega 190 There He is.... 178 There, in celest 41 There in his.... 324 There in love .. 403 There, in the 190 314 There is a great 365 There is a name 192 There is a place 245 There is a Shep 190 There is a spot 245 There is an arm 252 There is but .. 4316 There is thy .. 102 There it is 399 There Jesus.... 149 There, near thy 60 There, no stran 308 There shall all .. 266 There shall our 13 There shall thy 149 There sin and.. 41</p>	<p>There the Lamb 193 There, thro' thi 209 There we, on .. 245 There we shall 30 There, with wh 132 There's a refuge 398 There's room 360 392 Therefore we'll 215 These arebound 354 They, first, their 75 They must live 278 They often find 272 They once were 349 They spoke in.. 277 Thine eye in .. 145 Thine image .. 243 This Ark, by .. 395 This awful God .. 30 This earth. the. 260 This everlasting 154 This hope..... 7 This infant we .. 336 This is the 230 This joy e'en .. 60 This lamp, thro' 247 This life is 400 This name sha a191 This precious.. 29 This song be .. 16 This spotless .. 83 This young pilg 345 Tho' dark be .. 258 Tho' faith and.. 129 Tho' high, yet.. 16 Tho' in a foreign 240 Tho' in the 116 Tho' like a 299 Tho' loud aroun 271 Tho' many fiery 113 Tho' many foes 93 Tho' now He's. 93 Tho' num'rous .. 14 Tho' our nature 3 Tho' our pilgrim 36 Tho' the restles 104 Tho' the shore .. 236 Tho' this scene 34 Tho' thy way .. 308 Tho' to weak .. 268 Tho' unseen .. 233</p>
---	---	---

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

Tho' vine nor .. 312	Thy death of .. 108	To join in..... 67
Tho' waves and 304	Thy Father.... 115	To look beyond 140
Tho' we pass .. 202	Thy foes might 227	To my last 294
Those mighty.. 264	Thy grace in .. 327	To our Redeem 210
Thou art the .. 122	Thy glory o'er.. 249	To our thoughts 325
Thou art worki 366	Thy God that.. 12	To see Thee.... 170
Thou Countena 128	Thy holy head .. 135	To the Lord .. 210
Thou didst sto a105	Thy life and .. 108	To Thee I..... 263
Thou dost cond 58	Thy love, by .. 142	To us thy cross 181
Thou dost reme 286	Thy love in.... 292	Touch'd with .. 238
Thou from the . 205	Thy love we .. 204	True image of a195
Thou great and 120	Thy mercy foun 6	'Twas Grace .. 46
Thou hast been 348	Thy mercy-seat 263	'Twas I that .. 276
Thou hast besto 205	Thy name is .. 182	'Twas so with.. 369
Thou hast lain . 348	Thy name salva 85	
Thou hast redee 213	Thy path on .. 208	Under the sha 119
Thou hast the . 21	Thy precious .. 141	Unmov'd by .. 142
Thou Holy 282	Thy resurrectio 341	Unseen, we love 115
Thou, O Lord.. 284	Thy spirit thro' 260	Upon my leaf.. 283
Thou saw'st.... 84	Thy sympathies 209	Upon the bridal 332
Thou shalt see . 269	Till He comes . 166	
Thou Son of .. 187	Till it comes .. 162	Waft, waft 350
Thou, too, shalt 260	Till then 'tis .. a316	Was crucified.. 144
Thou wouldst.. 116	Till then we .. 65	Was it for a255
Thousands of.. 384	Till to Jesu's .. a378	Watchful may . 169
Thrice blessed . 26	Till we around 164	Waters deep .. 8
Thrice happy.. 185	'Tis a true 389	We are of..... 124
Thro' all that .. 314	'Tis a truth 351	We are Thine.. 81
Thro' heaven .. 127	'Tis by the Holy 35	We ask not 336
Thro' Him alon 183	'Tis eternal life 153	We bow before . 40
Thro' his name 153	'Tis finish'd.... 189	We cannot ling 349
Thro' one etern 127	'Tis here, when 249	We comprehen a202
Thro' the desert 163	'Tis Jesus, the.. 63	We do not come 235
Thro' time with 72	'Tis not number 251	We drink the .. 110
Throughout .. a195	'Tis not the.... 285	We expect 202
Thus Abraham. 83	'Tis on earth .. 351	We follow Thee 7
Thus arm'd 254	'Tis only in his 321	We give Thee.. 128
Thus has He .. 57	'Tis only in The 139	We go from 102
Thus, heirs of.. 114	'Tis sweet to .. 341	We have found 153
Thus let us 19	'Tis that Man.. 351	We have one .. 203
Thus may thy.. 250	'Tis the long .. 391	We hope to see 7
Ithus may we.. 105	'Tis the treas.. a316	We know that . 143
Thus run his .. 347	'Tis this alone.. 369	We leave it .. a202
Thus teach me. 294	'Tis well to be.. 306	We long to hear 175
Ithus, Thou my 298	To Canaan's .. 41	We look to 226
Thus, while his a277	To God the Son 220	We love our.. 87 114
Thus, while thy 242	To God the Spir 220	We love Thee.. 116
Thus Wisdom's 31	To Him by 178	We may, like .. 200
Thy blood ha 84 141	To Him, then.. 17	We meet, the .. 85
Thy blood we.. 198	To his burial .. 340	We never would 216

INDEX TO THE VERSES.

We nothing hav	254	When I stand..	320	Why should	279	302
We on to ruin..	12	When, like a ..	31	With a price ..	163	
We praise Thee	343	When mothers.	335	With a scrip ..	156	
We see, and we	15	When myst'ry ..	218	With blood I ..	255	
We soon shall..	41	When, of the pr ..	7	With boldness ..	232	
We speak of its	222	When rising ..	342	With Christ....	241	
We thank Thee	343	When shall thes	279	With faith I ..	304	
We thy redeem	108	When sin no ..	230	With gifts of ..	332	
We, too, the....	17	When the prais	320	With grace of ..	331	
We wait for....	348	When the Shep	165	With hope defer	297	
We worship Hi	69	When the world	47	With Jesus ..	23	187
Well might I ..	2255	When Thou sha	81	With joy the ..	421	
We'll join the ..	53	When thro' the ..	62	With pleasing ..	2277	
We'll sing of ..	224	When to Canaa	308	With the adopt	110	
Weak and failin	59	When trouble..	14	With Thee I ..	287	
Weak as we are	93	When we ascen	197	With thy praise	21	
Weak is the....	65	When we halt ..	163	Within the	189	
Welcome, all ..	112	When we hunge	163	Without one ..	176	
Were the whole	119	When we see ..	88	Worthy the ..	25	280
We're here to..	2356	When we think	97			
What heavenly ..	355	Whene'er I ..	294	Ye chosen seed	5	
What joy it is..	100	Where He displ	80	Ye for whom ..	55	
What led the ..	229	Where sin and ..	383	Ye Gentiles....	5	
What love to ..	229	Where Thou ha	390	Ye mourning ..	186	
What mov'd....	229	Where's'er I go ..	2357	Ye risen saints	5	
What strange ..	98	Wherever in ..	265	Ye saints below	98	
What tho' I ..	310	Which of all ..	152	Ye sinners, com	396	
What tho' our..	352	While all things	161	Ye who love ..	45	
What tho' the w	129	While by faith ..	78	Ye who see ..	112	
What tho' the te	215	While calmly in	395	Yea, all the	271	
What tho' the sp	350	While I draw ..	309	Yea, amen ..	95	
What to the....	60	While in ..	58	Yea, this table ..	166	
What transport	256	While our days	70	Yea, tho' the ..	132	
What wondrous	177	While thro' the ..	342	Yea, distinguish	345	
Whate'er consis	262	While we break	78	Yes, for as ..	286	
Whate'er I ..	280	While we in ..	196	Yes, Lord, thy	2371	
Whate'er the ..	174	While we tell ..	43	Yes, the Redee	355	
Whatever foes ..	72	While we tread	50	Yes, tho' we've ..	53	
When and wher	292	While yet thine	66	Yes, Thou art ..	218	
When blood fro	224	Whilst breaking	219	Yes, thy God ..	38	
When call'd....	53	Who can faint ..	42	Yes, when the ..	208	
When faith and	296	Who fac'd our ..	149	Yet in thy ..	292	
When fear its ..	218	Who now accus	180	Yet little do....	145	
When free grace	275	Who suffer ..	26	Yet, Lord, alas ..	303	
When He came	315	Whoever will ..	384	Yet loving The	2195	
When He liv'd.	152	Why is his ..	18	Yet not the	270	
When He make	2202	Why linger ..	209	Yet sure, if ..	303	
When human ..	302	Why should his	138	Yet 'tis not ..	208	
When I hear ..	320	Why shouldza	254	Yet we hope....	97	