

THE
EVANGELIST'S
HYMN BOOK:

A SELECTION OF HYMNS, FOR USE IN
CONNECTION WITH THE PREACHING OF THE
GOSPEL.

LONDON :

G. MORRISH, 24, WARWICK LANE,
Paternoster Row.

W. H. BROOM, 48, PATERNOSTER Row.

1860.

PREFACE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of Hymn Books in the present day, many have felt the need of a book specially adapted for use in connection with preaching to the unconverted. A few hymns suitable for this object are found in most collections : but they are either scattered among so many of a different class as to be difficult to find, or, if arranged under one head, so few in number as soon to be worn threadbare by constant use. It is to meet this need, irrespective of sectarian distinctions, that the following pages are sent to press.

Pains and care have been bestowed on the selection of these hymns from several scores of existing collections, great and small. Many are included which have only appeared before in periodicals, or on single leaves ; and there are a few which have never before been printed in any form. A great variety of hymns will be found here, and this was essential to the object in view. If, as the result, any one should meet with hymns that do not suit his

taste or judgment, it may be well for him to reflect, that others may prefer what seems to him objectionable, and he need use none but such as commend themselves to his own mind. Order has not been entirely disregarded in the arrangement ; but no attempt has been made at complete classification. It is hoped, that let an evangelist open the book where he may, he will find hymns suited to his subject and congregation : hymns, of warning to the careless, encouragement to the anxious, or instruction to inquirers : hymns, celebrating the love of God, the glories of Christ, the joys of the redeemed on earth, or the blessedness of their home in heaven.

This is not a book designed for use in the worship of christian assemblies, and is not to be judged by what would be requisite for such an object. Still, there is no attempt here to furnish the unconverted with hymns that they may sing. Some there are, expressive of the emotions inseparable from conversion itself ; and which may, by the blessing of God, be used at that momentous crisis in the history of any one, in giving utterance to sentiments and feelings to which he is a stranger till that very moment. But, with this exception, it is supposed that they who sing the following hymns, will be the christians present when the gospel is preached. Some, indeed, express the desires of the evangelist himself, and his fellow chris.

tians, for the success of his message, and for that "power from on high" by which alone success can be secured.

A number of hymns for prayer-meetings are placed at the end of the book ; and there may be one here and there, as, for instance, hymn 91, better adapted for the closet than for the congregation or the social circle : but their intrinsic worth will, in these cases, it is hoped, justify their insertion. Many of the hymns are long, simply because they could not be abridged without mutilation. They can easily be shortened in their use, by reading part and singing the remainder.

A small part of the book owes its existence to "The Revival" with which our gracious God has visited so many regions. May the whole be owned of him, as a humble portion of the instrumentality, by which he would extend and perpetuate this gracious visitation. Two considerations cheer and comfort the compiler. First, that whatever may be the measure of acceptance accorded to the work by his brethren, God may use it in the conversion of sinners to himself. Secondly, that if the book should meet with no acceptance at all, he has had an ample reward in the joy and refreshment afforded by the work itself, of examining so many books of christian psalmody, in which the fragrance of the name of Jesus is breathed in almost every page,

INDEX.

HYMN.

A mind at “perfect peace” with God, ...	227
Accept, O Lord, the simple prayer,	339
Afflictions, though they seem severe	191
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed !	114
All hail the power of Jesu’s name	241
All praise to our redeeming Lord	307
All that I was—my sins, my guilt,....	180
“All things are ready”—come	167
Amazing grace ! (how sweet the word !)	72
Among the deepest shades of night.....	5
And can it be that I should gain ?	142
And must we part with all we have !.....	46
And will the Judge descend ?	8
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	222
Are your souls the Saviour seeking ?	9
Ashamed of Christ ! our souls reject	229
Assembled here, O Lord,.....	300
As the serpent, raised by Moses,	122
At Jacob’s well a Stranger sought	242
Author of faith, Eternal Word,	254
Author of faith, we seek thy face	323
Awake, ye thoughtless slaves of sin,	183
Behold, behold the Lamb of God !	207
Behold the Lamb of God, who bore	269
Behold the Redeemer has come !	221
Behold the Saviour at the door	131
Behold the Saviour of mankind	168
Behold the sin-atoning Lamb,.....	199
Behold the spotless Lamb of God	255
Behold the throne of grace !	322

Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth	273
Bitter indeed the waters are	174
Blest be the dear uniting love.....	326
Blessings for ever on the Lamb,.....	192
Brightness of the Father's glory.....	38
Buried in shadows of the night	234
By faith in Christ the soul receives	274
Can sinners hope for heaven ?.....	201
Children of God, in all your need	328
Come, anxious sinner, in whose breast ...	218
Come, let us now unite to raise	24
Come, let us, who in Christ believe	25
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	52
Come, let us all unite to sing	179
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.	313
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,	93
Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,	37
Come, saints, your grateful voices raise...	213
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast	11
Come, sinner, do not tarry,.....	110
Come to the ark—come to the ark	34
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	217
Come, turn your thoughts to Jesus,	116
Come unto me, ye weary, come	64
"Come unto me, and rest"	186
Come, weary souls, with sin oppressed, ...	100
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched.....	2
Come, ye sinners, come to Jesus.....	54
Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted	160
Come, ye that know the Saviour's name...	135
Come, ye weary sinners, come,	14
Crowns of glory, ever bright	92

Delusive world, farewell !	288
Destruction's dangerous road	203
Ere God had built the mountains	29
Far from us be grief and sadness	238
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....	251
Father, if justly still we claim.....	150
Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain.	187
Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound	97
For mercies, countless as the sands	263
From all that dwell below the skies	47
From earth the Saviour's gone	130
From every stormy wind that blows	315
From pole to pole let others roam	230
From Sheba a distant report	109
Give me the faith that can remove.....	75
Glory, glory everlasting,	1
Go, and search the tomb of Jesus	175
Go, worship at Emmanuel's feet	120
God, in the gospel of his Son,	26
God, the offended God, most High.	136
Grace is the sweetest sound.,.....	172
Gracious Lord, my heart is fixed,	224
Great God, when I approach thy throne	133
Great God of wonders, all thy ways	149
Great smitten Rock, from thee flow'd forth	154
Great Shepherd of the chosen few	338
Happy the man that finds the grace	95
Hail ! thou once despised Jesus	261
Hark ! the voice of love and mercy	66
Hark ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	268
Hark ! the gracious warning word	301
Haste, traveller, haste,.....	49

Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,	145
He wears no terrors on his brow	272
He, who once was dead, now liveth	225
Heart-broken, friendless, poor,	210
“ Ho ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh”	20
Ho ! ye that thirst, approach	77
Holy Lord, our hearts prepare,	335
How blest the bright morning appears ...	243
How can a sinner know	232
How condescending and how kind	153
How happy are the little flock	10
How lost was our condition	171
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	4
How sweet the cheering words	303
I heard the voice of Jesus say	264
I lay my sins on Jesus	118
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	250
I need no other plea	157
I need thee, precious Jesus,	112
I once was a stranger	267
I rest in Christ, the Son of God,.....	253
I was a wandering sheep	141
“ I will”—“ Be clean,” the Saviour said	299
If sinners did but know	302
In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	296
In all our vast concerns with thee	42
In evil long I took delight	31
In love to sinners Jesus came	219
In our Lord we have redemption	195
In weakness and trial	317
Is there a thing too hard for thee ?	121
“ It is finish'd,” sinners, hear it	173

It was for me the Lord did die	158
Jesus, and shall it ever be !.....	262
Jesus for us a body took	275
Jesus, how much thy name unfolds	6
Jesus, I love thy charming name	53
Jesus, I rest in thee,.....	127
Jesus, lover of my soul,	147
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	166
Jesus, my strength, my hope,.....	334
Jesus only, he can give.....	32
Jesus, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,	321
Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,	105
Jesus, spotless Lamb of God,	214
Jesus, the name high over all	18
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee	65
Jesus, the very thought of thee	161
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,	21
Jesus, thou sov'reign Lord of all,	311
Jesus, thy far extended fame	83
Jesus, thy precious, cleansing blood	298
Jesus, we look to thee,	318
Join every tongue to sing,	190
Joy is a fruit that will not grow,.....	68
Just as I am, without one plea,	79
Just as thou art, without one trace.....	78
Laden with guilt, sinners arise,	140
Lamb of God, our souls adore thee,	280
Let earth and heaven agree...	85
Let earthly themes now cease.....	258
Let every mortal ear attend	233
Let him to whom we now belong.....	332
Let not the wise his wisdom boast	235

Let saints on earth their anthems raise..	244
Let the redeemed, who know the Lord ...	292
Let worldly minds the world pursue	96
Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending ...	63
Lo ! the infant Saviour lies	239
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.	240
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,.....	306
Lord, let my heart still turn to thee,.....	340
Lord, thou hast searched and seen	12
Lord, we see the day approaching	247
Lord, wherever two or three	336
Mary, to her Saviour's tomb	176
Most precious were the parting words ...	343
My God a God of pardon is.....	138
My hope is built on nothing less.....	59
My soul finds rest in Jesus	106
No condemnation ! O my soul.....	246
Not all the blood of beasts	206
Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,	188
Now begin the heavenly theme	89
Now I have found the ground wherein ...	102
Now may fervent prayer arise	327
Now may the Gospel's conq'ring power...	27
Now may the Lord reveal his face	189
O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near ...	7
O be it, Lord, to us this day	342
O do not let the word depart	290
O for a faith that will not shrink.....	285
O for a thousand tongues to sing	3
O God of our salvation, hear	331
O God, our help in ages past	61
O God, our languid hearts inspire	310

O God, what offering shall I give !.....	333
O God, what cords of love are thine ! ...	80
O happy day, that fixed our choice.....	107
O haste away, my brethren dear	70
O Lamb of God ! how vast thy pains	293
O Lord, send down the heavenly rain ...	193
O Lord, thine unexhausted love	84
O Lord, thy love's unbounded.....	223
O the transcendent love	148
O thou who camest from above	330
O thou who hast redeemed of old	228
O what a thrill of deep delight	284
O what shall I do my Saviour to praise...	119
O wondrous hour ! when, Jesus, thou, . .	178
O wondrous power of faithful prayer	314
Of all the gifts thy hand bestows.....	28
Of thy love some gracious token	305
Oh ! tell me no more.....	181
Oh ! tell through the breadth of creation	139
Oh ! what amazing words of grace.....	151
Oh ! where shall rest be found	185
On Christ salvation rests secure	236
On earth the song begins	155
One glance of thine, eternal Lord,	13
One there is above all others	87
One there is above all others	196
Once more we cast the net	216
Once we all were wretched strangers ...	198
Our God and Saviour, from thy birth ...	163
Our souls by love together knit,.....	281
Ours is a pardon bought with blood	126
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	257

Poor Esau repented too late	98
Poor, weak, and worthless, though I am...	60
Quick and powerful is the word	71
Repent, ye sons of men, repent,	170
Return, O wand'rer, to thy home	266
Revive thy work, O Lord,	308
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	101
Salvation ! oh the joyful sound	17
Save, Jesus, save,	312
Saved by blood, I live to tell	123
Saviour, bless the word to all	204
Saviour divine, whose name we know ..	260
Saviour, quicken souls before thee	304
Saviour, visit thy plantation,	319
See another year is gone !...	62
See how great a flame aspires.....	74
See, Jesus, thy disciples see	324
See mercy, mercy, from on high	194
See the Saviour ! sinners slew him.....	117
See the Saviour tread the dreary	295
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve.....	316
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye.....	76
Sin enslaved me many years	228
Sinner, art thou still secure ?	86
Sinner, oh come, from Sinai fly	256
Sinners, come, the Saviour see	182
Sinners, come, though poor and needy ...	82
Sinners, improve the hours you have.....	152
Sinners, obey the gospel	
Sinners, the voice of God	
Sinners, this solemn trut	
Sinners, turn, why will j	

word.....	31
I regard.....	30
h regard	297
we die.....	22

So strange, so boundless, was the love ...	248
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think	23
Surrounded by a host of foes	245
Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to thee	291
Sweeter, O Lord, than rest to thee.....	287
Sweeter sounds than music knows	197
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal	329
Ten thousand talents once I owed	124
Ten thousand thousand souls there are ...	137
The atoning work is done.....	55
The countless multitude on high....	162
The day of glory bearing	143
The God of love, to earth he came.....	44
The God of wide creation	208
The gospel comes with welcome news ...	279
The gospel table's largely spread	286
The praying spirit breathe	309
The risen Lamb, come let us praise	177
The Saviour calls, let every ear	36
The Saviour came, no outward pomp ...	39
The things impossible to men	337
The veil is rent, lo ! Jesus stands	118
The voice of free grace cries Escape &c.	294
There is an eye that never sleeps	341
There is a fountain filled with blood	90
There is a happy land	184
There is a land of pure delight	69
There is a Name I love to hear	19
There is none other name than thine.....	58
" This man receiveth sinners".....	111
Thou, Jesus, thou, my breast inspire	249
Though all these things substantial seem	164

Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment.....	159
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme	211
Thy message by the preacher seal	276
Time, by moments, steals away	277
Time was, when, with the worldly throng	128
'Tis past, the dark and dreary night,	215
To keep the lamp alive.	278
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	108
To tell the Saviour all my wants.....	259
Wanderer from God, return, return	205
We know, by faith, we know	104
We praise and bless the Saviour's name	103
We sing the praise of him who died	115
We speak of the realms of the blest	16
We were lost, but God has found us	231
Weary souls that wander wide	88
Welcome news the Gospel brings	202
Welcome, welcome, sinner hear	67
Well may we count the world but loss ...	283
Well may we sing, with triumph sing ...	237
We're travelling home to heaven above...	15
What am I, O thou gracious God ?	33
What are these arrayed in white	57
What cheering words are these?	144
What shall I do, my God to love ?	134
" What think you of Christ ?" is the test...	156
What was it, O our God !	212
What various hindrances we meet	325
Whene'er we meet, you always say	73
When every scene this side the grave ...	265
When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame	56
When I, by faith, the Saviour see	169

When I survey the wondrous cross.....	45
When Joseph his brethren beheld	271
When quiet in my house I sit.....	91
When shall thy love constrain ?	132
When some kind shepherd from the fold	289
When the wounded spirit hears	94
When this passing world is done	125
Where, in this waste, unlovely world ! ...	165
Where shall my wondering soul begin ?...	43
Where two or three with sweet accord ...	320
While life prolongs its precious light.....	50
" Who is this that calms the ocean ?".....	146
Why will ye lavish out your years ?	40
Will he come—the Lord from heaven ?...	48
With a heart full of anxious request	282
With erring heart I went astray	270
Woe to the men on earth who dwell	41
Would we view God's brightest glory ...	129
Ye burdened souls that seek the Lord ...	200
Ye dying sons of men	209
Ye neighbours and friends	35
Ye prisoners of hope, o'erwhelmed.....	252
Ye simple souls, that stray	99
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears ...	220
Zaccheus climbed the tree	81

THE EVANGELIST'S HYMN BOOK.

1

P.M.

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross !
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved 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 !

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 !

A

1. COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you;
 Full of mercy, love, and power;
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Oh! ye needy, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that 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 by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

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

3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy. -

7 Look unto him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

4

C.M.

- 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.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend—
My Prophet, Priest, and King—
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And glory in that precious name
That quells the power of death.

5

L.M.

1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way ?
Yes ;—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control ?
No,—for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human foot hath never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone ;
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell ;
He fills the earth, the air, the sea :—
I must within his presence dwell ;
I cannot from his anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee—he shows me where ;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly :
And while he sees me weeping there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

- 1 JESUS, how much thy name unfolds
 To every open'd ear ;
The pardon'd sinner's memory holds
 None other half so dear.
- 2 Jesus ! it speaks a life of love,
 Of sorrows meekly borne ;
It tells of sympathy above,
 Whatever sins we mourn.
- 3 It tells us of thy sinless walk
 In fellowship with God ;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
 As thine atoning blood.
- 4 This name encircles every grace,
 That God, as man, could show ;
There only can the Spirit trace
 A perfect life below.
- 5 Jesus—the One who knew no sin ;
 Made sin to make us just ;
Able art thou our love to win,
 Worthy of all our trust.
- 6 The mention of thy name shall bow
 Our hearts to worship thee ;
The chiefest of ten thousand thou,
 The chief of sinners we.

4 O ALL that pass by, To Jesus draw near;
 He utters a cry, Ye sinners give ear !
 From hell to retrieve you, He spreads
 out his hands ;
 Now, now to receive you, He graciously
 stands.

2 If any man thirst, And happy would be,
 The vilest and worst, May come unto me;
 May drink of my Spirit, Excepted are
 none,
 Lay claim to my merit, And take for
 his own.

3 Whoever receives, The life-giving word,
 In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord;
 In him a pure river of life shall arise ;
 Shall in the believer spring up to the
 skies.

1 AND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall a dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous guilty throng ,
Spread black despair around ?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will thy heart endure
The terrors of that day ?
When heaven and earth, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?

5 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

1 ARE your souls the Saviour seeking ?
Peace, peace—be still :
'Tis the Lord himself is speaking,
Peace, peace—be still.

For, before the world's foundation,
God secured a full salvation,
Happy people—chosen nation !
Peace, peace—be still.

2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,
Peace, peace—be still :
The destroyer sees the token !
Peace, peace—be still.
On God's Word we boldly venture,
All our hopes in Jesus centre,
Into rest our souls can enter,
Peace, peace—be still.

3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still :
Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still.
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging,
Peace, peace—be still.

4 Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Peace, peace—be still :
Day and night through faith unfearing,
Peace, peace—be still.

Though approaching judgments thunder
Filling all men's hearts with wonder,
Though earth's ties are rent asunder,
 Peace, peace—be still.

5 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
 Peace, peace—be still :
He shall hush its loud commotion,
 Peace, peace—be still.
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying,
Till that hour on God relying,
 Peace, peace—be still.

10

4-8s & 2-6s.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who safe beneath their guardian-rock,
 In all commotions rest !
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
 They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee,
 Before the floods descend :
And while the bursting cloud comes down
We mark the vengeful day begun,
 And calmly wait the end.

3 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call ;
 A sign of Jesus near :
His chariot will not long delay ;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant Lord, appear !

11

L.M.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and
 blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice !
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

12

L.M.

1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me
 through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view,

My rising and my resting hours,
My soul, my flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand,
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still by God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent, what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

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

1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through ;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell, afford
A shelter from thy view !

2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies ;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.

3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame ;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

4 Since therefore I can hardly bear,
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to thee !

5 But since my Saviour stands between,
In garments dyed in blood,
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
When I approach to God.

6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my sins his own.

7 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine !
My breaches of the law were his,
And his obedience mine.

1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who groan beneath your load ;
 Jesus calls his wanderers home :
 Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Come, ye guilty spirits oppressed,
 Answer to the Saviour's call :
 " Come, and I will give you rest
 Come, and I will save you all."

1 We're travelling home to heaven above :
 Will you go ?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love :
 Will you go ?
 Millions have reach'd that blessed shore ;
 Their trials and labours all are o'er,
 But still there's room for millions more :
 Will you go ?

2 We there shall walk the plains of light :
 Will you go ?
 Far, far from death, and curse, and night !
 Will you go ?
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven share :
 Will you go ?

3 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
 " I will go ;"
 Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
 " Make me go."
 And all his old companions tell,
 " I will not go with you to hell,
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell :
 Let me go."

16

8s.

- 1 We speak of the realms of the bless'd,
 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 pathways of gold,
 Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare ;
 Its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
 The robes which the glorified wear ;
 The songs of the blessed above—
 But what must it be to be there !
- 4 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 !

5 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare ;
That shortly we also may *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there !

17

C.M.

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

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

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

18

C.M.

1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim ;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, " Behold the Lamb ! "

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name ;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold ! behold the Lamb ! "

19

C.M.

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

2 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.

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

4 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.

20

L.M.

1 "Ho ! everyone that thirsts drawnigh;"
("Tis God invites the fallen race ;)
"Mercy and free salvation buy ;
"Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 "Come to the living waters, come !
"Sinners obey your Maker's call ;
"Return ye weary wanderers home ;
"And find my grace is free for all.

3 "See from the Rock a fountain rise !
"For you in healing streams it rolls ;
"Money ye need not bring, nor price,
"Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 "Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
"Leave all you have and are behind ;
"Frankly the gift of God receive,
"Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
"My words believably receive ;
"Quickened your souls by faith divine,
"An everlasting life shall live."

21

C.M.

1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power ;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

22

7s.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, while God is near :
Dare not think him insincere :
Now, even now, the Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands :
Cries, " Ye will not happy be !
No, ye will not come to me !
Me, who life to none deny :
Why will you resolve to die ? "

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love :
Will you not his grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

4 Can you doubt if God is love ?
If to all his bowels move ?
Will you not his *word* receive ?
Will you not his *oath* believe ?
See ! incarnate Love appears !
Jesus weeps ! believe his tears !
How, in tenderest tones, they cry,
" Why will you resolve to die ? "

- 1 STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think,
Before you farther go !
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
Once again I charge you stop !
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame ?
- 3 Pale-faced death may quickly come
To drag you to his bar,
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair ;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance crying loud ;
And what can you reply ?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know ;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come ;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

24

L.M.

1 Come, let us now unite to raise
A song of joyful, humble praise,
Who nothing have whereof to boast,
But Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

2 Let his dear name for ever be,
Our daily and our earnest plea ;
While in him we for all things trust,
Who came to seek and save the lost.

3 Come, then, poor souls who long have
been,
The slaves of Satan, and of sin,
Throw down your arms, desert his host,
For Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

4 His blood shall cleanse you, and his love
Safe bring you to the world above;
Though great the work, and dear the
cost,
Yet Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

5 Soon shall the storms be all blown o'er,
And you shall reach the heavenly shore,
And sing with all the ransomed host,
That Jesus seeks and saves the lost.

25

C.M.

1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin ;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove :
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

26

L.M.

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.

2 The pris'ner there may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

3 There faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
There shines the light that guides our
way
From earth to realms of endless day,

1 Now may the gospel's conquering 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 feared,
 By those who never feared before.

3 O pity those who sleep in sin,
 Preserve them from the sinner's doom;
 Open the ark and take them in,
 And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be,
 And angels shall more loudly sing ;
 And both ascribe the praise to thee,
 'To thee, the everlasting King.

1 Of all the gifts thy hand bestows,
 Thou Giver of all good !
 Not heaven itself a richer knows
 Than the Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith, too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain ;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
The gift had been in vain.

3 We praise thee, and would praise thee
more ;
To thee our all we owe ;
The precious Saviour, and the power
That makes him precious too.

29

7s & 6s.

1 "ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills ;
In Me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And WISDOM is my name.

2 "When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood :
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with him then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men."

3 Thus Wisdom's words 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 could'st 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."

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
"Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will ye persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?

3 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
And turn away from sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

4 He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood :
His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God.

31

C.M.

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new Object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eye on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped 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 may’st 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 filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

32

7s.

1 JESUS ! only he can give
Peace and comfort while we live ;
Jesus only can supply
Boldness, if we’re call’d to die.

2 If in him we now believe,
He will then our souls receive ;
And he will our treasure be
Here and through eternity.

1 **W**HAT am I, O thou gracious God !
 And what my Father's house to thee !
 That thou such mercies hast bestowed
 On me, the vilest reptile, me ?
 I take the blessing from above,
 And wonder at thy boundless love.

2 **M**e in my blood thy love passed by,
 And stopped my ruin to retrieve ;
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearned, and sounded—
 “Live !”
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 **H**onour, and might, and thanks, and
 praise,
 I render to my pardoning God ;
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad ;
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

1 **C**OME to the ark—come to the ark,
 To Jesus come away,
 The pestilence walks forth by night;
 The arrow flies by day.

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 who 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 lingering steps oppose ;
Come, for the door which open stood,
Is now about to close.

25

10s & 11s.

1 Y~~e~~ neighbours and friends, To Jesus
draw near ;
His love condescends, By titles so dear,
To call and invite you, His triumph to
prove,
And freely delight you In Jesus's love.

2 The deaf hear his voice, And comforting
word ;
It bids them rejoice In Jesus their Lord ;

“Thy sins are forgiven, Accepted thou art,”
They listen, and heaven Springs up in their heart.

3 The lepers from all Their spots are made clean ;
The dead by his call Are raised from their sin ;
In Jesu’s compassion The sick find a cure,
And gospel salvation Is preached to the poor.

4 To us and to them Is published the word :
Then let us proclaim Our life-giving Lord,
Who now is reviving His work in our days
And mightily striving To save us by grace.

1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heav’ly 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.

3 Ye sinners come ! 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
 And can ye yet delay ?

4 Dear Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts,
 To thee let sinners fly ;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

37

8s & 7s.

1 Come, poor sinners, come to Jesus,
 Weary, heavy laden, weak ;
None but Jesus Christ can ease us,
 Come ye all, his mercy seek.

2 "Come," it is his invitation ;
 "Come to me," the Saviour says ;
Why, O why such hesitation,
 Gloomy doubts, and base delays ?

3 Do you fear your own unfitness,
 Burdened as you are with sin ?
'Tis the Holy Spirit's witness ;
 Christ invites you ;—enter in.

4 Do your sins, and your distresses,
'Gainst this sacred record plead ?
Know that Christ most kindly blesses
Those who feel the most their need.

5 Hear his words, so true and cheering,
Fitted just for the distressed ;
Dwell upon the sound endearing :
" Mourners, I will give you rest."

6 Stay not pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away ;
Do not linger till to-morrow,
Come to Christ without delay.

7 He will give—we ne'er can merit,
Perfect peace and heavenly rest ;
What a treasure we inherit,
How are contrite sinners blest.

38

8s & 7s.

1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?
Who would hush the boundless story,
Of the Lamb who came to die ?

2 Came from off the throne eternal,
Down to Calvary's depth of woe,
Came to crush the powers infernal !
Streams of praises ceaseless flow !

3 Sing the Lamb's triumphant rising ;
 Sing him on the Father's throne ;
Sing—till, heaven and earth surprising,
 Reigns the Nazarene alone.

39

C.M.

1 THE Saviour came, no outward pomp
 Bespoke his presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shone in him,
 To draw the carnal eye.

2 Fair, as a beauteous fragrant flower,
 Amidst the desert grows :
So, slighted by a rebel race,
 The heav'nly Saviour rose.

3 Rejected and despised of men,
 He was a man of woe ;
Grief was his close companion still,
 Through all his life below.

4 Yet all the grief he felt was ours,
 Ours were the woes he bore ;
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
 With bitter anguish tore.

5 They thought he was condemned of
 heav'n,
An outcast from his God ;
While for our sins he groaned and bled,
 Beneath Jehovah's rod.

6 His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain,
His stripes have healed us, and his death
Revived our souls again.

7 He died to bear our guilt away,
That sin might be forgiven ;
He lives to bless us, and defend,
And plead our cause in heaven.

40

L.M.

1 Why will ye lavish out your years,
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ;
While, in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind ;
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown ?

3 The eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love ;
Awakened conscience gives you pain,
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue ;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
To fix convictions on the heart ;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

41

C.M.

1 Woe to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown ;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down !

2 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe ?
When heaven and earth are fled and
gone,
O where shall I appear ?

3 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide.

4 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene ;
For, lo ! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

5 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We shelter at thy side ;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

- 1 In all our vast concerns with thee,
In vain our souls would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
Our rising and our rest,
Our public walk, our private ways,
The secrets of our breast.
- 3 Our thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere our lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense they mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms we lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround us still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard our souls from every ill,
And fill us with thy love.

- 1 Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?

A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise ?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father which thou to me hast showed?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know on earth my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven !

3 Come, O my guilty neighbours, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin ;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in :
He calls you now, invites you home ;
Come, O my guilty neighbours, come !

4 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side :
Languished for you th' eternal God ;
For you the Prince of Glory died :
Believe, and all your sins forgiven ;
Only believe, and yours is heaven !

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.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

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

1 AND must we part with all we have,
Jesus, our Lord, for thee?
This be our joy, for thou hast done
Much more to set us free.

2 YES, all may go, one smile from thee,
Will more than make amends
For all the loss we may sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 TEN thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
And all we once called dear,
Compared with thee, our Lord, our God,
How worthless they appear.

4 O JESUS, Lord! while we from thee
Thy constant love obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
We'll glory in our gain.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
In ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy Word !
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

48

P.M.

1 Will he come—the Lord from heaven,
He who bore the cross below ?
Yes ; to him all power is given,
In the highest heaven now,
And in glory,
Soon he'll come, when all must bow.

2 See the nations all assembling,
Stand before the Saviour's throne ;
Thousands at his presence trembling,
Hope extinguish'd, pleasures gone ;
Calling, seeking
For relief, and finding none.

3 But his people—they who knew him,
And on earth his name confess'd ;
These the Saviour welcomes to him ;
These he makes supremely blest ;
Rich their portion ;
Their's an everlasting rest.

Look not behind, make no delay,
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way :
Haste, traveller, haste !

6 Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou
Willing to find salvation now ?
There yet is hope—hear mercy's call—
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all :
Haste, to him haste !

50

L.M.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given ;
But ah ! how soon approaching night
Will blot out ev'ry hope of heaven.

2 In the lone land of deep despair,
No ray of heavenly light shall rise ;
No God regard the hopeless prayer,
No Saviour call us to the skies.

3 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the Gospel's heavenly
sound !
May guilty sinners haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word ;
Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day :
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son :
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the hardness to remove ;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Is ready, with their shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,
“ The dead’s alive ! the lost is found ! ”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

3 All things that God or man could wish,
 In Jesus richly meet :
 Not to the eyes is light so dear,
 Or friendship half so sweet.

4 O may his name still cheer our hearts,
 And shed its fragrance there !
 The sweetest balm of ev'ry wound,
 The cure of ev'ry care.

1 COME, ye sinners, come to Jesus,
 Think upon your gracious Lord ;
 He has pitied your condition,
 He has sent his gospel-word ;
 Mercy calls you,
 Merey flows through Jesu's blood.

2 Gracious Saviour, help thy servant,
To proclaim thy wondrous love :
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve ;
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast ;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesu's guest :
O receive them,
Let them find the promised rest.

55

4-6s & 2-8s.

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 sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above ;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love ;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields its boundless store.

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 long to see
 Their great High Priest again :
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

56

6-8s.

1 WHEN first, o'erwhelmed with sin and
 shame,
To Jesu's cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near ;
And pardon 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 Before his face my Priest appears ;
My Advocate the Father hears :
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries ;
It speaks, it *ever* speaks to God—
The voice of that *atoning blood*.

4 By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
The accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of him whose name is love ;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by the *atoning blood*.

5 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 laud that rich *atoning blood*.

1 **W**HAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?

These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood ;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night :
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more :
God shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

1 THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus ! name divine !
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 Name above ev'ry name ! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days.
Jehovah Jesus ! name divine !
Rock of salvation ! be thou mine.

59

6-8s.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness *seems* to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil :
On Christ, &c.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay :
On Christ, &c.

4 When he shall come with trumpet's
sound,
Then shall my soul in him be found !
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Presented faultless at the throne :
On Christ, &c.

- 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 ransomed me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controlled ;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to the chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies,
Oh ! what a friend is Christ to me !

- 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,
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

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

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

1 SEE ! another year is gone !
Quickly have the seasons passed !
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last :

Mercy hitherto has spared ;
But, have mercies been improved ?
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
Should I be this year removed ?

2 Life a field of battle is,
Thousands fall within our view ;
And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be sent to me or you ;
While we preach, and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think,
Vast eternity is near,
I am standing on the brink.

3 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come ;
And the happiest year they know,
Is the last, that leads them home.

1 Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall their true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers :
With what rapture,
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God ! come down.

1 " COME unto me, ye weary, come
" Ye heavy laden, cease to roam,
" I will refresh the weary breast,
" And give the tempted spirit rest."

2 Sweet word ! it calms the troubled soul,
It bids our sorrows cease to roll,
Smiles, like the rainbow on the deep,
And hushes all our woes to sleep.

3 Lord, at thy feet 'tis good to be,
Thy word to hear, thy face to see,
Thy freedom's easy yoke to wear,
The burden of thy love to bear.

4 Jesus, thy promise I believe,
Nor ever would thy presence leave ;
But seek, upon thy guardian breast,
The foretaste of eternal rest.

65

L.M.

1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee :
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,
Fall'n, 'till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

3 A mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there :
'Tis thou alone canst make me clean,
'Tis thou alone canst cast out sin.

4 At last I own it cannot be,
That I should fit myself for thee :
Here then to thee I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

66

P.M.

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

2 Oh, the life, the peace, the pleasure,
Which these gracious words afford !
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord :
“ It is finished !”
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finish'd all that God has promised ;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
“ It is finished ;”
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye ransom'd,
Sound aloud Emmanuel's fame ;
All creation swell the chorus ;
Dwell on this delightful theme,
“ It is finish'd ! ”—
Glory to the Lamb once slain.

1 WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !
Hang not back through shame or fear ;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call—
Mercy is proclaim'd to all.

2 Welcome to the offer'd peace ;
Welcome, pris'ner, to release ;
Burst thy bonds, be saved, be free ;
Rise and come—he calleth thee.

3 Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent ;
Welcome, long estranged child ;
God in Christ is reconciled.

4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount ;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

5 All ye weary and distress'd,
Welcome to relief and rest ;
All is ready, hear the call ;
There is ample room for all.

6 None can come that shall not find,
Mercy call'd whom grace inclin'd ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, " Depart."

68

C.M.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

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

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.

4 To find my place within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable ! divine !

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot ;
But, since ye are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

69

C.M.

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

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

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

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

5 Could they but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Would fright them from the shore.

70

P.M.

1 O HASTE 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 ;
Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh, 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 !
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

3 Around his throne, all clothed in white,
Will all his saints appear ;

And, shining in his glory bright,
Will see our Jesus there.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

4 Through heaven the shouts of angels
ring,

When sons of God are born ;
Oh, what a company will sing

On the millennial morn !

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

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.

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

6 Through one eternal day we 'll sing,

And bless his sacred name,

With hallelujahs to the King,

And "Worthy is the Lamb!"

Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

1 "QUICK and powerful is the word,
" Sharper than a two-edged sword ;"
Used by the Spirit's hand,
Nothing can its force withstand.

2 How its power was felt of old,
They who felt its power have told ;
Many were the wonders wrought,
Multitudes to Jesus brought.

3 Mighty God ! whose word it is,
Hear our prayer, and grant us this,
What thy power has done before,
By thy Spirit do once more.

4 Give the word to those who speak,
Open hearts thy grace to seek,
Jesus make their theme of praise,
And instruct them in thy ways.

72

C.M.

1 AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the word !)
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,—
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
 Will be for ever mine.

73

P.M.

1 WHEVER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the tidings of the day?
 What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, I have got good news to tell!
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumph'd over death and hell—
 That's the news! That's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
 That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
 That's the news! That's the news!

'Twas there his precious blood was shed ;
'Twas there he bow'd his sacred head ;
But now he's risen from the dead—
That's the news ! That's the news !

3 To heav'n above the Conqueror's gone :
That's the news ! That's the news !
He's pass'd triumphant to his throne :
That's the news ! That's the news !
And on that throne he will remain,
Until from heav'n he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train :
That's the news ! That's the news !

4 His work's reviving all around :
That's the news ! That's the news !
And many have redemption found :
That's the news ! That's the news !
And since their souls have caught the
flame,
They shout Hosannah to his name ;
And all around they spread his fame :
That's the news ! That's the news !

5 The Lord has pardon'd all my sin :
That's the news ! That's the news !
I have the witness now within :
That's the news ! That's the news !

And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day :
That's the news ! That's the news !

6 And Christ, the Lord, can save you now :
That's the news ! That's the news !
Your sinful hearts he can renew :
That's the news ! That's the news !
This moment, if for sins you grieve—
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you 'll receive :
That's the news ! That's the news !

7 And then if any one should say,
What's the news ? What's the news ?
Oh ! tell them you 've begun to pray :
That's the news ! That's the news !
That you have joined the conqu'ring
band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You 're marching to the better land :
That's the news ! That's the news !

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace ;
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

To bring fire on earth he came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is ;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day ;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way :
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail :
Sin's strong-holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,
He the door hath opened wide :
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified :
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of him—
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

- 1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.
- 2 I want an even strong desire,
I want a calmly fervent zeal,
To pull poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.
- 3 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known:
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine,
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom the Shepherd died.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of immortals see :
To thee on their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near ;
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 The pit its mouth has opened wide,
To swallow up its careless prey :
Why should *they* die, when *thou* hast
died ?
Hast died to bear their sins away ?
- 4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize ?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans :
The meed of all thy sufferings these ;
O claim them for thy ransomed ones !
- 5 Extend to these thy pardoning grace :
To these be thy salvation showed :
O add them to thy chosen race !
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 6 Still let the publicans draw near :
Open the door of faith and heaven ;
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

1 Ho ! ye that thirst, approach the spring
 Where living waters flow ;
 Free to that sacred fountain all
 Without a price may go,
 Without a price may go,
 Without a price may go,
 Free to that sacred fountain all
 Without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
 Will ye in crowds repair ?
 How long your strength and substance
 waste
 On trifles light as air ?
 On trifles light as air, &c.

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
 That health and pleasure give ;
 Incline your ear and come to me,
 The soul that hears shall live.
 The soul that hears shall live, &c.

4 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
 Is open to your call ;
 While offered mercy still is near,
 Before his footstool fall,
 Before his footstool fall, &c.

- 1 JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heav'nly place,
 O guilty sinner, come !
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, wouldest thou be
blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts opprest—
 O weary sinner, come !
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
My grace repays all earthly loss:
 O needy sinner, come !
- 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 Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faint, who thirst, who will, may
come—
 Thy Saviour bids thee come.

- 1 *Just as I am*—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst 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 fears without,”
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 *Just as I am*—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 *Just as I am*—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 *Just as I am*—thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down :
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

1 O God! what cords of love are thine,
 How gentle, yet how strong;
 Thy truth and grace their strength
 combine,
 To draw our souls along.

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,
 Till round the throne we meet;
 And captives in the chains of love,
 Embrace our conqueror's feet.

1 *ZACCHEUS* climbed the tree,
 And thought himself unknown:
 But how surprised was he,
 When Jesus called him down!
 The Lord beheld him, though concealed,
 And by a word his power revealed.

2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face ;
" Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my case ?
Will Jesus deign with me to dine ?
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."

3 Thus, where the gospel's preached,
And sinners come to hear,
The hearts of some are reached,
Before they are aware :
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see
And hear what he can say ;
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5 His long forgotten faults
Are brought again to view,
And all his secret thoughts
Revealed in public too :
Though compassed with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fill his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart.

Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

82

P.M.

- 1 SINNERS, come, though poor and needy,
 Jesus will receive the poor ;
He declares, " All things are ready,"
 And what Jesus says is sure.
 Oh ! believe him ;
 Take of mercy's boundless store.
- 2 Hear how God himself beseeches—
 " Sinners, be ye reconciled ;"
Jesus in the Gospel teaches
 How a foe becomes a child.
 When he suffer'd
 Love prevail'd, and Justice smiled.
- 3 See, his sacred body broken—
 Broken on th' accursed tree ;
Hear the words the Lord hath spoken—
 " Sinners live, beholding me."
 Hopeless sinner,
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.
- 4 Should you slight his great salvation,
 Can you stand when he appears ?
When the Judge shall take his station,
 What shall then avail your tears ?
 Seek, oh, seek him !
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

- 1 Jesus, thy far-extended fame
 My drooping soul exults to hear,
 Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
 Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
 With comfortable words and kind,
 Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
 Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
 In every place and age the same?
 Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
 Or lost the virtue of thy name?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have ;
 The good, the kind Physician, thou
 Art able now our souls to save,
 Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though eighteen hundred years are past,
 Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
 Thy tender mercies ever last ;
 And still thy healing power is here !
- 6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
 And not regard the sin-sick soul?
 The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
 And surely thou shalt make it whole.

1 O LORD, thine unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And helps our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
 Thou dost with sinners bear ;
 That saved, they may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul abound :
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our sins are drowned.

1 LET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be joined,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heaven :
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

86

7s.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

2 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastens to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
Who his advent may abide?
You, that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame.

3 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.

Where are now their haughty looks ?
Oh ! their horror and despair !
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear.

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

We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

- 1 WEARY souls that wander wide,
From the central point of bliss ;
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his ;
Trust his all-atoning blood,
Give your hearts at once to God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown ;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan ;
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
God for you his Son hath given !
Ye may now be happy too, .
Find on earth the life of heaven ;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love !
- 3 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 Hither then your praises bring,
And of Jesus gladly sing ;
Gladly join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, 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 victory wave.

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

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,

And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may thy gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be :
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me :
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may thy reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast !
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my
tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

1 CROWNS of glory, ever bright,
Rest upon the victor's head ;
CROWNS of glory are his right —
His "who liveth and was dead."

2 Jesus fought and won the day—
Such a day was never fought;
Well his people now may say,
“See what God, our God, hath
wrought!”

3 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone;
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.

4 Now proclaim his deeds afar,
Fill the world with his renown;
His alone the victor's car,
His the everlasting crown!

93

C.M.

1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us 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
His pardon on the tree?

3 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desperate state explain:
And fill his heart with sacred 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.

5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

94

P.M.

1 WHEN the wounded spirit hears
The voice of Jesu's blood,
How the message stops the tears
Which else in vain had flow'd !
Pardon, grace, and peace proclaimed,
And the sinner called a child :
Then the stubborn heart is tamed,
Renewed, and reconciled.

2 Oh ! 'twas grace indeed to spare
And save a wretch like me !
Men or angels could not bear
What I have offered thee.
Were thy bolts at their command,
Hell ere now had been my place ;
Thou alone could'st silent stand,
And wait to show thy grace.

3 If, in one created mind,
 The tenderness and love
Of thy saints on earth were join'd
 With all the hosts above ;
Still that love were weak and poor,
If compared, my Lord, with thine ;
Far too scanty to endure
 A heart so vile as mine.

4 Wondrous mercy I have found,
 But, ah, how faint my praise !
Must I be a cumber-ground,
 Unfruitful all my days ?
Do I in thy garden grow,
 Yet produce thee only leaves ?
Lord, forbid it should be so ;
 The thought my spirit grieves.

5 Heavy charges Satan brings,
 To fill me with distress ;
Let me hide beneath thy wings
 And plead thy righteousness :
Lord, to thee for help I call,
 'Tis thy promise bids me come :
Tell him thou hast paid for all,
 And that shall strike him dumb.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,

The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee :
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

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

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honours shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

- 1 Poor Esau repented too late,
That once he his birthright despised,
And sold, for a morsel of meat,
What could not too highly be prized :
How great was his anguish when told,
The *blessing* he sought to obtain
Was gone with the birthright he sold,
And none could recall it again !
- 2 He stands as a warning to all,
Wherever the gospel shall come ;
O hasten and yield to the call,
While yet for repentance there's room !
Your season will quickly be past ;
Be wise, and improve it to-day,
Lest, when you seek mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.
- 3 What is it the world can propose ?
A morsel of meat at the best ;
For this are you willing to lose
A share in the joys of the blest ?
Its pleasures will speedily end,
Its favour and praise are but breath ;
And what can its profits befriend
Your soul in the moment of death ?

4 If Jesus for these you despise,
And sin to the Saviour prefer ;
In vain your entreaties and cries,
When summoned to stand at his bar.
How will you his presence abide ?
What anguish will torture your heart !
The saints all enthroned by his side,
And you be compelled to depart.

5 Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferred some poor trifle to thee ;
How is it thou dost not deny
The blessing and birth-right to me ?
No better than Esau I am,
Though pardon and heaven be mine ;
To me belongs nothing but shame,
The praise and the glory be thine.

1 YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God ?

2 Madness and misery

Ye count our life beneath ;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death :
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things ;
For he, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

3 Riches unsearchable

In Jesu's love we know ;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow.
With him we walk in white ;
We in his image shine :
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin oppress'd,
Come and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Burden'd with guilt—a painful load,
Oh ! come and bow before your God ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your
 woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift ! how free the grace!

101

7s.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Guilty, to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
If my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
Still I'll cling to thee alone :
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

102

6-8s.

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace,
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
 Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me ;
While Jesu's blood, through earth and
 skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !

4 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 ;
Away sad doubt, and anxious fear !
Mercy is all that's written there !

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies :
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground shall 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,
Loved with an everlasting love.

1 We praise and bless the Saviour's name,
His work is wondrous in our eyes ;
From heaven in love to man he came,
And on the cross for man he dies.

We know no other love like this,
No other love can equal his.

2 For man, the rebel and the foe,
 He bore the curse upon the tree ;
When sunk in guilt, and sunk in woe,
 When all was lost, or seem'd to be,
'Twas then the Saviour saw his case,
 'Twas then the Saviour show'd his grace.

3 The theme is sweet, 'tis lofty too,
 'Tis far too high for thought to scan ;
For who is he can fully know
 The love of God to guilty man ?
Eternity alone will prove
 Sufficient to unfold his love !

4 'Tis there the Saviour will unfold
 The love that brought him down from
heaveu,
Will tell what could not here be told,
 Will give what could not here be
given.

How blest are those he owns as his—
Their spring of joy eternal is !

1 We know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay,

We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands ;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
This heavenly fabric stands.

2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure ;
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored !
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !

105

C.M.

1 JESUS ! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord !
The weary sinner's friend ;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my sorrows end.

2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty ;
Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
And Jesus prove to me !

3 Faith to be healed thou knowest I have,
For thou that faith hast given :
Thou canst, thou wilt, the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.

G

4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;
Thou wilt victorious prove ;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love.

5 Bound down with twice ten thousand
ties
Yet let me hear thy call ;
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.

106

P.M.

1 My soul finds rest in Jesus,
I see his work is done ;
The Father hath declared himself
Well pleased in his Son.

2 I cast my care on Jesus,
For who so kind as he ?
No mother's heart has half the love
That Jesus bears to me.

3 I'll try to live like Jesus,
And do his Father's will ;
Where'er he goes I'll follow him,
And he will keep me still.

4 I'll bring my friends to Jesus,
And bid them look and live ;
I'll tell how free his mercy is,
How freely he'll forgive.

5 I'll sing the praise of Jesus,
It is a pleasant thing,
With grateful hearts, to celebrate
The glories of our king.

6 I yield my all to Jesus,
And am supremely blest;
Yes! in the bosom of his love
Is my eternal rest.

107

L.M.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed our choice
On thee, our Saviour and our God;
Well may our ransomed hearts rejoice
And tell their joyfulness abroad.

2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done
We are the Lord's for evermore;
He drew us, and compliance won,
- And him alone we now adore.

3 Now rests the long divided heart,
Fixed in this sure unchanging rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part
When called on living bread to feast

108

C.M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!

Oh ! may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, may we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
And every heart with rapture say,
" The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh ! may the sweet and blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers learn thy glorious name,
And join the sacred song.

1 FROM Sheba a distant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when she came.
She cried with a pleasing surprise,
When first she before him appeared,
" How much what I see with my eyes,
Surpasses the rumour I heard !"

2 Thus I, when the gospel proclaimed
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wisdom for which he is famed,
The love which to sinners he bears ;
I long'd, and I was not denied,
That I in his presence might bow ;
I saw, and transported I cried,
" A greater than Solomon thou !"

3 My conscience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard questions opposed ;
But he restored peace to my mind,
And answered each doubt I proposed :
Beholding me poor and distressed,
His bounty supplied all my wants ;
My prayer could have never expressed
So much as this Solomon grants.

4 I heard, and was slow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold
Much more than my heart can conceive
Or language could ever have told :
How happy thy servants must be,
Who always before thee appear !
Vouchsafe, Lord, this blessing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

1 Come, sinner, do not tarry,
Come to the Saviour's feet :

Many are there already :
Oh, seek this safe retreat.

2 Did you but know the gladness
Of hearing Jesus say,
" Thy sins are all forgiven,"
You could not stay away.

3 Oh do not then refuse him,
The voice of Jesus hear !
Once in his arms safe shelter'd,
What has the soul to fear ?

111

P.M.

1 " This man receiveth sinners ;"
" This man"—and who was he ?
Beneath a servant's humble form,
" God manifest" we see.

2 " This man receiveth sinners ;"
My soul put in thy claim,
For surely thou must own that this
alone can be thy name.

3 " This man receiveth sinners ;"
Sweet thought for such as me !
For then he will not cast me out,
All filthy though I be.

4 "This man receiveth sinners ;"
Yea bids them freely come ;
He meets the prodigal half-way,
And safely guides him home.

5 "This man receiveth sinners ;"
The saints, in heaven above,
Shall own that they are sinners saved
By free, forgiving love.

112

7s & 6s.

1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

2 I need the cleansing fountain,
To which I gladly flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus !
I need a Friend like thee ;
A Friend to soothe and sympathise,
A Friend to care for me.

4 I need thee, precious Jesus !
I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fulness,
To lead me on my way.

5 I need thee, precious Jesus !
And hope to see thee soon,
Descending in thy glory,
And seated on thy throne.

6 There, with thy blood-bought people,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus !
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

113

C.M.

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 finished !" on the cross he said,
In agonies and blood ;
" "Tis finished !" now he lives to plead
Before the face of God.

114

C.M.

1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

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.

2 Inscribed 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 ev'ry 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.

1 COME, turn your thoughts to Jesus,

If you would good possess;

'Tis he alone that frees us

From guilt and from distress:

When he by faith is present,

The sinner's troubles cease;

His ways are truly pleasant,

And all his paths are peace.

2 Our time in sin we wasted,

And fed upon the wind:

Until his love we tasted,

No comfort could we find:

But now we stand to witness
His power and grace to you :
May you perceive its fitness,
And call upon him too !

3 Our pleasure and our duty,
Though opposite before,
Since we have seen his beauty,
Are joined to part no more :
It is our highest pleasure,
No less than duty's call,
To love him beyond measure,
And serve him with our all.

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, reconciled to God.

2 'Tis a true and joyful saying,
Jesus came to save the lost ;
Grace and truth at once displaying,
God the Saviour, true and just.
Sinners, hear his gracious voice ;
In his saving work rejoice.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains,
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

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

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

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises—
To learn the angels' song.

119

10s & 11s.

1 O what shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem
The weakest believer That hangs upon
him.

2 How happy the man Whose heart is set
free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee.
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy
face ;
And still they are talking Of Jesus's
grace.

3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name ;
They shall as their right Thy righteous-
ness claim ;

Thy righteousness wearing, And
cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in The presence
of God.

120

L.M.

- 1 Go worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet :
Earth is too narrow to express,
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord :
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Is he a Fountain ? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 4 Is he a Rock ? how firm he proves,
The Rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him
flow,
Attend us all the desert through.
- 5 Is he a Way ? he leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with constant zeal,
Which his own love hath made me feel.

6 Is he a Door? I enter in,
And feed in pastures large and green:
A paradise divinely fair,
Which all who come by him may share.

7 Is he designed a Corner-Stone,
For men to build their hopes upon?
I build my all upon him too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

121

C.M.

1 Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

2 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

3 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail,
Nearer to save thou art:
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

4 Lo! to thyself I lift mine eye,
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of mercies, glorify
The risen Jesu's name!

5 Salvation in that name is found,
 Balm of my grief and care ;
A medicine for my every wound,
 All, all I want is there.

122

8s & 7s.

1 As the serpent raised by Moses
Healed the burning serpent's bite ;
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight :
Hear his gracious invitation,
“ I have life and peace to give,
“ I have wrought out full salvation,
“ Sinner, look to me and live.

2 “ Pore upon your sins no longer,
“ Well I know their mighty guilt ;
“ But my love than death is stronger,
“ I my blood have freely spilt :
“ Though your heart has long been
 hardened,
“ Look on me—it soft shall grow ;
“ Past transgression shall be pardoned,
“ And I'll wash you white as snow.

3 “ I have seen what you were doing,
“ Though you little thought of me ;
“ You were madly bent on ruin,
“ But I said—It shall not be :

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

4 “ Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
“ All your inward passions move :
“ I could crush thee with my thunder,
“ But I speak to thee in love ;
“ See ! your sins are all forgiven,
“ I have paid the countless sum !
“ Now my death has opened heaven,
“ Thither thou shalt shortly come.”

5 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death ;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith :
From the law’s condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal ;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

1 SAVED by blood, I live to tell
What the love of Christ has done,
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son :

Oh, I tremble still to think
How secure I lived in sin ;
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
Touched me by his Spirit's power,
And my dangerous slumber broke ;
Then I saw and owned my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord replied ;
" Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
'Twas for such as thee I died."

3: Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possessed my heart ;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part ?
" Thou hast greatly sinned," he said,
" But I freely all forgive ;
I myself the debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow-sinners, try,
Jesu's heart is full of love !
O that you as well as I,
May his wondrous mercy prove !
He has sent me to declare
All is ready, all is free :
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me ?

- 1 TEN thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay :
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And washed my debt away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score,
Much more indebted I have been
Than e'er I was before.
- 3 My guilt is cancelled quite, I know,
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.
- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
For grace that made me live,
For present peace, and promised heaven,
No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine, thou sinner's Friend !
Witness thy bleeding heart !
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay, more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain ;
And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
(Let who will boast their store,)
In time, and to eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

125

6-7s.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glorious 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 the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own ;
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.

126

L.M.

- 1 **Ours is a pardon bought with blood,**
 Amazing truth ! the blood of One
 Who, without usurpation, could
 Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.
- 2 **No victim of inferior worth**
 Could ward the stroke that justice
 aim'd ;
 For none but he, in heaven or earth,
 Could offer that which justice claim'd.
- 3 **But he, the Lord of glory, came ;**
 On yonder cross he bow'd his head ;
 He suffer'd pain, he suffer'd shame,
 And lay a prisoner in the grave.
- 4 **But lo ! he rises from the grave,**
 And bears the greatest, sweetest name :
 The Lord, almighty now to save,
 From sin, from death, from endless
 shame.

1 Jesus ! I rest in thee,
 In thee myself I hide ;
 Laden with guilt and misery,
 Where can 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—thro' 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 !

- 1 TIME was, when, with the worldly throng,
I journey'd heedlessly along;
I hated all things pure and good,
But evil eagerly pursued.
- 2 Earthly delights alone I priz'd,
And holy, heav'nly joys despis'd;
God, and his word, alike I spurn'd,
And from the voice of warning turn'd.
- 3 But Jesus stopp'd me on my way,
Taught my unholy lips to pray;
Chang'd my vile heart, and made me see
He shed his precious blood for me.
- 4 Now I with joy and transport sing,
The praises of my Saviour-King;
I love to speak of him who gave
Himself, my ruin'd soul to save.
- 5 Awakening mercy, rich and free,
That sav'd a sinner, vile like me!
What can I render to the Lord,
Or how his wondrous grace record?
- 6 All glory to the Father's love,
That sent a Saviour from above!

All glory to that Saviour's name,
Who from his Father's bosom came !

7 All glory to the Spirit's grace,
That brought me to my resting-place !
Glory for evermore be giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n !

129

P.M.

1 WOULD we view God's brightest glory,
We must look in Jesu's face ;
Sing, and tell the pleasing story,
O ye sinners saved by grace ;
And with pleasure,
Bid the guilty him embrace.

2 In his highest work, redemption,
See his glory fully blaze ;
Nor can angels ever mention
Aught that more of God displays ;
Grace and justice
Here unite to endless days.

3 In the person of the Saviour,—
God's full majesty is seen ;
Love and justice shine for ever ;
And, without a veil between,
Man may meet him,
And rejoice in his great name.

4 O ! how true and blest the pleasure,
God to view in Christ the Lord ;
There he smiles, and smiles for ever ;
Let the church this truth record ;
Praise and bless him !
And his wonders spread abroad.

130

S.M.

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 sinner's 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.

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

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door :
He gently knocks,—has knocked before ;
Has waited long,—is waiting still,—
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands,
With open heart and outstretched
hands ;
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him,—for the human breast,
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
Admit him,—or the hour's at hand,
When at *his* door, denied, you'll stand.
- 4 Open my heart, Lord, enter in ;
Slay every foe and conquer sin ;
Here now to thee I all resign,
My body, soul, and all are thine.

- 1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast ?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest ?

2 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part ;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

3 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

4 And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear myself from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

5 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more :
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

133

C.M.

1 GREAT God, when I approach thy throne
And all thy glory see,
This is my plea, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemn'd to die,
Escape the just decree ?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I, —
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burden'd with sin's oppressive chain,
 Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,—
 But Jesus died for me.

4 My course I could not safely steer
 Through life's tempestuous sea,
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
 That Jesus died for me.

5 My debt he paid, my guilt he bore,
 On the accursed tree;
My pardon's sealed for evermore,
 For Jesus died for me.

6 And he who died now lives above,
 My Advocate to be;
And sends the Spirit down to prove,
 That Jesus died for me.

7 His blood speaks peace, his sufferings
 bring
 Relief, my soul, to thee;
And death has now no power to sting,
 Since Jesus died for me.

8 And when in heaven I take my place,
 This shall my anthem be,
Glory to God's almighty grace,
 For Jesus died for me.

1 **W**HAT shall I do my God to love,
 My Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
 Whose bowels of compassion move
 To me, and all the fallen race!
 Whose mercy is divinely free
 For all the fallen race, and me !

2 **I** long to know, and to make known,
 The heights and depths of love divine,
 The kindness thou to me hast shown,
 Whose every sin was counted thine !
 My God for me resigned his breath !
 He died to save my soul from death !

1 **C**OME, ye that know the Saviour's name,
 And raise your thoughts above ;
 Let every heart and voice unite
 To sing—that “**GOD IS LOVE.**”

2 **T**HIS precious truth his word reveals,
 And all his mercies prove ;
 JESUS, the gift of gifts, appears,
 To show—that “**GOD IS LOVE.**”

3 **H**IS 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.**”

136

L.M.

1 God, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends ;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God, intreat,
To cast our arms, our sins, away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

3 Our God in Christ ! thine embassy,
And proffered mercy, we embrace,
And, gladly reconciled to thee,
Thy condescending mercy praise.

4 Poor debtors, by our Lord’s request,
A full acquittance we receive !
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge’s instance, live !

- 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.
- 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 feeble and the faint,
The helpless and the poor,
Who wait and hope, and watch and cry,
At mercy's open door.
- 5 Room, for the chief of sinners still,
Though plagued with unbelief ;
That precious Christ can save my soul
Who saved the dying thief.

6 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.

7 Oh ! may there be but room for me,
The worst of Adam's race,
And then I'll sing in songs of praise,—
A sinner saved by grace.

138

C.M.

1 My God a God of pardon is,
His bosom gives me ease ;
Although I have not pleased my God,
Yet mercy him doth please.

2 My sins aloud for vengeance call,
But lo ! a fountain springs
From Christ's pierc'd side, which louder
cries,
And speaketh better things.

3 My sins have reach'd up to the heavens,
But mercy's height exceeds ;
God's mercy is above the heavens,
Above my sinful deeds.

4 My sins are many, like the stars,
Or sands upon the shore ;
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

5 My sins in bigness do arise,
Like mountains great and tall ;
But mercy, like a mighty sea,
Covers these mountains all.

6 This is a sea that's bottomless,
A sea without a shore ;
For where sin hath abounded much,
Mercy abounds much more.

7 Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalene,
Were pardoned all by thee :
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For thou hast pardoned me.

8 When God shall search the world for sin,
What trembling will be there ?
O rocks and mountains, cover us !
Will be the sinner's prayer.

9 But the Lamb's wrath they need not fear
Who once have felt his love ;
And they that walk with God below,
Shall dwell with God above.

10 Rage earth and hell, come life, come
death,
Yet still my song shall be,
God was, and is, and will be good,
And merciful to me.

- 1 Oh ! tell through the breadth of creation,
That Jesus, the Saviour, has come,
To secure an eternal salvation,
A rest, and a heavenly home.
- 2 Tell him that is aged and wrinkled,
Whose locks have grown hoary in sin,
There's enough in the blood that was
sprinkled,
To make full atonement for him.
- 3 Tell him that's grown old in rebellion,
That Jesus entreats him to come ;
Tell also the thoughtless and gay one ;
Tell all, that for all there is room.
- 4 Yea, tell them without an exception,
“Whoever believeth shall live ;”
Though guilt may have stained every
action,
“THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB” cries
“forgive !”
- 5 Receive this free mercy—receive it ;
No money, no price, he demands ;
The God of all grace loves to give it ;
Accept, then, the gift at his hands.

6 And taste of that precious salvation,
Which Jesus has bought with his
blood ;
Then yield him thy heart's adoration,
Who only is Saviour and God !

- 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,
Signed their acquittances in blood ;
Herein God's justice is appeased ;
Sinners, look up, and be released.
- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face ;
Here look, till love dissolves your heart,
And bids your slavish fears depart.
- 4 Oh ! quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms ;
Rest not until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

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.
 I was a wayward child ;
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice ;
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child ;
 They follow'd me o'er 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 saved the wand'ring one !

3 They spoke in tender love ;
 They rais'd my drooping head ;
 They gently closed my bleeding wound ;
 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 loved my soul ;
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood ;
 'Twas he that made me whole.
'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 !

1 AND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died he for me, who caused his pain ?
 For me who him to death pursued ?
Amazing love ! how can it be,
 That thou, my God, should'st die for me !

2 He left his Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite his grace !)

Eemptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race :
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me* !

3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray ;
I woke ; the dungeon flamed with
light ;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread ;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine !
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the 'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ
my own.

143

7s & 6s.

1 THE day of glory bearing
Its brightness far and near,
The day of Christ's appearing
We now no longer fear ;

2 He once a spotless victim
For us on Calvary bled ;
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruised him in our stead.

3 But now he's interceding
For us who on him rest ;
And grace, from him proceeding,
Tells us, in him we're blest.

4 Then let him come in glory,
Who comes his saints to raise,
To perfect all the story
Of wonder, love, and praise.

144

S. M.

1 What cheering words are these !
Their sweetness who can tell ?
In time, and to eternal days,
" "Tis with the righteous well."

2 In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
" Tis well with them should life endure,
And well if call'd to die.

3 Well in affliction's ways,
Or on the mount with God ;
Well when they joy, and sing, and praise,
Or buffet with the flood.

4 ' Tis well when joys arise,
" Tis well when sorrows flow,
Or darkness seems to veil the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

5 'Tis well when on the mount,
They feast and joy in love ;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

6 But above all, how well !
When Jesus speaks the word,
And, at the trumpet's sounding swell,
They rise to meet their God.

145

L.M.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
Now rouse him from his senseless state.
Oh ! let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

1 "Who is this that calms the ocean?"
Thus they cried, who were on board,
When they saw the wild commotion
Cease, as Jesus spoke the word ;
When the sudden calm they saw,
Wonder fill'd their minds with awe.

2 He who bids the tempest riot
On the deep, and makes it swell,
He alone the storm can quiet,
Saying to it, " Peace, be still :"
He whose power to all gives birth—
All in heaven, and all on earth.

3 He who calms the sea when raging,
Stills the tumult of the soul ;
By his word the storms assuaging—
Storms too furious for control ;
But he binds them with his hand,
And they cease at his command.

4 Ye, who all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have labour'd long
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the storm too strong ;
From the hopeless labour cease,
And to Jesus look for peace.

147

78.

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

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
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 ;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

1 O THE transcendent love,
Our holy Saviour shows ;
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 word of life and grace.

3 Where sin and sickness dwelt,
The kind Physician came ;
And every one his pity felt,
The deaf, the blind, the lame.

4 Lord, to life's utmost end,
 Let us this mercy know,
And own thee for the sinners friend,
 And sin's eternal foe.

149

6-8s.

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 Jesu's blood !
 Pardon, that brings the rebel nigh !
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim,
 To us and ours the promise made,
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.

2 The Spirit of convincing speech,
 Of power demonstrative, impart ;
 Such as may every conscience reach,
 And sound the unbelieving heart.

1 OH ! what amazing words of grace,
 Are in the Gospel found !
 Suited to ev'ry 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 ev'ry burden bring :
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.

4 Whoever will, (oh, gracious word !)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty soul, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake !

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtue true,
And drink, adore, and bless.

152

L.M.

1 SINNERS improve the hours you have,
Before the day of grace is fled :
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

2 Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fixed in the state wherein he dies.

153

C.M.

1 How condescending and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to a throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

154

C.M.

1 G~~E~~A~~T~~ smitten Rock ! from thee flowed
forth,
A stream so full and free,
Each desert heart that drinks the flood,
Shall soon like Eden be.

2 Well may we ask, " Will God indeed
Descend to dwell in clay ?"
We marvel at such wondrous grace,
And well indeed we may !

3 As once the pleased Rebecca trod
A desert, long and drear,
While Abraham's wealth, and Isaac's
love,
Rang in her raptured ear :—

4 So, in this howling wilderness,
The Holy Ghost makes known
The Father's house, the Son's rich
love,
And all *he* has, *our* own.

5 Blest thought! our hearts are with him
there,
We see our glorious home,
Made ready for our bridal joys—
Come, Jesus—quickly come!

155

4-6s & 2-8s.

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, pow'r, and praise, Amen.”

2 Believers now repeat,
What heav'n with gladness owns ;
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Come, imitate the choirs above,
And sing aloud the Saviour's love.

3 Alone he bore the cross,
 Alone its grief sustain'd ;
His was the shame and loss,
 And he the victory gain'd ;
The mighty work was all his own,
Though we shall share his glorious
 throne.

156

8s.

1 "WHAT think you of CHRIST?"—is
 the test,
To try both your state, and your
 scheme ;
You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of HIM :
As Jesus appears in your view—
 As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be—
 A man, or an angel at most :
But they have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and
 lost :
So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.

K

3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
 But mix their own works with his
 plan ;
And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can :
If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little they own they may fail,)
They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.

4 Some style him “ the Pearl of great
 price,”
And say, he’s the fountain of joys ;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys :
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And, while they salute him, betray :
Oh ! what will *profession* like this
 Avail in his terrible day ?

5 If ask’d what of Jesus *I* think,
 Though still my best thoughts are
 but poor,
I say, he’s my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my
 store ;
My Shepherd, my trust, and my Friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall ;
My Hope from beginning to end,
 My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

1 I NEED no other plea

With which to approach my God,
 Than his own mercy, boundless, free,
 Through Christ on man bestowed—
 A Father's love, a Father's care,
 Receives and answers every prayer.

2 I need no other priest

Than my High Priest above—
 His intercession ne'er has ceased
 Since first I knew his love—
 Through that my faith shall never fail,
 Even when passing death's dark vale.

3 I need no works by me,

Wrought with laborious care—
 To form a meritorious plea
 Why I heaven's bliss should share.
 Christ's finished work, through bound-
 less grace,
 Has there secured my dwelling place.

4 I need no human prop

In that last awful strife ;
 Christ is my refuge—Christ my hope,
 My way, my truth, my life !
 On his own promise I rely,
 He that believeth ne'er shall die.

5 I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than his unspotted righteousness ;
In him complete I am—
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide,
No passport do I need beside.

158

L.M.

1 IT was for me the Lord did die,
To clear me from all charge of sin ;
And Lord, from guilt of crimson dye,
Thy precious blood hath made me
clean.

2 And now thy righteousness divine
Is all my glory, all my trust ;
Nor will I fear, since that is mine,
While thou dost live, and God is just.

3 Clad in this robe, how bright I shine !
Angels might covet such a dress ;
Angels have not a robe like mine,
A robe like Jesu's righteousness.

159

10s. & 11s.

1 THY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment
we find,
So true to thy word, So loving and kind,

Thy mercy so tender To all the lost
race,
The vilest offender May turn and find
grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I show,
I set to my seal That Jesus is true ;
Ye all may find favour, Who come at
his call ;
O come to my Saviour, His grace is for
all.

3 To save what was lost From heaven he
came ;
Come sinners, and trust In Jesus's name
He offers you pardon, He bids you be
free,
“ If sin be your burden, O come unto me.”

1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;
By the broken law 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 immortal rise.

161

C.M.

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 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 !

3 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.

4 Jesus! our only strength be thou,
As thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity!

162

L.M.

- 1 THE countless multitude on high,
That 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 sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne:
The only song in which 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."
- 4 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!"
- 5 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?

- 1 OUR God and Saviour, from thy birth,
Thy footsteps to the cross we trace ;
And all along thy path on earth,
We see thee take the lowest place.
- 2 Thus didst thou pour contempt on pride,
The pride of Adam's fallen race ;
For thou didst all thy glory hide,
To take, as man, the lowest place.
- 3 That we might learn thy lowly mind,
(So fully hast thou met our case,)
And also, have the joy to find
Thy presence, in the lowest place.
- 4 Yea, from the manger to the cross,
We see thee go with stedfast pace ;
Enduring grief, reproach, and loss,
To suffer in the lowest place.
- 5 "A little while," our God, and we
In glory shall behold thy face ;
Teach us, till then, to take with thee
Thy place on earth,—the lowest place.

- 1 THOUGH all these things substantial seem,
The world itself is but a dream,
And soon must pass away ;
The things that variously employ,
That yield us either grief or joy,
Must see their final day.
- 2 How sweet to have our portion there,
Where sorrow never comes, or care,
And nothing will remove !
We then may hear without a sigh,
The world's destruction to be nigh—
Our treasure is above.
- 3 How sweet to know the Saviour's name!—
The Saviour who in mercy came,
And banish'd all our foes.
On him, as on a solid rock,
Our hope is built, and stands the shock
Of every storm that blows.
- 4 Then let a world of shadows go ;
It matters not ; his people know
Their treasure still is sure :
'Tis laid up there, where nothing fades,
No rust consumes, no thief invades,
And there it is secure.

- 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.
- 4 In Jesus, who, ascended now,
 Looks backward on the past,
Feels for his suffering 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.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom my hopes are fixed upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow path till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.
- 3 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled yet the more,
Till, late, I heard the Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"
- 4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Dost take me to thee as I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love do I receive.
- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to the redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

- 1 "All things are ready"—come,
O make no vain excuse :
No yoke of oxen, wife, or field,
Instead of Jesus choose.
- 2 "All things are ready"—now,
'Tis God who bids you come ;
Bring in the poor, the maimed, the
blind,
'Tis done—and yet there's room.
- 3 "All things are ready"—come,
Come all, both bad and good ;
The best and worst both need alike
The Saviour's cleansing blood.
- 4 "All things are ready"—come,
And taste God's love so free ;
See mercy's door stands open wide,
For all who needy be.
- 5 "All things are ready"—come,
Nor pass that open door ;
Too late you may an entrance seek,
Too late your loss deplore.
- 6 "All things are ready"—come,
God calls you by his grace !
O turn not from his offered love,
But seek even *now* his face.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature
 shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks ;
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
 "Receive my soul," he cries :
 See, where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head, and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
 chain,
 And in full glory shine :
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine ?

1 When I by faith my Saviour see,
 And think what he has done for me ;
 It strikes my soul with sweet surprise,
 And fills with tears my wond'ring eyes !
 His blood was shed to set me free
 From everlasting misery !

2 On all his beauties, while I gaze,
And see them in his sufferings **blaze**,
My heart, like wax before the fire,
Melts into love and strong desire.
His blood was shed to set me free
From everlasting misery !

3 Yes, Jesus did resign his breath,
And suffered all the pangs of death,
That we might see his Father's face,
And taste the sweets of pard'ning grace :
His blood was shed to set us free
From everlasting misery !

170

L.M.

1 Repent, ye sons of men, repent ;
Hear the good tidings God has sent,
Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven,
And beggars raised to reign in heaven.

2 God sent his Son to die for us,
Die to redeem us from the curse ;
He took our weakness, bore our load,
And dearly bought us with his blood.

3 Salvation is of God alone,
Life everlasting in his Son :
And he that gave his Son to bleed,
Will freely give us all we need.

**4 Believe the gospel and rejoice ;
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
Who ransomed all our souls from hell.**

171

7s & 6s.

**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 snatched 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.**

172

S.M.

**1 Grace is the sweetest sound
That ever reached our ears !**

When conscience charg'd and justice
frown'd,
'Twas grace removed our fears.

2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty,
It takes its terror from the grave,
From death its victory.

3 Grace is a mine of wealth,
Laid open to the poor ;
Grace is the sovereign spring of health,
'Tis LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

4 This grace then let us sing !
(O joyful wondrous theme !)
Who grace has brought, shall *glory*
bring,
And we shall reign with him.

5 Then shall we see his face,
With all the saints above ;
And sing for ever of his grace,
For ever of his love.

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 finished !”

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 Hear the Lord himself declaring

All perform’d he came to do,
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
This is joyful news to you ;
Jesus speaks it,
His are faithful words and true.

4 “ It is finish’d !” all is over,

Yes, the cup of wrath is drain’d,
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus the vict’ry was obtain’d—
’Tis a vict’ry,
None but Jesus could have gain’d.

5 Crown the mighty conqu’ror, crown him,

Who his people’s foes o’ercame ;
In the highest heaven enthrone him,
Saints and angels sound his fame !

Great his glory—
Jesus bears a matchless name.

1 Bitter indeed, the waters are
 Which in this desert flow ;
 Though to the eye they promise fair,
 They taste of sin and woe.

2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream,
 But now, awake, I find
 That sin has poisoned every stream,
 And left a curse behind.

3 But there's a wonder-working wood,
 I've heard believers say,
 Can make these bitter waters good,
 And take the curse away.

4 The cross on which the Saviour died,
 And conquered for his saints ;
 This is the tree, by faith applied,
 Which sweetens all complaints.

5 Thousands have found the blest effect,
 Nor longer mourn their lot :
 While on his sorrows they reflect,
 Their own are all forgot.

6 When they, by faith, behold the cross,
 Though many griefs they meet ;
 They draw some gain from every loss,
 And find the bitter sweet.

1 Go, and search the tomb of Jesus,
 Where the Lord of glory lay ;
 Jesus is not there, but risen,
 And has borne our sins away,
 It is finished !
 Captive leads captivity.

2 Could not all our sins retain him,
 Prison'd in the guarded cave ?
 No, he conquer'd death in dying,
 By his cross he spoil'd the grave :
 Lo ! he's risen !
 Yea, the Lord is risen indeed.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn ;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume ;
 But the Lord she loved was gone.
 For awhile she weeping stood,
 Struck with sorrow and surprise,
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
 For her heart supplied her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
 Though too often unperceived,
 Came, his drooping one to cheer,
 Kindly asking " Why she grieved ? "

Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice ;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
You who weep for Jesu's sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed :
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

1 THE risen Lamb, come let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bless'd and patient grow,
And learn by hymns of praise to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made :
For then he rose the church who bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak a world from
nought ;
'Twas greater to redeem !

178

L.M.

1 O wondrous hour ! when, Jesus, thou,
Co-equal with the eternal God,
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,
And in our nature bore the rod.

2 On thee, the Father's blessed Son,
Jehovah's utmost anger fell :
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony, thy cross can tell.

3 Thy cross ! thy cross ! 'tis there we see
What thou, beloved Saviour, art ;
There, all the love that dwells in thee,
Was labouring in thy breaking heart.

4 For us it strove—our life we owe,
Our joy, our glory, all to thee :
Thy sufferings in that hour of woe,
Thy victory, Lord, have made us free.

179

P.M.

1 Come, let us all unite to sing,
God is love.
Let heaven and earth their praises bring;
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesu's sake,
God is love.

2 Oh ! tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ we have redemption found ;
God is love.
His blood has wash'd our sins away ;
His Spirit turn'd our night to day ;
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here !
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer ;
God is love.

He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength, and
stay;

He will be with us all the way:
God is love.

4 What tho' my heart and flesh shall fail!
God is love.

Thro' Christ I shall o'er death prevail:
God is love.

Tho' Jordan swell I need not fear,
My Saviour will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear;
God is love.

5 In glory we shall sing again,
God is love.

Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
God is love.

Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love.

4 All that I *was*—my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I *am*—I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state,
Was mine and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice,
Is thine and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine ;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

181

10s & 11s.

1 Oh ! tell me no more
Of this world's vain store ;
The time for such trifles with me now is
o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy
ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live :
And me in that number will Jesus
receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away :
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the
glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow—
What light, strength, and comfort: go
 after him, go!

6 Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel
 Christ within.

7 Perhaps for his name,
 Poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish, with glad
 loving aim.

8 I still (which is best)
 Shall on his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and
 rest.

9 And if I'm to die,
 "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell
 why.

10 But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me
 behind.

11 Lo, this is the race
I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my
Lord's face.

12 And now it's my care,
My neighbours may share
These blessings: to seek them, will none
of you dare?

13 In bondage, oh! why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is
so nigh?

182

7s.

1 SINNERS! come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, and temples view;
See him bleeding on the tree,
Broken is his heart for you.

2 View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more and say,
Come, ye sinners! come with me,
View him nail'd upon the tree.

3 Christ has open'd mercy's door,
None that come need come in vain;
Through his poverty, the poor
May eternal riches gain.

1 AWAKE, ye thoughtless slaves of sin,
The awful summons hear !
And, from this favoured hour, begin
For judgment to prepare.

2 When Jesus shakes the solid ground,
And bids the dead arise ;
No hiding place will then be found,
Through all the earth and skies.

3 Exposed to everlasting shame,
His foes will all appear !
The guilty then must bear the blame
Of all their actions here.

4 Yet, now attend the gospel sound,
The Lord proclaims from heaven,
“ Of all that seek, I will be found ;
Their sins shall be forgiven.”

5 Fly then for shelter to his blood,
(He’ll cast out none that come)
And, in the paradise of God,
You’ll find a blissful home.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away :
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

Hark ! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour-King :
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye !

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away :
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why thus delay ?
On then, to glory on,
Be a crown, a kingdom won,
Then bright above the sun,
We 'll reign for aye !

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Fed by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die :
Oh ! we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall reign with thee,
Blest, blest for aye !

1 Oh ! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord, God of truth and grace !
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone !

1 "Come unto me and rest,"
Jesus, the Saviour, cried ;
Come, all by sin and guilt opprest,
He has for sinners died.

2 "Come unto me and rest,
All ye that labour come ;"
Come to his gentle, loving breast,
The contrite sinner's home.

3 Come, with your heavy load,
Of unforgiven sin ;
Come, trust his rich, atoning blood,
Which makes the guilty clean.

4 His yoke is easy—come,
His burden light to bear ;
Come, and from him no longer roam,
Rest for the soul is there.

187

P.M.

1 Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There the purple stream doth flow,
There you 'll find an open fountain,
That will wash you white as snow ;
O come quickly,
And its cleansing virtue know.

2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair ;
There's a fountain for uncleanness ;
And the worst are welcome there :
Christ invites you
Now his pardoning love to share.

3 Richly flowed the crimson river,
When our great Redeemer died ;
And that blood will you deliver,
Whensoever 'tis applied :
Free salvation
Flows from Jesu's wounded side.

4 Christ is ready to receive you ;
See, his bloody cross appears ;
From your sins he will relieve you,
And dissolve your doubts and fears :
He will shortly
Wipe away his people's tears.

5. O behold the Lord expiring !
See the suffering Son of God !
And that love be much admiring,
Which appears in streams of blood :
Praise the Saviour,
Praise the wondrous Lamb of God.

188.

7s.

1 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Could relieve the sinner's smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else could melt the heart.

2 Sense of sin doth only harden,
All the while it works alone ;
But the grace that seals our pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

189

C.M.

1 Now may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stammering tongues,
To make his sovereign, reigning grace,
The subject of our songs :

No sweeter subject can invite
A sinner's heart to sing ;
Or more display the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts ;
And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.

'Twas grace that called our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

3 Lord, when this changing life is past,
If we may see thy face,
How shall we praise and love at last,
And sing the reign of grace.
Yet let us aim, while here below,
Thy mercy to display ;
And own at least the debt we owe,
Although we cannot pay.

1 JOIN every tongue to sing
The mercies of the Lord ;
The love of Christ, our King,
Let every heart record.
He saved us from the wrath of God,
And paid our ransom with his blood.

2 Wrath was our just desert,
And he that wrath endured ;
Guilt broke his guiltless heart
With wrath that we incurred ;
We bruised his body, spilled his blood ;
And both became our heavenly food.

191

C.M.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent ;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinched him sore.

3 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear ?
My Father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face ;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

M

5 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, he ran, and smiled ;
And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.

6 " Father, I've sinned—but, O forgive !"
 " I've heard enough," he said ;
" Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the newe around ;
My son was dead, but lives again ;
 Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

192

L.M.

1 BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man ;
While angels sing his sacred name,
May every creature say, Amen !

193

C.M.

1 O LORD, send down the heavenly rain,
 On all the parched ground ;
And let refreshing times again,
 By Jesu's friends be found.

2 As silent dew, at early dawn,
 Reviving fields and flowers :
 So let the promised "dew" revive
 These drooping hearts of ours.

3 Our prayers, unceasing, shall ascend,
 Until that blessing come ;
 We'll cry for grace, until lost souls
 In Jesus find a home.

4 O may thy word, with saving power,
 Be preached, and heard, and read ;
 That thine own saints may be refreshed,
 And life awake the dead !

5 We long to see a work of grace,
 Far reaching, deep, and wide ;
 A river, flowing on to bear
 Poor sinners on its tide !

6 And, Lord, if grace be thus bestowed,
 In showers and streams of love ;
 Loud alleluias, from our shores,
 Shall reach the land above.

1 SEE mercy, mercy, from on high,
 Descends to rebels doom'd to die ;
 'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound,
 How sweet, how blessed is the sound !

2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announced the early news,
"The woman's seed thy head shall
bruise."

3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child, was born ;
And brighter still its glory shone,
When Jesus, dying, cried, "Tis Done!"

4 It triumph'd, when from death he rose,
And broke the power of all his foes ;
And since he took his seat on high,
Now mercy reigns eternally.

5 Till we shall join the happy throng,
This mercy shall be still our song ;
And every scheme shall God confound
Of all who strive its course to bound.

1 In our Lord we have redemption,
Full remission in his blood ;
From the curse entire exemption,
From the curse pronounced by God.
What a Saviour Jesus is !
Oh, what love, what love is his !

2 Praise be his, all praise transcending,
Praise on earth, and praise in heaven ;
Praise, through ages never-ending,
To the Lamb of God be given.
He alone the Saviour is !
Everlasting praise be his.

196

P.M.

1 ONE there is above all others—
Oh, how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh, how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh, how he loves !

2 'Tis eternal life to know him—
Oh, how he loves !
Think, oh ! think, how much we owe
him—
Oh, how he loves !
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us—
Oh, how he loves !

3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how he loves !

'Tis his great delight to bless us—
 Oh, how he loves !
How our hearts delight to hear him
Bid us dwell in safety near him !
Why should we distrust or fear him ?—
 Oh, how he loves !

4 Through his name we are forgiven—
 Oh, how he loves !
Backward shall our foes be driven—
 Oh, how he loves !
Best of blessings he 'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us—
 Oh, how he loves !

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm us in the Saviour's name ;
All the church's gladness flows
 From his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil ?
Bleed and suffer in our room ?
 And can any tongue be still ?

3 No, we will our praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak,
For, should we refuse to sing,
Sure, the very stones would speak.

4 O our Saviour ! shield, and sun,
Shepherd, brother, husband, friend,
Every precious name in one,
We would praise thee without end.

198

P.M.

1 Once we all were wretched strangers,
All the enemies of God ;
Heedless of our sins and dangers,
On the brink of death we stood ;
Nought deserving
But of wrath the fiery flood.

2 Now our blinded eyes are waking,
And our misery we see ;
Now our stony hearts are breaking ;
From eternal wrath we flee
To the refuge,
Opened, Lamb of God, in thee.

3 'Twas thy love, O God, that knew us,
Earth's foundation long before :
That same love to Jesus drew us,
By its sweet constraining pow'r,
And will keep us
Safely now, and evermore.

4 God of love, our souls adore thee !

We would still thy grace proclaim,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
And in glory praise thy name,
Hallelujah !
Be to God and to the Lamb.

199

L.M.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love !
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Man's sins and griefs on him were laid ;
He meekly bore the heavy load ;
The ransom-price he fully paid,
In tears, in agony, and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies—
For you he sheds his precious blood ;
To him in faith lift up your eyes ;
Sinners, behold the Lamb of God.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound ;
He can the richest blessings give ;
Salvation in his name is found ;
He bids the dying sinner live.

- 1 YE burden'd souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love could do ;
Thus cold in death that Saviour lay
Who bled and died for you.
- 3 But dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again :
Not all the bolts and bars of death,
The conqueror could detain.
- 4 With joy like his shall every saint,
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

- 1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,
Who love this world so well ?
Or dream of future happiness,
While on the road to hell ?
- 2 Shall they hosannas sing
With an unhallow'd tongue ?
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong ?

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill?
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone
Can a good hope afford!
The pardon'd and renew'd shall see
The glory of the Lord.

202

7s.

1 WELCOME news the Gospel brings,
Welcome news from heaven above;
Tidings from the King of kings,
Tidings full of grace and love.

2 Oh, ye sons of men, give ear!
Listen to "the joyful sound!"
Better news ye cannot hear—
In the Gospel, truth is found.

3 Truth, that makes the simple wise;
Truth, on which the hungry feed;
Truth, the source of many joys;
Truth, that makes us free indeed.

203

S.M.

1 Destruction's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living gate ;
But they who will not leave their sin,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end !

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found ;
A few were saved in Noah's ark
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinner's eyes,
Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all,
 Quick and powerful let it prove ;
 Oh ! let sinners hear thy call,
 And thy people grow in love.

2 What has now been spoken bless,
 Follow it with power divine ;
 Give the Gospel great success—
 Thine the work, the glory thine !

3 Bid thy hidden ones rejoice,
 Send, oh ! send thy truth abroad ;
 Oh ! may thousands hear thy voice,
 Hear it, and return to God !

1 WAND'RER from God, return, return,
 And seek an injured father's face ;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wand'rer from God, return, return ;
 Thy father hears that deep-felt sigh ;
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn ;
 And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wand'rer from God, return, return ;
 Renounce thy fears, thy Saviour lives ;
 Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
 How freely, fully, he forgives.

- 1 Nor 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 sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 By faith I lay my hand
 On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
 For all my sins were there.
- 5 Believing, I rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And praise Redeeming Love.

2 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross!

For us he shed his precious blood
On the cross.

Oh hear that strange expiring cry—
“Eli lama sabacthani.”

**Draw near and see the Saviour die
On the cross.**

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 clothed 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.**

To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies
On the cross.

208

7s & 6s.

1 THE God of wide creation,
The all-upholding One,
To save from condemnation,
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,
Are found in Jesu's blood,
Which gives entire exemption
From sin's o'erwhelming flood.
To all who have received it,
In simpleness of faith,
And from their heart believed it,
'Tis victory over death.

- 1** **Y**e dying sons of men,
 Immersed in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.
- 2** **N**o longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame,
He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3** **B**elieve the heavenly word,
 His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name ;
Ye weary souls, to Jesus come,
And find in him, there yet is room.
- 4** **D**rawn by his bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear,
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

1 HEART-BROKEN, friendless, poor, cast down,

Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance! from thy frown—
Eternal Justice! from thine eye?

2 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In JESU's reconciling face.

3 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord!
In sore distress I turn to thee;
I claim acceptance on thy word,
My God! my God! forsake not me.

4 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

1 THY mercy, my God, Is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, And the boast of my tongue,
Thy free grace alone, From the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, And bound my soul fast.

2 Thy mercy in Jesus Exempts me from
hell ;
Its glories I'll sing, And its wonders I'll
tell :
'Twas Jesus my Friend, When he hung
on the tree,
Who opened a channel Of mercy for me.

3 Without thy sweet mercy I could not
live here,
Sin soon would reduce me To utter
despair ;
But, through thy free goodness, My
spirits revive,
And he that hath saved me, Still keeps
me alive.

4 Thy mercy is more than A match for
my heart,
Which wonders to feel Its hardness
depart ;
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the
ground,
And weep to the praise of The mercy I
found.

5 The door of thy mercy Stands open all
day,
To the poor and the needy, Who knock
by the way ;

No sinner shall ever Be empty sent
back

Who comes seeking mercy For Jesus's
sake.

212

4-6s & 2-8s.

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 moves thee to impart
 Thy Spirit from above,
Therewith to fill our heart
 With heav'nly peace and love?
'Tis love, unbounded love to us,
Moves thee to give thy Spirit thus.

4 What 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.

213

C.M.

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

2 Spread his dear name through 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.

1 JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
 Thou hast bought us with thy blood—
 We would value nought 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 thy 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.

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 now are o'er ;

And, O, sweet thought ! thine eye shall
weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.

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 pierced thee, proved
Man's hatred, Lord, to thee ;
While, in the blood that stained the spear,
Love, only love, we see.

5 Drawn from thy pierced and bleeding
side,
That pure and cleansing flood,
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtue of thy blood.

1 ONCE more the net we cast :
O Lord, the effort own ;
Teach us, from disappointments past,
To trust in thee alone.

2 Be this a favoured hour ;
Make bare thy mighty arm ;
And clothe thy word with sovereign
power,
The *careless* to alarm.

3 O speak a cheering word,
To those who seek thy face ;
Let poor *backsliders* be restored,
And feel thy pardoning grace.

4 Let *old* and *young* be drawn,
With strongest cords of love ;
And let us here behold the dawn
Of brighter days above.

217

P.M.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall ;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you—to me—to all ;
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here, the guilty, free remission—
Here, the troubled, peace may find :
Health, this fountain will restore :
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever,
'Tis a soul-reviving flood ;
God is faithful :—God will never
Break his covenant, sealed in blood ;
Signed, when the Redeemer died,—
Sealed, when he was glorified.

- 1 **COME**, anxious sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this just resolve :—
- 2 “ **I'll go to Jesus**, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, **I'll enter in**,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ **Prostrate I'll lie before his throne**,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch, undone
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 “ **I'll to the gracious King approach**,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “ **Perhaps he will admit my plea**,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 “ **I can but perish, if I go** ;
I am resolved to try :
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

7 " But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought)
As sinner never died."

219

4-8s & 2-6s.

1 IN love to sinners Jesus came ;
Eternal honour to his name !
 He bow'd his head and died.
A full atonement now is made,
The ransom by his death is paid,
 And justice satisfied.

2 What news is this ! How sweet to hear !
Though sinners, we may now draw near
 To God, the righteous God ;
The obstacles that stood before
To bar the way, are now no more,
 Since Jesus shed his blood.

3 Eternal honour be to him,
Who planned the great, the gracious
 scheme,
 And found the ransom too !
His people should their voices raise,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise,
 While endless ages flow.

- 1 *Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme !
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one continual stream.*
- 2 *Fear not the powers of earth and hell,
God will these powers restrain :
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.*
- 3 *Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide ;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.*
- 4 *Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.*
- 5 *Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve —
To endless glory bring.*
- 6 *You, in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.*

1 Behold the Redeemer has come !

He came with unspeakable love,
Performing the wonderful plan,
Devised in his wisdom above.

2 Compassion and pity are join'd

In Jesus, the sinner's best friend ;
The cripple, the deaf, and the blind,
The helpless he deigns to attend.

3 The widow is made to rejoice ;

He speaks, and all creatures obey ;
The dead hear his powerful voice,
And Satan releases his prey.

4 The cities and villages hear

The gospel he came to proclaim,
The fruits of his labour appear,
And thousands rejoice in his name.

5 Oh ! why do not sinners now flee

To Jesus, for pardon and grace ?
There is mercy for you and for me,
For all who in truth seek his face.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
 Where Jesus answers prayer,
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

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

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

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

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

6 "Poor burden'd, anxious one, be still,
 My promised grace receive ;"
 'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe.

1 O LORD, thy love's unbounded !
 So full, so vast, so free !
 Our thoughts are all confounded
 Whene'er we think on thee :
 For us thou cam'st from heaven,
 For us to bleed and die ;
 That, purchased and forgiven,
 We might ascend on high.

2 Oh ! 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 suffering, conflict, shame,
 To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify thy name.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed ;
 Sing I will, and sing of thee,
 Since the cup that justice mixed,
 Thou hast drank, and drank for me,
 Great Deliverer !
 Thou hast set the prisoner 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 as dross.

225

8s & 7s.

1 He, who once was dead, now liveth,
 Lo ! he lives for evermore ;
He who all our sins forgiveth —
 He who all our judgment bore.

2 And 'tis done—from heaven's treasure
 All the fearful debt is paid ;
Our transgressions' perfect measure,
 God on his Beloved laid.

3 Tell around the wide creation
 What redeeming love hath done ;
 Publish full and free salvation,
 Through the blood of God's dear Son.

4 Free to all who will receive it,
 No hard works he bids us do.
 Sinners, great and small, believe it ;
 Chief of sinners, 'tis for you.

1 SIN enslaved me many years,
 And led me bound and blind ;
 Till at length a thousand fears
 Came swarming o'er my mind.
 Where, said I, in deep distress,
 Will these sinful pleasures end ?
 How shall I secure my peace,
 And make the Lord my friend ?

2 Friends and ministers said much,
 The gospel to enforce ;
 But my blindness still was such
 I chose a legal course.
 Much I fasted, watched, and strove,
 Scarce would show my face abroad ;
 Feared almost to speak and move,
 A stranger still to God.

3 Thus, afraid to trust his grace,
 Long time did I rebel ;
Till, despairing of my case,
 Down at his feet I fell :
Then my stubborn heart he broke,
 And subdued me to his sway ;
By a simple word he spoke,
 “ Thy sins are done away.”

227

C.M.

1 A MIND at “ perfect peace” with God ;—
 Oh, what a word is this !
A sinner reconciled 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 Jesu’s 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."

228

4-8s & 2-6s.

1 O thou who hast redeemed of old,
And made me of thy grace take hold,
And be at peace with thee,
Help me these blessings now to own,
And tell aloud what thou hast done,
O holy Lamb, for me.

2 O thou incarnate Deity,
Who hast thy love vouchsafed to me,
Thy love's the plea I make,
Give me this power, 'tis all I claim,
With heart and life to serve thy name,
Give, for thy mercy's sake.

3 Love, only love, thy heart inclined,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made thee here a man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for our relief,
O mystery of love!

4 Then since thou, Lord, didst die for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy shame be mine.

229

C.M.

1 Ashamed of Christ ! our souls reject
The mean ungen'rous thought ;
Shall we disown the friend, whose blood
To us salvation brought ?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came,
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 At his command let us take up
Our cross without delay,
Our lives, (a thousand lives of ours,)
Can ne'er that love repay.

4 To bear his name and cross on earth,
Our highest honour this ;
Who stedfast suffers now for him,
Will reign with him in bliss.

5 But should we, in this evil day,
From our allegiance fly,
Jesus, the Lord, before the world,
Will us that day deny.

230

C.M.

- 1 From pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus who, on his glorious throne,
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear ;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him, renown ;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend ;
Their joys will soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

231

P.M.

1 We were lost, but God has found us—
God who seeks and saves the lost ;
Let us pray for those around us,
Thousands by the world engross'd ;
Though they seem from God to fly,
God has power to bring them nigh.

2 Lord, behold the sinner wand'ring
Far from thee, and far from peace,
All his precious substance squand'ring,
In pursuit of earthly bliss ;
Show him, Lord, that none can be
Truly blest, till brought to thee.

3 Let thy Word go forth with power,
Spread abroad “ the joyful sound ; ”
Oh ! our Light, our Strength, our Tower,
Make thy glory known around.
Let the truth's resistless force,
Stop the sinner in his course.

1 How can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have heard and seen,
 With confidence we tell;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And own the blood applied.

4 We by his Spirit prove
 And know the things of God;
 The things which, freely of his love,
 He hath on us bestowed.

5 His Spirit to us he gave,
 And dwells in us we know:
 The witness in ourselves we have,
 And seek its fruits to show.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind :

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your burning
thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 O God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins !

234

L.M.

1 Buried in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "The Lord our righteousness."

3 Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His Spirit gives a nature clean ;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor, helpless worms, in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

235

L.M.

1 Let not the wise his wisdom boast ;
The mighty glory in his might ;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man ;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again !

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God ;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

The Lord my Righteousness I praise ;
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of
grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

236

L.M.

- 1 On Christ, salvation rests secure ;
This Rock of Ages must endure ;
Nor can that faith be overthrown,
Which rests upon the “ Living Stone.”
- 2 No other hope shall intervene,
To him we look, on him we lean ;
Other foundations we disown,
And build on Christ the “ Living Stone.”
- 3 In him it is ordained to raise
A temple to Jehovah’s praise ;
Composed of all the saints, who own
No Saviour but the “ Living Stone.”
- 4 View the vast building, see it rise ;
The work how great ! the plan how wise !
O wondrous fabric ! power unknown,
That rears it on the “ Living Stone.”
- 5 But most adore his precious name ;
His glory and his grace proclaim ;
For us, condemned, despised, undone ;
He gave himself, the “ Living Stone.”

- 1 WELL may we sing ! with triumph sing,
The great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of the living God,
Reveal'd in Jesu's face.
- 2 The Father's love it was, that sought
From hell to set us free ;
That gave the Lamb, whose precious
blood
Has sealed our liberty.
- 3 In him we read the Father's love,
And find eternal peace ;
We meet our God in Jesus Christ,
And fear and terror cease.
- 4 Then gladly sing, and sound abroad
The great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of the living God,
The riches of his grace !

- 1 FAR from us be grief and sadness,
Farther still unhallow'd mirth :
Sons of God may sing with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heavenly birth :
Jesus owns them,
He is Lord of heaven and earth.

2 All the worldling's mirth is madness,
 All his labour fruitless toil ;
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
 Tho' the world their choice revile :
 Sweet their portion,
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3 Once the world was all our treasure,
 Then the world our hearts possest ;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
 Since the Lord has made us blest :
 We can witness,
 Jesus gives his people rest.

239

7s.

1 Lo ! the infant Saviour lies !
 He appears in lowly guise !
Yet by faith we read the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

2 See, he stands at Pilate's bar !
 Most despised of all by far ;
Still to him belong the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

3 He who wears the crown of thorns ;
 He, whom man reviles and scorns ;
Yet demands as his the words—
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

4 On the cross 'tis still the same ;
Never does he yield his claim ;
Clear his title to the words—
“ King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

5 Past the conflict of his love,
See ! he takes his place above ;
On his vesture shine the words—
“ King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

240

P.M.

1 Look, ye saints, — the sight is glorious,—
See “ the Man of Sorrows” now,
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him doth bow,
Crown him ! Crown him !
Crowns become the victor's brow.

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 crowned 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 !”

241

C.M.

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

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And as they tune it fall
Before his face, who form'd their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race !
 Ye ransom'd from the fall !
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
 Throughout this earthly ball,
Join in the universal song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

1 At Jacob's well a stranger sought
 His drooping frame to cheer ;
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 'That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
 For richer draughts had sigh'd ;
 Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
 Those richer draughts deni'd.

3 And still he gladly would bestow,
 From his exhaustless store :
 Behold the living waters flow :
 Come, drink, and thirst no more.

1 How blest the bright morning appears,
 When Jesus revived from the grave !
 To banish for ever our fears,
 To triumph, Almighty to save.
 How strong were his tears and his cries !
 The worth of his blood how divine !
 How perfect his one sacrifice,
 Who rose, though he suffered for sin !

2 The man, whose mock-crown was of
thorn,
Whom sinners agreed to deride,
The man, who bore scourging and scorn,
The man, who on Calvary died,
Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain ;
Now glory encircles his head,
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was
slain.

3 And lo ! when he cometh again,
His foes shall be clothed with shame ;
But gladness the saints shall obtain,
And glory, and peace, with the Lamb.
Then let us look forward to this,
And joyfully take up his cross :
As saints we shall be where he is,
And all that we lose is but dross.

244

C.M.

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
While they in heaven proclaim his praise,
And own him " Prince of Peace."

2 Praise him who laid his glory by,
For man's apostate race ;
Praise him who stooped to bleed and die,
And own him " Prince of Peace."

3 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
And view his lovely face ;
His name for ever to adore,
And own him "Prince of Peace."

245

6-8s.

1 SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismayed I am ;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What ! though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake ?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back ;
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven he came,
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in his name there is ;
 Salvation from sin, death, and hell,
Salvation into glorious bliss ;
 How great salvation who can tell ?
But all he hath for mine I claim ;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

246

C.M.

1 No condemnation ! O my soul,
 'Tis God that speaks the word—
Perfect in comeliness art thou,
 In Christ, thy glorious Lord.

2 In heaven, his blood for ever speaks,
 In God the Father's ear ;
The saints, as 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 me 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.

- 1 Lord, we see the day approaching,
When thou wilt again appear ;
Sinners, still, thy garments touching,
Stay thee in thy coming here.
- 2 Hid in heaven is all our treasure,
Patience then becomes thy saints ;
Lord, we wait thy gracious pleasure,
Faith should silence all complaints.
- 3 Through the wilderness we wander,
Troubled oft, but not distrest :
Seek we glory ? it is yonder,
Suffering pledges future rest.
- 4 Coming judgments round us darken,
Human hearts may fail for fear ;
But to thee alone we hearken,
" Your redemption draweth near."
- 5 Make each waiting child obedient,
Stay our anxious hearts on this ;
If thy going were expedient,
Surely thy return is bliss.
- 6 Our own Lord is coming hither,
Light in darkness, joy in grief ;
Hope deferred would quickly wither
Hearts that had not this relief.

7 All we need is deep affection,
Singleness of eye and heart;
Strength to own thee in rejection,
Grace sufficient, Lord impart.

248.

C.M..

8 So strange, so boundless was the love—
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son,
To give them life again.

9 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform.
The vengeance of a God.

3 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on his kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

4 Here, sinners, you may heal your
wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

1 THOU, Jesus, thou my breast inspire,
 And touch my lips with hallowed fire,
 And loose a stammering infant's
 tongue ;
 Prepare the vessel of thy grace ;
 Adorn me with the robes of praise,
 And mercy shall be all my song.
 Mercy for all who know not God ;
 Mercy for all in Jesu's blood ;
 Mercy, that earth and heaven
 transcends ;
 Love, that o'erwhelms the saints in light ;
 The length, and breadth, and depth,
 and height
 Of love divine, which never ends.

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
 Well may I fill the allotted space,
 And answer all thy great design ;
 Walk in the works by thee prepared ;
 And find annexed the great reward,
 The crown of righteousness divine.
 When I have lived to thee alone,
 Pronounce the welcome word, " Well
 done !"
 And let me take my place above :
 Enter into my Master's joy ;
 And all eternity employ,
 In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause ;
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust ;
 He will not put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

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

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before the Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Give to my soul its place.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand
 signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

4 Here, the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

252

10s & 11s.

1 YE pris'ners of hope O'erwhelmed with
grief,
To Jesus look up For certain relief ;
There's no condemnation In Jesus the
Lord,
But strong consolation His grace doth
afford.

2 "None will I cast out Who come,"
saith the Lord,
Why then do you doubt? Lay hold on
his word :
Ye mourners of Zion, Be bold to believe ;
For ever rely on Your Saviour, and live.

3 Should justice appear A merciless foe,
Yet be of good cheer, And soon shall
you know,
That sinners, confessing Their wicked-
ness past,
A plentiful blessing Of pardon shall
taste.

4 Then dry up your tears, Ye children of
grief,
For Jesus appears To give you relief ;
If you are returning To Jesus, your friend,
Your sighing and mourning In singing
shall end.

253

C.M.

1 I REST in Christ the Son of God,
Who took the servant's form ;
By faith I flee to Jesu's cross,
My covert from the storm.

2 At peace with God, no ills I dread,
The cup of blessing mine :
The Lord is risen, his precious blood
Is new and living wine.

3 Jesus put all my sins away,
When bruised to make me whole :
Who shall accuse, or who condemn,
My blameless, ransom'd soul ?

4 'O thou destroyer, see the blood
That makes the guilty clean'!
No prey of thine, the soul on which
This token once is seen.

254

L.M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active
flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same.

2 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

4 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

1 BEHOLD the spotless Lamb of God !
 Behold him on the tree ;
 Beneath Jehovah's wrath and rod,
 O Sinner, come and see.

2 See him consumed with holy fire,
 A sacrifice for sin ;
 The victim of Jehovah's ire,
 Though wholly pure within.

3 Behold him buried in the cave,
 And see him rise again ;
 For never could the vanquish'd grave
 The Lord of life retain.

4 Now view him on the throne of grace,
 The glorious, great I AM,
 While every feature of his face
 Proclaims him still the Lamb.

5 The sword of wrath is sheathed now,
 And mercy reigns above ;
 The crown which now surrounds his
 brow,
 Is one of grace and love.

6 He has eternal life to give
 To sinners, young and old ;
 Then look upon the Lord and live,
 The Lamb of God behold !

1 SINNER, oh come, from Sinai fly !
 To Calv'ry's mournful scene repair ;
 Behold the Prince of Glory die,
 And read your peace and pardon there !

2 Your life, your hope, and righteousness,
 May now be found in him alone ;
 Since all supplies of grace and peace,
 Spring from the work the Lord hath done.

3 See certain woe beyond the grave,
 For guilty men who die in sin ;
 While all whom Jesus deigns to save,
 Heaven's open gates shall welcome in.

4 There shall the blood-wash'd myriads go,
 Who trust our great Redeemer here ;
 The plant that buds with grace below,
 Shall ripen into glory there.

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

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw : and—O amazing love !
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining courts above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Died on the cross, lay in the grave,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

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

258

S.M.

1 Let earthly themes now cease,
And joyful let us dwell,
On our sweet theme of heav'nly peace,
Oh ! we've enough to tell.

2 Peace with our holy God,
Peace from the fear of death,
Peace through our Saviour's precious
blood,
Sweet peace, the fruit of faith.

3 We worship at thy feet,
We wonder and adore ;
The coming glory scarce more sweet
Than the sweet peace before.

259

C.M.

- 1 To tell my Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task !
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.
- 2 My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell out half the joy !
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply !
- 3 Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
Such secrets to declare ;
Like precious wines, their taste they lose
Exposed to the air.
- 4 But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear ;
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.
- 5 And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was ?
And blame the song that thus commends
The man who bore the cross ?

6 Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints ;
Such honour may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

260

C.M.

1 SAVIOUR divine, whose name we know,
In whom alone we trust,
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thy people's boast.

2 The soul, by sin howe'er defil'd,
By guilt howe'er oppress'd,
In thee believing stands approv'd
And finds abiding rest.

3 To thee, our great redeeming Lord,
What lasting thanks we owe,
For raising sinners to such joys,
From depths of endless woe.

261

P.M.

1 HAIL, thou once despised 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 veil of heaven,
Grace shines forth to man from God.

262

L.M.

1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise :
Whose glories shine through endless
days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! did not he
Give his own life to ransom me ;
And shed the beams of life divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine ?

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ! when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

263

C.M.

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

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

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

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

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

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 revived,
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light,
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till trav'lling days are done.

- 1 When every scene this side the grave,
Seems dark and cheerless to the eye ;
How sweet, at such a time, to have
A brother for adversity.
- 2 And who is this, whom still we find,
When father, mother, husband die ;
Still faithful, loving, tender, kind,
A brother for adversity ?
- 3 Jesus, 'tis thou—ah ! who can trace
Thy love, unchanging, full, and free ?
Or tell the riches of thy grace,
Thou brother for adversity !
- 4 Thy wounded hands and feet proclaim,
That love and mercy meet in thee ;
That Jesus is the tend'rest name,
The brother for adversity !
- 5 Ye trav'lers in this wilderness !
Who somewhat of his beauty see,
For ever, Oh, for ever bless,
This brother for adversity !

- 1 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
The Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam,
In sin and misery.

2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
O then for refuge flee !

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day !

267

11s.

1 I once was a stranger, To grace and to
God,
I knew not my danger, I felt not my
load !
Though friends spoke in rapture Of
Christ on the tree,
“Jehovah Tsidkenu” * Was nothing to
me.

2 I oft read with pleasure, To soothe or
engage,
Isaiah’s wild measure, And John’s sim-
ple page ;
But e’en when they pictured, The blood
sprinkled tree,
“Jehovah Tsidkenu” Seemed nothing
to me.

* The Lord our Righteousness.” Jer. xxiii, 6.

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, no safety, In self could I see,
“Jehovah Tsidkenu” My Saviour must
be.

5 My terrors all vanished Before the sweet
name,
My guilty fears banished, With boldness
I came
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 ne'er can be
lost ;

In thee I shall conquer, By flood and by
field,
My cable, my anchor, My breastplate
and shield !

7 Even treading the valley, The shadow
of death,
This “watchword” should rally My
faltering breath ;
For if from life’s fever My God set me
free,
“Jehovah Tsidkenu” My death-song
should be.

268

C.M.

1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour
comes !
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the pris’ners to release,
In Satan’s bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

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

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

269

C.M.

1 Behold the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree ;
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

2 Look to him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart ;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Look to him, till his dying love
Thy every thought control ;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never failing Friend ;
Finish he will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

270

L.M.

1 With erring heart, I went astray
In paths of sin, and wander'd wide,
Till Mercy met me in the way,
And softly whispered, "Jesus died."

2 Offended at that sudden sound,
Indignantly I turn'd aside ;
But still the voice was heard around,
And still it whisper'd, " Jesus died."

3 Then Justice cross'd my path, and stood,
Erect and stern, to quell my pride ;
His glittering sword was bathed in
blood ;
Ah ! well for me, that " Jesus died."

4 " Come forth, thou traitor to thy God,"
His voice in thundering accents cried ;
Oppress'd, I sank upon the sod,
And faintly answered, " Jesus died."

5 E'en as I falter'd forth the word,
He strove his blushing face to hide,
And sheath'd in haste his blood-stain'd
sword,
And then I shouted, " Jesus died !"

1 When Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted, and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was filled ;
From weeping he could not forbear.

Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind ;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to shew himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told !
“ I am Joseph, your brother,” he said,
“ And still to my heart you are dear ;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here.”

3 Thus, dragged by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first, he looked stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart !
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, “ Thou cursed, depart !”

4 But, oh ! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beamed in his face ;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelmed and confounded by grace :
“ Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain ;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

5 "I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh ;
But let me henceforth be esteemed
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh ;
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will fully supply ;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

6 " Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy, which now you have found,
And tell them, that yet there is room."
Oh, sinners, the message obey !
No more vain excuses pretend ;
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother, and friend.

1 He wears no terrors on his brow, ;
He speaks in love, from glory now, ;
It is the voice of Jesu's blood,
Calling poor wanderers home to God.

2 The holy Moses quaked and feared,
When Sinai's thund'ring law he heard ;
But reigning grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the sinner as a child.

3 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds !
" Pardon and grace I freely give ;
Poor sinner, look to me, and live."

4 What other arguments can move
The heart that slight a Saviour's love !
Yet, till almighty power constrain,
This matchless love is preached in vain.

5 O Saviour, let that power be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt !
Deeply impress upon our youth,
The light and force of gospel truth.

6 The God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace,
Invites you now to seek his face.

273

C.M.

1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O. hear betimes,
The voice of sov'reign love !
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast ;
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh ! join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear !

6 We pray that you may early prove,
The Spirit's power to teach ;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

1 By faith in Christ, the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he that in his name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

2 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call ;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

- 1 JESUS for us a body took,
Our guilt assumed, our bondage broke,
Discharging all our dreadful debt ;
Then let us ne'er this love forget ?
- 2 Let us renounce our ways with grief,
And cleave to this most sure relief ;
Nor him forget, who left the throne,
And for our life gave up his own.
- 3 Ah no ! till time itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm each
heart :
And, shouting this, from earth we'll rise,
To join the chorus of the skies.
- 4 Ah no ! when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
His name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

- 1 THY message by the preacher seal,
And let thy power be known,
That every sinner here may feel
The word is not his own.

2 Amongst the foremost of the throng,
Who dare thee to thy face,
He in rebellion stood too long,
And fought against thy grace.

3 But grace prevailed, he mercy found,
And now by thee is sent,
To tell his fellow-rebels round,
And call them to repent.

4 In Jesus, God is reconciled,
The worst may be forgiven ;
Come, and he'll own you as a child,
And make you heir of heaven.

5 O may the word of gospel truth
Your chief desires engage !
And Jesus be your guide in youth,
Your joy in hoary age.

1 TIME, by moments steals away,
First the hour, and then the day ;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years :
Thus another year is flown,
Now it is no more our own,
(If it brought or promised good,)
Than the years before the flood.

2 Happy the believing soul !
Christ for you has paid the whole ;
While you own the debt is large,
You may plead a full discharge :
But, poor careless sinner, say,
What can you to justice pay ?
Tremble, lest, when life is past,
Into prison you be cast !

3 Will you still increase the score ?
Still be careless as before ?
O, forbid it, gracious Lord,
Touch their spirits by thy word !
Now, in mercy to them, shew
What a mighty debt they owe !
All their unbelief subdue ;
Let *them* find forgiveness too.

4 Spared to see another year,
Let thy blessing meet us here ;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive.
Sun of righteousness, arise !
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes !
Let our prayer thy bowels move,
Make this year a time of love.

1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl ;

**'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.**

- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.**
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say
“ I never will deny thee, Lord,”
But, “ Grant I never may.”**
- 4 Man's wisdom is, to seek
His strength in God alone ;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.**
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.**
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne :
Whoever says, “ I want no more,”
Confesses he has none.**

1 THE gospel comes with welcome news,
 To sinners lost like me :
 Their various schemes while others
 choose,
 Saviour, I come to thee.

2 Of merit now I cannot speak,
 For merit I have none ;
 I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
 I'm sav'd by grace alone.

3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
 'Tis grace that holds me fast :
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me to the last.

4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 What God hath done for me ;
 And celebrate redeeming grace
 Throughout eternity.

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 ;

Thy almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works 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.

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 learn, with hearts adoring,
All thy love in drops of blood ;
Glory, glory everlasting.
Be to thee, thou Lamb of God !

1 Our souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mix in one ;
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun :
 Our hearts have burned while Jesus
 spoke,
 And glowed with sacred fire ;
 He stopped, and talked, and fed, and
 blessed,
 And filled the enlarged desire.

Chorus.

A Saviour ! let creation sing !
 A Saviour ! let all heaven ring !
 He's God with us, his home is ours,
 His fullness in our souls he pours,—
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,—
 We're joining them who are gone before,
 We soon shall meet to part no more.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly,—
 We'd stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
 With Christ to live and die !
 Let devils rage—and hell assail,
 We'd cut our passage through !
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'd seize the crown, our due.

A Saviour, &c.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own,
Then we, a little band of love,
Lost sinners, saved by grace,
From glory into glory changed,
Shall see thee face to face !
A Saviour, &c.

282

8s.

1 WITH a heart full of anxious request,
Which my Father in heaven bestowed,
I wandered alone and distressed,
In search of a quiet abode.
Astray and distracted, I cried—
“ Lord, where would'st thou have me
to be ? ”
And the voice of the Lamb that had
died,
Said—“ Come, my beloved, to me.”

2 I went, for he mightily wins
Weary souls to his peaceful retreat—
And he gave me forgiveness of sins,
And songs that I love to repeat ;

R

And, oft as my enemies came,
My views of his glory to dim,
He taught me to trust in his name,
And to triumph by leaning on him.

3 Made pure by the blood that he shed,
My heart in his presence was free ;
I was hungry and thirsty—he fed—
I was sick, and he comforted me ;
He gave me the blessing complete—
The hope that is with me to day ;
And a quiet abode at his feet,
That shall not be taken away.

283.

L.M.

1. WELL may we count the world but loss,
And gladly join his praise to sing,
Who for our sins endured the cross,
And dying took from death its sting.

2 Pleading that cross, the soul may dare
Appeal to covenanted love ;
For he who bore our burden there,
Now lives to intercede above.

3 Strong in that cross, the soul may brave
Sin's dark device, and Satan's might,
Can see unmoved the opening grave,
And call earth's worst affliction light.

4 Wise in that cross, the soul may trace
 The unfolded plan of power and love ;
And see in our Emmanuel's face,
 The glory angels see above.

284

L.M.

1 O what a thrill of deep delight,
 Through the bright hosts of glory ran,
When Jesus, in the fearful fight,
 Had finished all for ransomed man !

2 " 'Tis FINISHED ! FINISHED !" sweetly
 rung,
Through the whole world of bliss
 above ;
And seraphim broke forth, and sung
 The glories of redeeming love.

3 Thus heaven rejoiced ; while yet below
 Jesus, thy saints in deep dismay,
Beheld the scene of mighty woe,
 Till faith, and all but love, gave way.

4 Yes, it was love alone that led
 Thy brethren, Lord, to seek thy grave ;
But every gleam of hope had fled,
 For thou, they deemed, had'st failed
 to save.

5 "Twas thine own arm of power that
broke,
Lord, ere they came, the grave's
control ;
"Twas thine own blessed voice that spoke
"PEACE, PEACE!" to each reviving
soul.

6 Peace was their portion, peace is ours,
We, like thine earlier brethren, see
Our victory won o'er Satan's powers,
Our blessedness secured by thee.

7 In the pure blood, on Calvary shed,
Washed from our sin, beloved Lord ;
We, with thyself, our living Head,
Wait for our glorious bright reward.

1 O ~~nor~~ a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe :
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe :—

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod ;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt :—

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last spark is fled ;
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

286

C.M.

1 THE gospel table's largely spread,
And richly furnished too,
With wine, and milk, and living bread,
And dainties not a few.

2 The helpless outcasts, vile and base,
The guilty and undone,
Are welcome to the feast of grace,
Tho' goodness they have none.

3 No goodness he for life demands,
Who does redeem *the poor* ;
The suppliant, with uplifted hands,
He drives not from his door.

4 Come boldly, whosoever will,
Nor vainly strive to mend,
Sinners are freely welcome still,
To Christ, the sinner's friend.

1 SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
While, seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love to all,
Of grace and peace to tell.

2 One thoughtless heart, that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learned 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 wandering 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 full repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only One who deeply loves,
But *love itself* in thee.

7 Not One alone who feels for all,
But fully knows the art
To meet the boundless sympathies
Of every loving heart.

1 DELUSIVE world, farewell !
By grief and sin distressed,
On one delightful thought I dwell,
That thou art not my rest !

2 Once thou wert all I sought
To fill this anxious breast,
And it was then a mournful thought,
That thou wert not my rest !

3 But, hastening from above,
A self-invited guest,
The Saviour, with a smile of love,
Proclaimed himself my rest !

4 No longer canst thou fill,
False world, this peaceful breast ;
No more thy frowns my comforts kill,
Since Jesus is my rest !

5 He bids that scene arise,
Which life and love invest ;
He bids me quit each earthly prize,
And pant for heavenly rest.

6 Yes ! I shall join the throng,
By his own voice confessed ;
And celebrate in ceaseless song,
My Lord, my life, my rest !

1 WHEN some kind shepherd from the fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Thro' vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountains steep.

2 But, O the joy, the transport sweet,
When he the wanderer finds !
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete :
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns,
To Jesus with a broken heart,
And all his wanderings mourns.

5 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

6 Angels rejoice in louder strains,
And seraphs feel new fire ;
“A sinner lost is found,” they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light !
Poor sinner, harden not your heart ;
Thou wouldst be saved, why not
to-night ?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight:
This is the time, O then be wise!
Thou wouldest be saved, why not
to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou wouldest be saved, why not
to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight:
O try the life which christians live!
Thou wouldest be saved, why not
to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldest be saved, why not
to-night?

1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord to thee,
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee there
Thy great salvation tell.

2 Thither she came ; but O ! her heart,
 All filled with earthly care,
Dreamed not of thee, nor thought to find
 The hope of Israel there.

3 Lord ! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
 The stray one to that place,
In solitude to learn from thee
 The secrets of thy grace.

4 There Jacob's erring daughter found
 Those streams, unknown before,
The waterbrooks of life, that make
 The weary thirst no more.

5 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
 Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love, revealed
 At Jacob's well of old.

6 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee
 Beside the springing well
Of life and peace—and heard thee there
 Its healing virtues tell.

7 Dead to the world, we dream no more
 Of earthly pleasures now ;
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
 Of grace and glory, thou !

8 No hope of rest in aught beside,
 No beauty, Lord, we see,
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
 And find our all in thee.

292

C.M.

- 1 LET the redeemed, who know the Lord,
 His gospel name declare ;
And join to sing, in sweet accord,
 How rich his mercies are.
- 2 His tender sympathetic heart
 The vilest can embrace ;
And freely to their wants impart
 The riches of his grace.
- 3 He came to seek and save the lost,
 And set the prisoners free ;
The abject soul that wants him most,
 In him finds liberty.
- 4 Self-righteousness can have no part
 In that which Christ has done ;
“ Jesus the Saviour,” every heart
 Proclaims, and him alone.
- 5 The Saviour wears the crown divine,
 He who for sinners bled ;
And every saved soul shall join
 To fix it on *his* head.

6 Salvation unto God belongs !
Amen ! we bless his name ;
And when we have immortal tongues
We'll still repeat the same.

293

C.M.

- 1 O LAMB of God ! how vast thy pains,
But greater far thy love !
For e'en upon the bitter cross
Thou didst a Saviour prove !
- 2 The crowd demands, " If Son of God,
Why hangs he dying thus ?"
The thieves reply, " If Son of God,
Then save thyself and us ! "
- 3 But, calm and tranquil 'midst it all,
The dying Saviour view !
He prays, " My Father them forgive,
They know not what they do ! "
- 4 Hark now ! the thief, in altered tone,
Prays, " Lord, remember me !"
His dying Lord, in love replies,
" I will remember thee ! "
- 5 Thrice happy soul, to whom these words,
Of pard'ning love were giv'n !
How loudly will thy anthems swell
Among the blest in heaven !

1. THE voice of free grace cries Escape to
the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd
a fountain,
For sin and uncleanness, And every
transgression,
His blood flow'd so freely, In streams of
salvation.

Alleluia to the Lamb ! Who has
bought us a pardon,
We will praise him again, When we
pass over Jordan.

2 In Jesus rejoice, Triumphanty glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, He is more
than victorious !
Though your sins be increased As high
as a mountain,
His blood can remove them, It streams
from the fountain,
Alleluia, &c.

3 Around him we'll stand, When escap'd
to the shore,
With palms in our hand, We'll praise
him evermore ;
We'll range the sweet plains On the
banks of the river,
And sing of salvation, For ever and ever !
Alleluia, &c.

- 1 SEE the Saviour tread the dreary
 Mountain rocks of Galilee ;
 Sinner, see him faint and weary,
 That there may be rest for thee.
- 2 Hear him ask Samaria's daughter,
 " From this fountain draw for me."
 Sinner, he has living water,
 Free to her, the world, and thee.
- 3 See him in the lowly manger ;
 He has taken flesh, to be
 On the earth an exil'd stranger,—
 Sinner, and 'tis all for thee !
- 4 Dying on the cross, behold him,
 Jesus Christ of Calvary ;
 Sins they are, not nails, which hold him,
 Sinner, there he dies for thee !
- 5 Mighty now, in resurrection,
 Cloth'd with immortality ;
 See him, sinner,—blest perfection,
 Of a boundless love for thee !
- 6 With unutterable glory,
 Crown'd to all eternity ;
 He, whose brow with thorns was gory,
 Sinner, lo ! he pleads with thee.

7 Infinite is his affection,
How canst thou resist his plea?
Force him not, by cold rejection,
Sinner, to depart from thee.

8 Lest, when criminal before him,
Trembling thou shalt bend the knee,
He should say, with worlds to hear him,
"Sinner, thou depart from me!"

296 C.M.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes:
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

3 "Stay", says the world, "and taste
awhile,
My every pleasant sweet;"
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

4 "Stay," Satan, my old master cries,
"Or force shall thee detain."
Hinder me not, I will be gone,
My God hath broke my chain.

5 Thro' duty and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command :
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

6 And should my Saviour call me home,
Still this my cry should be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

297

C.M.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men ;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declared,
" Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain ;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
" Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature totally depraved,
The heart a mass of sin ;
Without this change we can't be saved ;
" Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain ;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
" Ye must be born again."

S .

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain ;
And witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

298

C.M.

1 Jesus, thy precious, cleansing blood,
For sinners hath been spilt ;
And by it now thou canst remove
The heaviest load of guilt.

2 Is there a heart before thee now
That feels its heavy load ?
That fain would see thy smiling face,
And know the heart of God ?

3 O dissipate the gloomy cloud,
Dispel the rising fear ;
The load of sin and guilt remove,
The fainting spirit cheer.

4 So shall thy grace be magnified,
Thy saving power made known ;
And thy all-gracious, glorious Name,
Be glorified alone.

1 "I will"—"Be clean," the Saviour said,
 To one who sought his aid ;
 When wand'ring, homeless, in the world
 His blessed hands had made.

2 "I will"—"Be clean," he answers now,
 Enthron'd in light on high,
 To all who feel their need of him,
 And for his mercy cry.

3 Come, then, poor sinner, look to him,
 His heart is tender still ;
 Now raise the voice of faith and prayer,
 He always says—"I will."

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, O save this hour.

3 The wanderers restore,
 Poor prodigals embrace ;
 Let each and all thy presence prove,
 And triumph in thy grace.

- 1 HARK ! to the gracious, warning word,
“ Behold, I quickly come !”
Sinner, that voice may soon be heard,
Sealing your final doom.
- 2 For when the Lord shall come again,
None may resist his will ;
The filthy and unjust, remain
Unjust and filthy still.
- 3 Vengeance, he then will take, on all
Who do not know their God,
Nor yet obey the gospel call,
So freely spread abroad.
- 4 This gospel is the power of God
To your salvation now
If you believe ; through Jesu’s blood,
Both peace and pardon flow.
- 5 O then, before the Judge descend,
Yield to his saving grace ;
Then, you will find in him your Friend,
Your Home, and Resting-Place.

1 If sinners did but know
 The Father's loving heart ;
 How anxiously each soul would crave
 The love it would impart.

2 If sinners did but know
 The love of Jesu's breast ;
 How gladly would they flee to him,
 Upon that love to rest.

3 If sinners did but know
 The value of Christ's blood :
 How would they trust its cleansing
 power,
 To bring them near to God.

4 Lord, cause them now to know,
 Thy power and grace divine !
 Grant, Saviour, now, in every heart
 Thy beams of love to shine.

1 How sweet the cheering words,
 " Whoever will may come !
 The door of mercy open stands,
 As yet, there still is room."

2 'Tis the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love ;
And God invites "whoever will"
His faithfulness to prove.

3 The Saviour sits on high,
The proof that all is done ;
And sinners, now, God can accept,
By virtue of his Son.

4 That Saviour soon will rise,
And close the open door ;
Then, all who have refused to come,
Will hear of grace no more.

5 O God, to thee we cry,
While Jesus still delays,
That thou would'st bring lost sinners
nigh,
And save them by thy grace.

SAVIOUR, quicken souls before thee,
Dead in trespasses and sin.
Speak a word direct from glory,
Speak, and precious trophies win.
Man is but an earthen vessel,
Thou must give the quick'ning word !
O put forth thy saving power,
Bless thy preached gospel, Lord.

1 **O**r thy love, some gracious token,
 Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
 Bless thy word, which has been spoken,
 Life and peace on all bestow.
 When we join the world again
 May our hearts with thee remain :
 O direct us,
 And protect us,
 Till we gain the heavenly shore.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace !
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 **T**hanks 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 ever
Reign with thee in endless day.

FOR PRAYER-MEETINGS.

307

C.M.

- 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 We all partake the joy of one,
 The common peace we feel ;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
 A joy unspeakable.

4 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet !

308

S.M.

1 "REVIVE thy work, O Lord!"
Thy mighty arm make bare :
Speak with the voice which wakes the
dead,
And make thy people hear.

2 "Revive thy work, O Lord!"
Disturb this sleep of death,
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By thine almighty breath !

3 "Revive thy work, O Lord!"
Create soul-thirst for thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
O may our spirits be.

4 "Revive thy work, O Lord!"
Exalt the Saviour's name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

5 "Revive thy work, O Lord!"
Give power unto thy word,
Grant that thy blessed Gospel may,
In living faith, be heard.

6 "Revive thy work, O Lord!"
Give pentecostal showers,
The glory shall be all thy own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

309

S.M.

1 THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart.

310

C.M.

1 O God, our languid hearts inspire
(For here we know thou art)
And freely of thy heavenly fire,
To every soul impart.

2 For Jesu's sake, we pray thee here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us faith to pray.

3 Amongst us, Lord, let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
And give each troubled conscience ease,
Each wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayer ;
And, in the bosom of our Lord,
Cast off our every care.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

311

6-8s.

1 Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And O, instruct us how to pray !
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face !

2 Jesus, regard the earnest groan,
Of all thy tempted followers here ;
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power of prayer :
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

1 SAVE, Jesus, save,
 Thy blessing now we crave,
 For every anxious sinner here,
 O let thy mercy now appear,
 Lord Jesus, save.

2 Save, Jesus, save,
 Thy banner o'er us wave,
 Of love, eternal and divine ;
 O Lord, let each one here be thine,
 Lord Jesus, save.

3 Save, Jesus, save,
 Thou conqueror o'er the grave,
 Give every fetter'd soul release,
 And whisper to the troubled " Peace,"
 Lord Jesus, save.

4 Save, Jesus, save,
 And thou alone shalt have
 The glory of the work divine,
 Yea, endless praises shall be thine,
 Lord Jesus, save.

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

2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

314

6-8s.

1 O wondrous power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell the Almighty's
grace?
God's hands, or bound, or open are,
As *Moses* or *Elijah* prays :
Let *Moses* in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, " Let me alone."

315

L.M.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sweet retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around our common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

316

S.M.

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day :
To all thy tempted followers give,
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast,
In never ceasing prayer.

317

10s & 11s.

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.
Should this have dismay'd us,
Our souls it may cheer,
That, called 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 defiled.
Yet, Christ for us pleading,
We may persevere ;
Through him interceding
Our Father will hear.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised 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, O, thyself reveal ;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart,
The mighty comfort feel.

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.

319

8s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares ;

Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

320

L.M.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace
And offer solemn prayer and praise,
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them impart renewing grace,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Oh ! let us now thy promise prove,
Oh ! fill our hearts with joy and love.

321

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom we cast our every care ;
On whom for all things we depend ;
Inspire, and then accept our prayer.

T

1. BEHOLD the throne of grace !

The promise calls me near :
To seek my God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.

2. That rich atoning blood,

Which, sprinkled round, I see,
Provides for all who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3. My soul, ask what thou wilt,

Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since for thy sake that blood was spilt,
What else will he withhold ?

4. Beyond thy 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,

My mouth I'll open wide ;
Lord ! open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied !

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
 For all who feel thy work begun ;
 Confirm and strengthen them in grace
 And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou know'st
 their names,
 Be mindful of thy youngest care ;
 Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
 And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 In safety lead thy little flock,
 From hell, the world, and sin secure ;
 And set their feet upon the rock,
 And make in thee their goings sure.

1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
 The promised blessing give !
 Met in thy name, we look to thee,
 Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
 Who in thy name are joined ;
 We wait, according to thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
 But, O thyself reveal !
Son of the living God appear !
 Let us thy presencee feel.

325

L.M.

1 What various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud
 withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the christian's armour
 bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Oh ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creatures ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.

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

326

C.M.

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 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave,
To his beloved embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive ;
And grace to answer grace.

327

L.M.

1 Now may fervent prayer arise,
Winged with faith, and pierce the skies ;
Fervent prayer shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

2 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 !

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 us all, both old and young ;
Call forth praise from every tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove,
All thy power and all thy love.

1 CHILDREN of God, in all your need,
Remember him who died for you ;
Ye suppliants ! think, whene'er you
plead,
The Lord of Love is pleading too.

2 Nor pleads in vain—the Father hears
The voice of his beloved Son,
'Tis music in Jehovah's ears :
He pleads ; and lo, the suit is won.

3 Come, brethren, then, our feeblest
prayer,

Perfumed with Jesu's blessed name,
Is heard on high, is treasured there,
And all that heaven can give may
claim.

329

C.M.

1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove :
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel,
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, our God, art here.

3 Here then, our God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid our hearts rejoice :
Our bounding hearts shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Let this our every hour employ,
Till we thy glory see ;
Enter into our Master's joy,
And find our heaven in thee.

1 O Thou who camest from above,
 The pure celestial fire to impart ;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it to thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze ;
 And, trembling to its source return,
 In humble prayer, and fervent praise.

1 O God of our salvation, hear,
 And make thy faithful mercies known :
 To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
 Thy suffering well-beloved Son,
 In whom we see thy smiling face,
 In whom shines all thy love and grace.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
 And spread before thy glorious eyes,
 That only ground of all our hope,
 That precious bleeding sacrifice,
 Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
 And perfects all our souls in one.

1 Let him to whom we now belong
 His sovereign right assert,
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

2 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our heart's request,
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy bosom rest.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but thine
 To all eternity.

1 O God, what offering shall I give,
 To thee the Lord of earth and skies ?
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice ;
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
 More should'st thou have, if I had more.

2 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
 Since I am called by thy great name ;
 In thee let all my thoughts unite,
 Of all my works be thou the aim ;
 Thy love attend me all my days ;
 And my sole business be thy praise !

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

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 ;
 Let thy presence now be found
 Shedding peace and joy around.

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 thyself, our constant Friend.

1 **L**ORD ! wherever two or three
Meet together in thy name,
Thou hast promised 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 Fewest voices that can meet,—
Feeblest accents that can rise,—
Carried to the mercy-seat,
Thou, O God ! wilt not despise.

1 **T**HE things impossible to men
Thou canst for thine own people do ;
Thy strength be in our weakness seen ;
Thy wisdom in our folly show !
Prevent, accompany, and bless,
And crown the whole with full success.

2 **O** then, almighty God of love,
Into thy hands the matter take ;
The mountain obstacles remove,
For thine own truth and mercy's sake ;
Fulfil in ours thy own design,
And prove the work entirely thine.

1 GREAT Shepherd of the chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew :
 And, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

2 Now may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith and banish care ;
 To teach our faint desire to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

339

1 ACCEPT, O Lord, the simple prayer,
 Which in thine ear we pour ;
 Behold ! it is our soul's desire
 To know thee more and more.

2 *We know that we are thine, O Lord,*
 Redeemed with thine own blood ;
We know that we shall shortly be
 For ever with our God.

3 But we would prove our fellowship,
 E'en here from hour to hour !
 Would catch the Spirit's "Abba"-cry,
 And taste his heavenly power.

4 So should our souls with holy love
 And deepest peace abound,
 And we shine forth, O Lord, and yield
 A light to all around.

- 1 **L**ORD ! let my heart still turn to thee,
 In all my hours of waking thought !
 Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
 To think, or feel, where thou art not !
- 2 **I**n every hour of pain or woe,
 When nought on earth this heart can
 cheer,
 When sighs will burst, and tears will
 flow,
 Lord, hush the sigh, and chase the
 tear !
- 3 **I**n 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 **T**o my last lingering 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 **W**hene'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."

6 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear, 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,
To think or feel where thou art not.

341

C.M.-

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.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When creature-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 angel-songs,
That love is thron'd on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
wield,
When mortal aid is vain ;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That list'ning 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.

342

L.M.

1 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.

2 We nothing have ; but all is thine :
While thou art rich, we cannot want :
Thine ear, O Lord ! to us incline,
And what thy people pray for, grant.

3 Thus armed, to conflict we may go,
And boldly meet the adverse powers ;
Thus armed, we need not fear the foe,
For everlasting strength is ours.

- 1 Most precious were the parting words
Of our Almighty Friend ;
Who loved his own while in the world,
And loved them to the end.
- 2 " I leave you not as orphans here,
The Comforter shall come,
And fill your hearts with joy and peace,
Till I shall fetch you home."
- 3 And soon, upon that watching band,
The heavenly Stranger came ;
And, like a rushing mighty wind,
Thrill'd through each trembling frame.
- 4 Like a vast flood, he buried deep
Pain, grief, and worldly care ;
In Resurrection-Life they breathed
Heaven's own fresh vital air.
- 5 Dead to the world, through Jesu's love,
They nought their own would call ;
With power they preached their risen
Lord ;
Great grace was on them all.
- 6 Like ointment pour'd on Aaron's head,
That down his garments flowed,
Was that rich oil of grace and joy,
From Christ, our Head, bestowed.
