

THE
WELLINGTON HYMN BOOK;

A SELECTION OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS

ADAPTED FOR
PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND PRIVATE USE.

I will praise the name of GOD with a song, and will magnify Him with thanksgiving.—PSA. lxi. 30.

In Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs singing with Grace in your hearts to the LORD.—COL. iii. 16.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—1 COR. xiv. 15.

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D. C. FOX, Editor.

Wellington, Somerset,
September, 1857.

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HYMNS OF PRAISE.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with Psalms. *Psalm, xcv., 1, 2.*

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright. *Psalm, xxxiii, 1*

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth ME. *Psalm, l, 28.*

1.

L. M.

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

2, 3.

PRAISE.

2.

S. M.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
The everlasting king,
Now high enthron'd above the skies,
Our joyful praise we bring.
- 2 His love and mighty pow'r,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe each passing hour,
From every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
To sing the triumph of his grace,
And make his glories known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Almighty power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

3.

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the Sovereign God,
The Universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are his alone,
And his the solid ground.

- 8 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the LORD ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4. S. M.

- 1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are rais'd,
Above the earth we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 Our life is as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassions, LORD,
To endless years endure ;
And all thy children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

5.

PRAISE.

5.

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the LORD,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the Heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God who rules on high,
Whose thunder rends the clouds,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the raging floods ;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
A God of boundless love,
Whose faithful grace and mighty powers
Shall carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never,—never sin ;
There, from the fountain of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 And now, before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

6.

P. M.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heav'n confest,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
At his right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my pilgrim days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God,
And he shall save me to the end,
Through JESU's blood.
- 4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.

7, 8.

PRAISE.

- 5 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

7.

C. M.

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

8.

L. M.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 2 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

9.

D. L. M.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

10, 11.

PRAISE.

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

10.

C. M.

- 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
In love and union sweet,
Till, fill'd with perfect joy above,
Around thy throne we meet.

11.

C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name,
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 8 :

- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
 When I forsake his ways ;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 If I walk through death's gloomy vale,
 Thy presence is my stay ;
 Thy rod, thy staff will never fail
 To drive my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth now my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, O my God,
 Attend me all my days ;
 Soon will thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise.

12.

D. L. M.

- 1 LORD we are *thine* ; in thee we live,
 Supported by thy tender care ;
 Thou dost each hourly mercy give ;
 Thine earth we tread, we breathe thine air ;
 Raiment and food thy hands supply,
 Thy sun's bright rays around us shine :
 Guarded by thine all-seeing eye—
 We own that we are wholly thine.
- 2 LORD we are *thine* ; bought by thy blood,
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin ;
 But thou redeemedst us to God,
 And mad'st thy Spirit dwell within.
 Thou hast our sinful wand'rings borne.
 With love and patience all divine ;

13, 14.

PRAISE.

As brands then from the burning torn,
We own that we are wholly thine.

- 8 LORD we are *thine*; thy claims we own,
Ourselves to thee we'd wholly give;
Reign thou within our hearts alone,
And let us to thy glory live.
Here let us each thy mind display,
In all thy gracious image shine,
And haste that long expected day
When thou shalt own that we are thine.

13.

8-7-4.

- 1 'T WAS thy love, O God, that knew us,
Earth's foundation long before :
That same love to JESUS drew us,
By its sweet constraining power,
And will keep us
Safely now and evermore.
- 2 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.

14.

8-7.

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

- 2 Now his sprinkl'd blood has freed us,
On we go towards our rest :
Through the desert thou dost lead us,
With thy constant favor blest :
By thy Spirit thou dost guide us,
Of our joy the earnest giv'n,
And with daily food provide us,
Jesus, the true bread of heav'n.
- 3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
This is not our resting-place ;
Shall we of the way be weary,
When we see our Master's face ?
Now, by faith, anticipating,
In this hope our souls rejoice :
We, his promis'd advent waiting,
Soon shall hear his welcome voice.
- 4 [Father, O how rich the blessing
When thy Son returns again !
Then thy saints their rest possessing,
O'er the earth with him shall reign.
For their fathers' sakes beloved,
Israel, in thy grace restored,
Shall on earth, the curse removed,
Be the people of the LORD.]
- 5 Then shall countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white with JESU's blood,
Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
Stand around the throne of God.
These redeem'd from every nation,
Shall in triumph bless thy Name,
Every voice shall cry "Salvation,
To our God, and to the Lamb."

- 1 "ABBA, Father," LORD we call thee.
 (Hallow'd name!) from day to day:
 'Tis thy children's right to know thee,
 None but children "Abba," say:
 This high glory we inherit,
 (Thy free gift) through JESU's blood;
 God the Spirit, with our spirit,
 Witnesseth we're sons of God.
- 2 Abba's love first gave us being,
 When, *in Christ*, in that vast plan,
 Abba chose the Church in JESUS,
 Long before the world began:
 Oh what love the Father bore us!
 Oh how precious in his sight!
 When he gave his Church to JESUS!
 JESUS his whole soul's delight!
- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam,
 Seem'd to shut us out from God,
 Thus it was his council brought us
 Nearer still through JESU's blood:
 For in him we found redemption,
 Grace and glory in the Son;
 Oh the height and depth of mercy;
 CHRIST and all the Saints are one!
- 4 [Richest stores of heavenly blessings
 God has given in CHRIST his Son,—
 With the Holy Spirit's power,
 Safe to lead his children on:
 "Abba, Father," makes all certain,
 E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
- 12

- Abba saith, "They are my people,"
 And they say, "The LORD our God."]
 5 Hence through all the changing seasons,
 Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
 Nothing changeth God's affection,
 Abba's love shall bring us through ;
 Soon shall all thy blood-bought children,
 Round the throne their anthems raise,
 And in songs of rich salvation,
 Shout to Abba endless praise.

CHORUS.

- "Abba, Father," LORD, we call thee ;
 Abba sounds through all the host ;
 All in heav'n and earth adore thee,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

16.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS ! I love Thy saving name ;
 'Tis music to my 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 but sordid dust.
 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee most richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there !
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

17, 18.

PRAISE.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
And dying glory in thy love,
The antidote of death.

17.

C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy ;
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide ;
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight ;
Your wants shall be his care.

18.

P. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah ! Praise the LORD most
holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength
the weak ;
Praise him who will with glory crown the
lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.
- 2 Praise ye the LORD for all his loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercies he hath shewn ;

Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah ! source of all our blessing,
Before his gifts earth's richest boons are dim ;
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4 Praise ye the Father ! God the LORD who
gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son ;
Praise ye the Son who died himself to save us,
Praise ye the Spirit ! praise the THREE in
ONE.

19

P. M.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee,
Till thou appear,
Thy members here,
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God,
The praise of our Salvation.

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

Which made us thine,
Will keep us thine for ever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people,
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear
Whilst thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
Of which thou dost assure us ;
The world despise—
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us.
And if thou count us worthy,
We each as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

- 1 THY name we bless, LORD JESUS,
That name all names excelling ;
How great thy love,
All praise above,
Should ev'ry tongue be telling.
Thy Father's loving-kindness,
In giving thee was shewn us.
Now by thy blood

- Redeem'd to God,
As children he doth own us.
- 2 From that eternal glory,
Thou hadst with God the Father,
 He sent his Son,
 That he in one,
His children all might gather :
Our sins were all laid on thee,
God's wrath thou hast endured ;
 It was for us
 Thou suffer'dst thus,
And hast our peace secured.
- 3 Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
 Thy Church is free,
 As risen in thee,
Head of the new creation !
On high thou hast ascended
To God's right hand in heaven,
 The Lamb once slain,
 Alive again,—
To thee all pow'r is given.
- 4 Thou hast bestow'd the earnest
Of that we shall inherit ;
 Till thou shalt come
 To take us home,
We're seal'd by God the Spirit.
We wait for thine appearing,
When we shall know more fully,
 The Priest and King,
 Whose praise we sing,
Thou Lamb of God most holy.

21.

PRAISE.

21.

8-7.

1 LAMB of GOD ! our souls adore thee,
While upon thy face we gaze ;
There the Father's love and glory
Shine in all their brightest rays ;
Thine almighty pow'r and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim ;
Heav'n 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 pow'r and grace.
Oh what wondrous love and mercy !
Thou didst lay thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heav'n,
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 own, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast lov'd us unto blood ;

Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to thee, thou Lamb of God !

22.

8-7.

- 1 LAMB of God ! thou now art seated
High upon thy Father's throne ;
All thy gracious work completed,
All thy mighty vict'ry won :
Ev'ry knee in heav'n is bending,
To the Lamb for sinners slain ;
Ev'ry voice and harp is swelling,
" Worthy is the Lamb to reign,"
- 2 LORD, in all thy pow'r and glory,
Still thy thoughts and eyes are here ;
Watching o'er thy ransom'd people,
To thy gracious heart so dear :
Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is thy love ;
And a blessed rest preparing,
In our Father's house above.
- 3 Lamb of God ! thou soon in glory
Wilt to this sad earth return ;
All thy foes shall quake before thee,
All that now despise thee, mourn :
Then thy saints shall rise to meet thee,
With thee in thy kingdom reign ;
Thine the praise, and thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

23.

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd,
To him all pow'r is given :
No place too high for him is found,
No place too high in heaven.

24.

PRAISE.

- 2 He fills the throne, the throne above,
He fills it without wrong;
The object of his Father's love,
The theme of angels' song.
- 3 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
His people offer here;
The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be ours, and this alone,
That celebrates the name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.
- 5 To him whom men despise and slight,
To him be glory giv'n:
The crown is his, and his by right
The highest place in heav'n.

24.

8-7.

- 1 HAIL! thou once depised JESUS,
Hail! thou earth-rejected 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.
All 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.

- 3 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises without ceasing,
 All that earth and heaven can give.
 Soon, with bright angelic spirits,
 Swelling more exalted lays,
 We shall sing thy love and merit,
 Chant in worthier strains thy praise.

25.

C. M.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
 Around th' eternal throne ;
 Of ev'ry kindred, clime, and land,
 A multitude unknown.
- 2 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
 On earth, the pilgrim-throng ;
 Yet learn we in our low estate
 The church-triumphant's song.
- 3 " Worthy the Lamb ! for sinners slain "
 Cry the redeem'd above,
 " Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love. "
- 4 " Worthy the Lamb " ! on earth we sing,
 " Who died our souls to save ;
 Henceforth O Death ! where is thy sting ?
 Thy victory, O Grave ? "
- 5 Then Hallelujah ! pow'r and praise,
 To God in CHRIST be given ;
 May all who now this anthem raise
 Renew the strain in heaven !

26, 27.

PRAISE.

26.

S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But CHRIST, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes 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 as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

27.

C. M.

- 1 UNTO the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless honors paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

28.

L. M.

- 1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to JESU's name,
All merit of their own deny,
And JESU's worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Redeem'd by blood, and sav'd by grace,
They stand before JEHOVAH's throne;
The happy song in that blest place,
Is—"Thou art worthy! thou alone!"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heaven's ceaseless, universal psalm.
- 4 "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.
- 5 "For thou wast slain, and in thy blood
"These robes were wash'd so spotless pure;
"Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
"For ever let thy praise endure."
- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,
"Amen," the holy angels cry;
Amen, Amen, resounds throughout
The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 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,"
- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead,
Oh, what could shield us from despair

29, 30.

PRAISE.

But this, though we are vile indeed,
The LORD our righteousness is there ?

29.

C. M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
I love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our JESUS still shall be our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our JESU's lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And CHRIST shall be our song.

30.

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,

- 'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be 'till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 LORD, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by love divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

31.

C. M.

- 1 ON the wings of faith uprising,
Jesus crucified, I see;
While his love my soul surprising,
Cries, "I suffer'd all for thee!"
- 2 Then beneath the cross adoring,
Sin doth like itself appear;
When the wounds of CHRIST exploring,
I can read my pardon there.
- 3 Who can think without admiring?
Who can hear and nothing feel?
See the LORD of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?

32, 33.

PRAISE.

- 4 Angels here may gaze and wonder,
What the GOD of love could mean,
When that heart was torn asunder,
Never once defiled with sin.

32.

8-7-7.

- 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,
Reconcil'd in him to GOD,
This was boundless love indeed,
JESUS is a friend in need.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften ;
Teach us, LORD, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above ;
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

33.

8-7-4.

- 1 GRACIOUS LORD ! my heart is fixed,
I will sing, and sing of thee,

Since the cup that justice mixed
 Thou hast drank, and drank for me ;
 Great deliv'rer,
 Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
 But thou, LORD, hast loos'd them all,
 Arms of mercy now surround me,
 Favors these nor few nor small ;
 Saviour keep me,
 Keep thy servant lest I fall.

3 Fair the scene that lies before me,
 Life eternal JESUS gives,
 While he waves his banner o'er me,
 Peace and joy the 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 know is dross.

34. P. M.

1 MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
 The living LORD, who died ;
 With all things good I ever am
 By him supplied ;
 He richly feeds my soul
 With blessings from above ;
 And leads me where the rivers roll
 Of endless love.

35.

PRAISE.

- 2 My soul he doth restore
 Whene'er I go astray ;
 He makes my cup of joy run o'er
 From day to day ;
 His love so full, so free,
 Anoints my head with oil ;
 Mercy and goodness follow me ;
 Fruit of his toil.
- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And love abides alone,
 I then shall see him face to face,
 And know as known.
 Still shall I lift my voice,
 His praise my song shall be,
 And I will in his love rejoice
 Who died for me.

35.

6-6-8.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
- 2 Great prophet of our God !
 Our tongues would bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sin forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, of peace with heaven.
- 3 Be thou our counsellor,
 Our pattern, and our guide,

And through this desert land
 Still keep us near thy side ;
 Oh let our feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

- 4 We love our Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eye shall keep
 Our wand'ring souls among
 The thousands of his sheep ;
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

36. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 While by thy blood absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
 Thus all the saints redeem'd with blood,
 Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
 No age can change its glorious hue—
 The robe of CHRIST is ever new.
- 5 Soon shall I stand before thy throne,
 And there still boast of thee alone,
 My beauty this, my glorious dress,
 JESUS the LORD, my righteousness.

37.

PRAISE.

37.

7-6.

- 1 O JESUS CHRIST, our Saviour,
 We only look to thee ;
 'Tis in thy love and favour,
 Our souls find liberty.
 While Satan fiercely rages,
 And shipwreck oft we fear,
 'Tis this our grief assuages,
 That thou art always near.
- 2 Yes, though the tempest round us
 Seems safety to defy,
 Though rocks and shoals surround us,
 And swell the billows high :
 Thou dost from death protect us,
 And cheer us by thy love ;
 Thy counsels too direct us
 Safe to the rest above.
- 3 There, with what joy reviewing
 Past conflicts, dangers, fears—
 Thy hand our foes subduing,
 And drying all our tears—
 Our hearts with rapture burning,
 The path we shall retrace,
 Where now our souls are learning
 The riches of thy grace.
- 4 Oh then how loud the chorus
 Shall to thy name resound,
 From all at rest before us,
 From all thy grace hath found.
 One joyful song for ever,
 Each harp, each lip, shall raise ;

The praise of our Redeemer,
Our God and Saviour's praise.

38.

7-6.

- 1 O LORD, who now art seated
Above the heav'ns on high,
(The gracious work completed,
For which thou cam'st to die ;)
To thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wand'ring here.
For thou art truly gifted
Our every grief to share.
- 2 We know that thou hast bought us,
And wash'd us in thy blood ;
We know thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, to God :
We know that soon the morning,
Long look'd for, hasteth near,
When we at thy returning,
In glory shall appear.
- 3 O LORD, thy love's unbounded !
So full, so sweet, 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, purchas'd and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
- 4 Oh let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to thee ;
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth thee ;

39.

PRAISE.

Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame—
To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify thy name.

93.

8-8-6.

- 1 O BLESSED JESUS! Lamb of God!
Who hast redeemed us with thy blood
From sin, and death, and shame,—
With joy and praise, thy people see
The crown of glory worn by thee,
And worthy thee proclaim.
- 2 Exalted by the Father's love,
All thrones, and pow'rs, and names above,—
Below in earth or heav'n:
Wisdom and riches, pow'r divine,
Blessing and honor, LORD, are thine,—
All things to thee are giv'n.
- 3 Head of the church! thou sittest there,
Thy bride does all thy glory share,—
Thy fulness, LORD, is ours:
Our life thou art,—thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the vict'ry gains,
O'er sin and Satan's pow'rs.
- 4 Increase our faith,—to thee we cry,
Teach us each day with thee to die,
Each day by faith to live:
In thee to glory, LORD, alone,
And know thy fulness all our own,
And grace for grace receive.
- 5 Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,

And all thy beauty see;
 Our highest joy to see thee shine,
 To hear thee own us, LORD, as thine,
 And ever dwell with thee.

40.

L. M.

- 1 REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 The blessings of redeeming grace;
 Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
 Mocks at the angry tempest's pow'r.
- 2 His love's a refuge, ever nigh,
 His watchfulness a mountain high;
 His name's a rock, which winds above
 And waves below can never move.
- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,
 For endless ages will endure;
 His perfect work will ever prove
 The depth of his unchanging love.
- 4 While all things change, he changes not,
 He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
 His love's unchangeably the same,
 And as enduring as his name.
- 5 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 The blessings of this wondrous grace;
 Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
 Can bear unmov'd the tempest's roar.

41.

7s.

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

- 2 All his blessed work is done,
 God's well pleased in his Son !
 He has rais'd him from the dead,
 Set him over all as Head.
- 3 All should sing his work and worth,
 All above, and all on earth,
 As they sing around the throne
 "Thou art worthy, thou alone."
- 4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
 He will certainly return,
 When his saints with him shall reign :
 "Come, LORD JESUS, come ! Amen."

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Immanuel's name :
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high ;"
 LORD, unloose my stamm'ring tongue ;
 Who should louder sing than I ?
- 3 Did the LORD a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil ?
 Bleed and suffer in my room,—
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak :
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend ;

Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

43.

8s.

- 1 THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
His people's unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And knows neither measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis JESUS, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

44.

104th.

- 1 WE'RE not of the world, that fadeth away,
We're not of the night, but children of day ;
The chains that once bound us by JESUS are
riv'n,
We're strangers on earth, and our home is in
heav'n.
- 2 Our path is most rough and dangerous too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies through ;
But the pillar that guides us, and shews us our
way,
Is our sure light by night, and our shade by
the day.
- 3 Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
Before us he goes to keep and provide ;
We drink of the stream from the Rock that
was riv'n,
Our bread is the Manna that came down from
heav'n.

45.

PRAISE.

- 4 'Mid mightiest foes most feeble are we,
Yet trembling, in each encounter they flee ;
The LORD is our banner, the battle is his,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.
- 5 Soon, soon shall we reach our own promis'd
land,
Before his bright throne in glory shall stand !
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
" All glory and blessing, LORD JESUS to thee."

45.

8-7.

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the LORD, who came to die.
- 2 LORD of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days ;
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought.
- 4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,¹
Dark through brightness all along ;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
When we sing that noble song.
- 5 From the highest throne in glory,
To the Cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives !
Flow my praise, for ever flow !

- 6 Haste, return, immortal Saviour !
 Claim thy kingdom, take thy throne !
 Come, LORD JESUS, reign for ever,
 Power and glory all thine own.

46.

8-7-7.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder—
 Let us praise the Saviour's name ;
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame ;
 He has wash'd us in his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the LORD who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies ;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us
 Where our joy and blessing is ;
 He has wash'd us in his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptations
 Threaten hard to bear us down ;
 For the LORD, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown ;
 He who wash'd us in his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
 Join and point to mercy's store ;
 When through grace in CHRIST our trust is ;
 Justice smiles, and asks no more ;
 He who wash'd us in his blood,
 Has secur'd our way to God.
- 5 Let us praise and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthroned on high :

47, 48.

PRAISE.

Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky ;
"Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood,
"Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

47.

6-6-8.

- 1 ON earth the song begins ;
In heav'n more sweet and loud,
"To Him that cleans'd our sins
By His atoning blood ;"
"To Him," we sing in joyful strain,
"Be honor, 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 vict'ry gain'd ;
The mighty work was all His own,
But we shall share the joy and crown.

48.

C. M.

- 1 COME, ye who know and fear the LORD,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that "God is love !"
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;

JESUS, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show, that "God is love."

- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their heart subdues,
To teach them, "God is love."
- 4 The work begun is carried on
By pow'r from heav'n 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 warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim, that "God is love."

49.

7s.

- 1 LORD, accept our feeble song,
Pow'r and praise to thee belong ;
We would all thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy LORD.
- 2 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop,
Thence is all thy people's hope ;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, LORD, with thee.
- 3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess ;
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus,
Shame, for such returns from us.
- 4 But we hope the day to see,
When we shall from sin be free ;
When to thee in glory brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

50, 51.

PRAISE.

50.

8-7-4.

1 PRAISE the LORD who died to save us,
Praise his name, for ever dear;
Praise his blessed name who gave us
Eyes to see and ears to hear;
Praise the Saviour,
Object of our love and fear.

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

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

51.

6-8.

1 JESUS, who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who died to save, who lives to bless;
From him our ev'ry comfort flows—
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!

2 Oh! thou art worthy, gracious LORD,
Of universal, endless praise;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns!

- 3 But earth and heav'n can ne'er proclaim
 The boundless glories of their King ;
 Yet do our hearts adore his name,
 The name whence all our blessings spring :
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !
- 4 How mean the tribute that we pay !
 How cold the heart ! how faint the tongue !
 But oh ! a bright eternal day,
 Will bring a more exalted song,
 Resounding in immortal strains,
 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns !

52.

6-6-8.

- 1 JESUS, our great High Priest
 Offer'd his blood and died ;
 Our guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside ;
 His precious blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 Our advocate appears,
 For our defence on high ;
 JEHOVAH bows his ears
 And lays his thunder by : -
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.
- 3 To this our Surety's hand,
 Will we commit our cause ;
 He answer'd and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws :
 Behold our souls at freedom set ;
 Our Surety paid the dreadful debt.

53.

PRAISE.

- 4 Now let our souls arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 The feeblest saint shall win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

53.

C. M.

- 1 O BLESSED Saviour ! is thy love
 So great, so full, so free ?
 Fain would we give our hearts, our minds,
 Our lives, our all, to thee.
- 2 We love thee for the glorious worth
 That in thyself we see,
 We love thee for the shameful cross
 Endur'd so patiently.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast
 Than for his friend to die ;
 Thou for thine enemies wast slain,
 What love with thine can vie ?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
 With heav'nly glory crown'd ;
 Thou didst partake of human flesh,
 Beset with sorrows round.
- 5 Thou wouldst like sinful man be made
 In ev'ry thing but sin,
 That we as like thee might become,
 As we unlike have been.
- 6 Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,
 In ev'ry heav'nly grace,
 From glory into glory chang'd,
 Till we behold thy face.

- 7 O LORD ! we'll treasure in our souls
The mem'ry of thy love,
And ever shall thy name to us
A grateful savour prove.

54.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, when we the path retrace,
Which thou on earth hast trod,
To man thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.
- 2 Thy love by man so sorely tried,
Prov'd stronger than the grave ;
The very spear that pierc'd thy side,
Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst thy Father's name confess,
And in his will delight.
- 4 Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suff'ring, shame, and loss ;
Thy path uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.
- 5 O LORD, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear thy name,
Thy mind, thy ways express.
- 6 Give us thy meek, thy lowly mind ;
We would obedient be ;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In fellowship with thee.

55, 56.

PRAISE.

55.

C. M.

- 1 THE head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of saints below,
To us still manifest thy love,
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us thy cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace be giv'n !
Though earth disowns thy lowly name,
All worship it in heav'n.
- 4 Who suffer with thee, LORD, below,
Will reign with thee above :
Their glory and their joy to know
The myst'ry of thy love.
- 5 To us thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to thee,
Our glory, peace, and boundless wealth
Throughout eternity.

56.

L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives eternally to save.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love ;
He lives to plead for me above ;
To comfort me whene'er I faint,
And soothe my heaviest complaint.

- 3 He lives that he may in me dwell,
And save me from the powers of hell ;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
And soon to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives my kind, my faithful Friend ;
He lives, and loves me to the end ;
He lives ; and while he lives I'll sing ;
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.

57.

L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour lives no more to die ;
He lives our head, enthron'd on high ;
He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives eternally to save.
- 2 He lives to still his people's fears ;
He lives to wipe away their tears ;
He lives their mansions to prepare ;
He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 Then let our souls in him rejoice ;
And sing his praise with cheerful voice ;
Our doubts and fears for ever gone ;
For CHRIST is on the Father's throne.
- 4 The chief of sinners he receives ;
His saints he loves and never leaves ;
He'll guard us safe from every ill ;
And all his promises fulfill,
- 5 Abundant grace he will afford,
Till we are present with the Lord,
And prove what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

58, 59.

PRAISE.

58.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is giv'n ;
A name surpassing every name,
That's known in earth or heav'n.
- 2 Before whose throne shall every knee,
Bow down with one accord ;
Before whose throne shall every tongue,
Confess that thou art LORD.
- 3 JESUS, who in the form of GOD
Didst equal honor claim ;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame.
- 4 Oh ! may that mind in us be form'd,
Which shone so bright in thee ;
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

59.

C. M.

- 1 IN HIM whose presence gladdens heaven,
We do and will rejoice ;
How bless'd are they to whom 'tis given
To hear, and know his voice !
- 2 He might have left us to endure
The wrath we seem'd to brave ;
Our case would then admit no cure,
For who but he could save ?
- 3 But though resisted long, he strove ;
His purpose was to save ;
He shew'd the greatness of his love,
And though provok'd forgave.

- 4 Then let us sing of grace alone,
 And magnify the name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And join to praise the Lamb.

60.

L. M.

- 1 MY song shall bless the LORD of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode :
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The Great Supreme—the Mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
 Almighty ruler of the sky ;
 As when the six days' work he made,
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns JEHOVAH wears,
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
 And owns " Immanuel " for his name.
- 5 As man he pities my complaint ;
 His power and truth are all divine ;
 He will not fail, he cannot faint ;
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

61.

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of JESU's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him LORD of all !

62.

PRAISE.

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

62.

8-7.

- 1 COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for loudest songs of praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Rescued now, from sin and danger,
Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood.

I would walk on earth a stranger,
As becomes a son of God.

- 5 Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace, LORD, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
- 6 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love !
Keep my heart, from wand'ring keep it,
Till I'm perfected above.

63.

I. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud ;
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But tho' I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

64, 65.

PRAISE.

- 6 Soon shall I mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture, and surprise,
His loving-kindness, in the skies.

64.

S. M.

- 1 **AWAKE!** and sing the song
Of Moses, and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly road,
Ye sons of glory, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In **CHRIST** th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses, and the Lamb.

65.

L. M.

- 1 **NOW** let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the Angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their king
In songs that angels cannot sing.

- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain,
Not only say "He suffered thus,
But that he suffered all for us."
- 3 JESUS who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die,
And still he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 4 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
- 5 Oh! glorious hour it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

66.

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon with CHRIST, your LORD shall be.
- 3 Let us sing; for safe and blessed,
We with JESUS soon shall rest;
There our home is now prepared,
There our Kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, tho' a feeble band,
'Mid the conflict boldy stand;

67, 68.

PRAISE.

CHRIST your LORD, the day who won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

- 5 Onward then we'll gladly press,
Thro' this earthly wilderness ;
Only LORD, our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

67.

S. M.

- 1 TO heav'n's eternal King,
The praise of saints be giv'n ;
His name, his glorious name we sing,
Who fills the throne of heav'n.
- 2 He once was found with men—
A Man of sorrows he ;
He bore his people's sentence then,
He bore it on the tree.
- 3 He suffer'd in their stead ;
He sav'd his people thus :
The curse that fell upon his head,
Was due by right, to us.
- 4 'Twas love that brought him down,
The purest, strongest love :
He bore the cross, he won the crown,
And now he reigns above.
- 5 The praise of saints be giv'n
To him who worthy is :
He died on earth, he lives in heav'n !
Eternal praise be his !

68.

7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
CHRIST the LORD our righteousness ;

Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heaven

- 2 Son of God ! to thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only thou :
Thou the virgin's blessed seed,
Of thy Church the glorious Head.
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !
- 4 Joyful tidings thou hast brought,
Of salvation, by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 We, thy little flock, adore
Thee the LORD, for evermore !
Ever resting in thy love,
'Till we join with those above.

69.

7s.

- 1 SONS of God, now raise your songs,
Praise unto the Lamb belongs ;
Glory to the Saviour's name—
His the Victor's crown and fame.
- 2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes ;
Glorious is the work that's done,
Satan vanquish'd, vict'ry won.
- 3 Sing we then the Victor's praise,
Wondrous in his works and ways :
Bid him welcome to the throne,
He is worthy—he alone.

70, 71.

PRAISE.

- 4 Soon—the crown upon his brow—
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow ;
While the full creation sings,
“ LORD of Lords,” and “ KING of Kings.”

70.

104th.

- 1 COME Saints and adore Him, come bow at
His feet,
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet,
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.
- 2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be
paid,
And crowns without number encircle his head,
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascrib'd evermore by the angels of light.
- 3 Come saints and adore Him, and bow at His
feet,
O give Him the glory, and praise that is
meet.
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

71.

104th.

- 1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of JESUS extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he'll reign over all.
- 2 GOD ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have,

The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to JESUS their king.

- 3 Salvation to GOD, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son ;
The praises of JESUS the angels proclaim,
They fall on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and pow'r, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

72.

D. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us cast our fears away,
And raise our drooping head,
We'll sing as all poor sinners may,
JESUS, who once was dead :
Salvation sing ! no word more meet
To join with JESU's name ;
Let every thankful tongue repeat
Salvation to the Lamb !
- 2 Saints, from the garden to the cross
Your conq'ring LORD pursue ;
Who, dearly to redeem your loss,
Groan'd, bled, and died for you.
But now, victorious over death
He reigns, the great I AM ;
Let every soul repeat with faith,
Salvation to the Lamb !
- 3 When we 'd incurr'd the wrath of God,
(Alas, what could we worse !)
He came, and with his own life's blood,
Redeem'd us from the curse :

73.

PRAISE.

Salvation sing ! no word more meet
 To join with JESU's name ;
 Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,
 Salvation to the Lamb !

73.

L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasant is the sound of praise !
 It well becomes the saints of God ;
 Should we refuse our songs to raise,
 The stones might tell our shame abroad.
- 2 To him who wash'd us in his blood,
 Let us our loudest songs prepare ;
 He sought us wand'ring far from God,
 And now preserves us by his care.
- 3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
 Reserv'd for sinners sav'd by grace ;
 'Tis sacred to one theme alone,
 And touch'd by one peculiar race.
- 4 Though Angels may with rapture see,
 How mercy flows in JESU's blood,
 It is not theirs to prove as we
 The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5 While angels praise the heav'nly King,
 And worship him as GOD alone,
 We can with exultation sing
 " He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 LORD, we adore the wondrous love
 Which brought thee here to bleed and die ;
 Soon may we join with those above,
 To sing thy praises in the sky.

74.

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Be LORD, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

75.

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, awake from sloth,
And press with vigour on ;
A heav'nly race demands our zeal
And an eternal crown.
- 2 'Tis JESU's animating voice
That calls us from on high :
'Tis his own hand presents the prize—
The crown of victory.

- 3 He, for the joy before him set,
 So boundless was his love,
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
 And now he reigns above.
- 4 If he unnumber'd griefs and wrongs
 With meekness did sustain,
 O how can we, whose sins he bore,
 Of lighter ills complain?
- 5 Saviour, redeem'd and call'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 When crown'd with victory, at thy feet
 We'll lay our honours down.

- 1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud to JESU's name;
 Ye who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 Banish all your guilty fears,
 See your guilt and curse remove,
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to the Saviour's breast!
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither then your praises bring,
 Strike aloud each joyful string,

Let us join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

77.

L. M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To our dear LORD our voice we 'll raise;
With all his saints we'll join to tell,
"Our JESUS has done all things well."
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express,
But oh his love! what tongue can tell?
"Our JESUS has done all things well."
- 3 And since our souls have known his love,
What mercies has he made us prove?
Mercies, which all our praise excel;
"Our JESUS has done all things well."
- 4 Though many a fiery, flaming dart
The tempter levels at our heart,
With this we all his rage repel;
"Our JESUS has done all things well."
- 5 And when to that bright world we rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
"Our JESUS has done all things well."

78.

L. M.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's hope, whom men deride,
For whom we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters "God is Love;"

- He bears our sins upon the tree,
And brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heav'n above !

- 1 WELL may we sing ! with triumph sing
The great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of our SAVIOUR 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 bought our liberty.
- 3 In him we read the Father's love,
And find eternal peace ;
In him we meet a SAVIOUR GOD,
And fear and terror cease.
- 4 Then gladly sing and sound abroad
Our great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of our SAVIOUR GOD,
The riches of his grace.

80.

C. M.

- 1 TO Him that saved us from the world,
And wash'd us in His blood,
Call'd us to share His glorious throne
As kings and priests to God.
- 2 To Him shall every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

81.

L. M.

- 1 LET sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
Of mercies past, of joys to come,
The LORD their Saviour is, and King,
The cross their hope, and heav'n their home.
- 2 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing
Salvation theirs, and of the LORD ;
They draw from heav'n's eternal spring ;
The living God their great reward.
- 3 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Sweet is the subject of their song,
Who, made the children of a king,
Expect to sing in heav'n ere long.
- 4 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
The LORD has kept in dangers past,
And oh ! sweet thought, will surely bring
His people safe to heav'n at last !
- 5 Let sinners sav'd give thanks and sing,
Of JESUS sing through all their days ;
In heav'n their golden harps they'll string,
And there for ever sing his praise.

82, 83.

PRAISE.

82.

S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of CHRIST our LORD,
Let every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our rest above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Clearer and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change his love divine.
- 4 Secure within the veil,
CHRIST is our anchor strong ;
While power supreme and love divine,
Still guide us safe along.
- 5 And should the surges rise,
Should sore afflictions come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
- 6 Soon shall our pains and fears
For ever pass away,
For we shall soon the Saviour see,
In everlasting day.

83.

8-7.

- 1 HARK! the notes of angels singing—
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

- 2 Ye for whom his life is given,
Sacred themes to you belong,
Come, assist the choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 See the Father hath enthron'd him,
At his own right hand on high ;
There the heav'nly hosts have own'd him,
Filling with his praise the sky.
- 4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his glorious name,
Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb !

84.

8-7.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand voices crying
"Lamb of God !" with one accord,
Thousand, thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.
- 2 "Praise the Lamb," the chorus waking,
All in heav'n together throng,
Loud and far each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.
- 3 Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
Every knee to JESUS bending,
All the mind in heav'n is one.
- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honour to the Son,
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.
- 5 By the Spirit all pervading,
Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,

Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
Hail him as the great "I AM."

- 6 Joyful now the full creation
Rests in undisturbed repose,
Blest in JESU's full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.
- 7 Hark! the heav'nly notes again!
Louder swells the song of praise,
Throughout creation's vault, Amen!
Amen, responsive joy doth raise.

- 1 HARK! how the blood-bought hosts above
Conspire to chant the Saviour's love,
In sweet harmonious strains!
And while they strike their golden lyres,
This glorious theme each bosom fires,
That Grace triumphant reigns!
- 2 We'll join the song! for we can tell
How sov'reign grace dissolv'd the spell,
That kept us bound in chains;
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft we've been constrain'd to say
That Grace triumphant reigns!
- 3 Yes! tho' we've stray'd like saints of old,
Grace has restor'd us to the fold
As captives in its chains;
Thus, sav'd by grace, we'd gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring
With "Grace triumphant reigns!"
- 4 Grace still,—till all redeem'd by blood
Are taught to know themselves and God,—

Its empire shall maintain ;
 To spoil the mighty of the prey,
 And set the captive exile free,
 Shall Grace triumphant reign.

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

86.

S. M.

- 1 'TIS God the Spirit leads,
 In paths before unknown ;
 The work to be perform'd is ours,
 The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
 We still pursue our way :
 And hope at last to reach the prize,
 Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do ;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.

87.

C. M.

- 1 MAKER, upholder, ruler !—Thee
 Let all that live adore,
 Who art, and wast, and yet shall be,
 God blessed evermore.
- 2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King !
 Appointed Judge of all !

Let ransom'd souls, thy triumphs sing,
And foes before thee fall.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love !

To us thy gifts impart,
From heaven descending like a dove,
Come dwell in every heart.

4 The Father, Son, and Spirit ! Thee

Let heaven and earth adore ;
Thou art, thou wast, and thou shalt be
One God for evermore.

1 WHAT 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 What 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 What 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.

89.

7s.

- 1 GREAT the joy when christians meet,
Christian fellowship how sweet ;
When our theme of praise the same,
We exalt JEHOVAH's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move ;
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we too the Spirit's love ;
With our stubborn hearts he strove ;
He reveal'd the Son of God,
And the value of his blood.
- 5 Great the joy the union sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet,
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise JEHOVAH's name.

90.

C. M.

- 1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race,
Chose out his people to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

91.

PRAISE.

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay;
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose Almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One;
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

91.

L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

92.

S. M.

- 1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues ;
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from sin and death,
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise,
Of an immortal strain ;
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 To the great Three in One,
Who seal this grace in heaven ;
The Father, Spirit, and the Son,
Be endless glory given.

93.

6-6-8.

- 1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above ;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

94.

PRAISE.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live;
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God! to thee
 Be endless honours done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One;
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

94.

7s.

- 1 EVER, LORD, our souls, to thee,
 Would in grateful praises flow;
 And our hearts' desire would be,
 By our deeds, our love to shew.
- 2 Give us then, our faithful LORD,
 Grace and strength to do thy will;
 Pow'r in every work and word,
 All thy purpose to fulfil

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

As for me, I will come into thy house, in the multitude of thy mercy; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple. *Psalm* v. 7.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for He is holy. *Psalm* xcix, 5.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. *John* iv. 24.

95.

C. M

- 1 HAIL ! holy, holy, holy LORD !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all the heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim ;
The universe is full of Thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
3. Thee, holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, holy Son, adore ;
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 Hail ! holy, holy, holy LORD !
Our heavenly song shall be,
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three.

96.

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 [We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?]

97.

WORSHIP.

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

97.

8-8-8.

- 1 THOU God of pow'r, and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise the angels sing ;
And veil their faces while they cry
"Thrice Holy !" to their God most high,
"Thrice Holy !" to their King.
- 2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour's name,
Through whom this grace is giv'n ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who form'd our ruin'd souls anew,
And made us heirs of heav'n.
- 3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow thine ear ;
And while we listen to thy word,
Or praise thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, LORD, appear.
- 4 Give us to taste the joy and love,
Earnest of worship, LORD, above,
In heav'n, thy bless'd abode ;
Here to our hearts thyself reveal,

And all assembled cause to feel
The presence of our God.

98. 6-6-8.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy heav'nly mansions are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires,
To see my God.
- 2 There is thy throne of grace,
And there the sprinkled blood ;
There lives before thy face,
Our great-high priest, O God.
His name our plea,
We now draw near
With filial fear,
And worship thee.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
As God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant tribute there !
They praise thy grace,
And happy they
That love the way
To that blest place.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length,
And safe in heav'n appears ;

99, 100.

WORSHIP.

O glorious seat !
Where God our King
Shall shortly bring
Our willing feet.

99.

L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign ;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy glorious face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more shall be
A hindrance to my joy in 'Thee.
- 4 My flesh may slumber in the ground,
But the last trumpet's joyful sound
Will wake the dust, and I shall rise
To meet my Saviour in the skies.

100.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift,
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too ;
Without the spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do.

- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine,
The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought,
And righteous word is thine.
- 4 From thee through JESUS we receive,
The pow'r on thee to call ;
In thee our God, we move and live,
Thou art our all in all.

101.

C. M.

- 1 SINCE Thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become ;
JESUS, our guardian and our friend,
And heav'n our final home ;
- 2 We welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all thy will is love ;
And when we know not what thou dost,
We wait the light above.
- 3 Thy gracious love in all our need
Shall heav'nly light impart ;
And be our theme of endless praise,
When all things else depart.

102.

7s.

- 1 SINCE the earth in beauty rose,
At thy living word of might,
Thou hast been the fount, whence flows
Every streamlet of delight.
- 2 Hope, a bright, refulgent tide,
Faith, a calm and shoreless river,
Love, whose waters shall abide,
Fathomless, and pure for ever.

103.

WORSHIP.

- 3 When we fold our weary wing,
In one sabbath of repose,
We shall taste of Thee, the spring
Whence each holy blessing flows.
- 4 Worn with toil, we scatter here,
Seeds of sorrow and distress ;
But we reap in golden ear,
Fruits of JESU'S righteousness.
- 5 Great JEHOVAH, Three in One,
Give us gifts, Thyself the best,
Make us holy in the Son,
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

103.

C. M.

- 1 O Thou who dwell'st in bliss unseen,
Unutterably pure,
Thou from eternity hast been,
And ever shalt endure.
- 2 Present alike in every place,
Thy God-head we adore ;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart,
Is fully known to thee.
- 4 Whate'er thou wilt in earth below,
Thou dost in heav'n above ;
But chiefly we rejoice to know,
O God, that thou art love.

104.

C. M.

- 1 OUR Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above ;
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns, the GOD of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew him not,
Was with us, though unseen ;
His favor came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
(Whatever foe assails,)
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With pow'r that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with him above ;
That we shall all his glory see,
And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice ;
To all his dispensations bow,
And in his name rejoice.
- 6 How sweet to hear him say at last,
" Ye blessed children, come ;
The days of banishment are past,
And heav'n is now your home."

105.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of lights, thy bounteous hand,
Supplies thy children's utmost need,
Before thy glorious throne we stand,
And there our poverty we plead.

106, 107.

WORSHIP.

- 2 Boldly we come in JESU's name,
Whose precious blood has brought us near;
Look thou upon that spotless Lamb,
To thee and us for ever dear.
- 3 Thy terrors make us not afraid,
Nor is it hard thy heart to move;
The needy thou wilt not upbraid,
Nor stain with bitterness thy love.
- 4 Wisdom we ask, by nature blind,
From guilty bondage set us free;
Renew the spirit of our mind,
And give us holy liberty.

106.

6-8.

- 1 AS panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream;
So to thy presence, LORD, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.
- 2 From earth, and man, and self I turn,
The fulness of thy love to learn;
My rock, my fortress, shield, and friend,
Creator, Saviour, source, and end;
My strength in sorrow's darkest day,
My joy when earth has pass'd away.

107.

L. M.

- 1 THY ways, O LORD, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above;
And every dark and bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals, thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious, just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led and driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But trusting to thy guardian eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fall or die.
- 5 Our favor'd souls shall meekly learn,
To lay our reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
We'll trust thee as our guide alone.

108.

C. M.

- 1 THOU boundless source of every good !
Our best desires fulfil ;
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will.
- 2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.
- 3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 4 Do thou direct our steps aright ;
Help us thy name to fear ;

And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

- 5 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care ;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If thou art with us there.

- 1 THY gracious presence, O our God,
Our ev'ry wish contains ;
With this beneath temptation's load,
The heart no more complains.
- 2 This can our ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light ;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 3 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where Thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And gladness to the heart.
- 4 Our part in those fair realms of bliss,
Our spirits long to know ;
Our wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 5 Nor can these wishes of our heart
Be told in vain to thee :
We know, O LORD, that where thou art,
We shall for ever be.
- 6 Here would our cheerful spirits sing
The darkest hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

110.

L. M.

- 1 O God! we see thee in the Lamb,
To be our hope, our joy, our rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
All stand engaged to make us blest.
- 2 Thou great and good! thou just and wise!
Thou art our Father and our God!
And we are thine by sacred ties,
Thy sons and daughters bought with blood.
- 3 Then, oh! to us this grace afford,
That from thyself we ne'er may rove;
Our guard, the presence of the Lord,
Our joy, the sense of pard'ning love.
- 4 For this will make our hearts rejoice,
Turning to light our darkest days;
And this will nerve each feeble voice,
While we have breath to pray or praise.

111.

S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound,
Harmonious to the ear,
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace taught my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While trav'ling home to God.
- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal book,
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

112.

WORSHIP.

- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow,
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 5 LORD, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Thy glory only to desire,
To live, to walk as thine.

112.

C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
And none shall there complain ;
And all that reach that peaceful home,
With JESUS ever reign.
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair :
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's imperfect ray,
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 5 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes,
But half thy charms explore,
How should we long, at once to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 6 O may the heav'nly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,

Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

113.

S. M.

- 1 "FOR ever with the LORD!"
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Then, then I feel that He,
Remember'd or forgot,
The LORD, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.
- 6 How can I meet His eyes ?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize
Mercy from first to last.

114.

D. C. M.

- 1 WE love thee LORD, because when we
Had err'd and gone astray,

Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls
 Into the homeward way.
 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night,
 Thou did'st send forth a guiding ray
 Of thy benignant light.

- 2 Because, when we forsook Thy ways,
 Nor kept thy holy will,
 Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
 But a gracious Father still.
 Because, we have forgot thee, LORD,
 But thou hast not forgot,—
 Because, we have forsaken thee,
 But thou forsakest not.
- 3 Because, O LORD, thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love ;
 Because, thou gav'st thy Son to die,
 That we might live above ;
 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gav'st the hope of heav'n ;
 We love, because we much have sinn'd,
 And much have been forgiv'n.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 The comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 When JESUS tells me, he is mine,
 And whispers, I am His.

116. S. M.

- 1 ARISE, ye saints, arise,
 The LORD our leader is ;
 The foe before his banner flies,
 For victory is his.
- 2 Behold, he leads the way,
 We'll follow where he goes ;
 We cannot fail to win the day
 Since he subdues our foes.
- 3 Lead on, Almighty LORD !
 Lead on to victory ;
 Encourag'd by the bright reward,
 With joy we'll follow thee.
- 4 We wait to see the day
 When toil and strife shall cease ;
 We then shall cast our arms away,
 And dwell in endless peace.
- 5 This hope supports us here,
 It makes our burdens light,
 And serves our fainting hearts to cheer,
 Till faith shall end in sight.
- 6 Till of the prize possess,
 We hear of war no more ;
 And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
 On yonder peaceful shore.

117. C. M.

- 1 "NO condemnation !"—O my soul,
 'Tis God that speaks the word :

118.

WORSHIP.

- Perfect in comeliness art thou
In CHRIST thy glorious LORD.
- 2 In heav'n his blood for ever speaks
In God the Father's ear ;
His church, the jewels on his heart
JESUS will ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation !"—precious word !
Consider it, my soul,
Thy sins were all on JESUS laid ;
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O GOD, to fix our eyes
On CHRIST the spotless Lamb,
So shall we love thy gracious will,
And glorify thy name.

118.

6-6-8.

- 1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity :
'Tis like the precious ointment shed,
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cup of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the LORD commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands ;
Yea, life for evermore :

Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

119.

8-7-4.

- 1 BLESSED LORD, our hearts are panting,
Upright, like thyself to be ;
No good thing is ever wanting
To the saints who walk with thee ;
Grace and glory !
In our sun and shield we see.
- 2 All the joy we now are tasting,
Is but as the dream of night ;
To the day of God we're hasting,
Looking for it with delight ;
CHRIST is coming !
He will satisfy our sight.
- 3 Now the silent grave is keeping,
Many a seed in weakness sown ;
But the saints in JESUS sleeping,
Rais'd to pow'r will soon be shewn ;
Resurrection !
LORD of glory, is thine own.
- 4 As we sing our hearts grow lighter,
We are children of the day ;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter,
Faith regards not the delay ;
Sure the promise !
We shall meet Thee on Thy way.

120.

C. M.

- 1 THE dove that once on JESUS sat,
Can now on us abide,

121, 122.

WORSHIP.

Revealing God the Father's face,
In JESUS glorified.

- 2 Take heed my soul, and watch and pray,
Lest thou the Spirit grieve,
Who makes thee know the Father's love,
And in the Son believe.
- 3 Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In love and counsel one,
The three-fold chord, this rock is ours,
How shall we be undone?

121.

7s.

- 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 heav'nly home,
Louder still our lips shall own
We are thine, and thine alone.

122.

C. M.

- 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,

Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise ?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead ;
For man, (O miracle of grace !)
For man the Saviour bled.

4 Dear LORD, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood !
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 JESUS, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free,
Thy word assures, that love extends
Its saving pow'r to me.

6 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine ?
Oh take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

123.

C. M.

1 THE Son of God, who once for us
Did to the grave descend,
Now lives in heav'n, our great high priest
And never-dying friend.

2 Through life or death, let us to him
With constancy adhere ;
Faith shall supply our strength, and hope
Shall banish every fear.

124, 125.

WORSHIP.

124.

6-8.

- 1 O Love divine ! what hast thou done ?
The Son of God his blood hath shed,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Had all our sins upon him laid ;
The Son of God, for us hath died,
Our LORD, our life, was crucified.—
- 2 Was crucified for us in shame,
To bring us, rebels, back to God ;
So we may glory in his name,
And know we're cleansed by his blood.
Pardon and life flow'd from his side
When he, our LORD, was crucified.
- 3 Then let us glory in the cross,
Make it our boast, our constant theme ;
All things for CHRIST account but loss,
And now for him despise the shame ;
Let nought with him our hearts divide,
Since he for us was crucified.

125.

C. M.

- 1 LORD JESUS are we one with thee ?
O height, O depth of love !
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.
 - 2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heav'n come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.
 - 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by thee ;
- 90

The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
To set thy members free.

- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and thee can part.
- 5 Oh teach us, LORD, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee!
- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
That thou with us art one!

126.

C. M.

- 1 TO Calv'ry, LORD, in Spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart,
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows the deep mysterious joy
Of peace with God, within.
- 3 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd;
Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gain'd,
And love endur'd its last.
- 4 Dear suffering Lamb! thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to thee,
And link'd our life with thine.

127, 128.

WORSHIP.

- 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
Dear LORD, we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above—
Redeem'd and blest by thee.
- 6 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt'rest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 7 Why linger then? Come Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call ;
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign
The Heir and LORD of all.

127.

L. M.

- 1 THE Cross! the Cross! oh! that's our gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain,
'Twas there our LORD was crucified,
'Twas there our Saviour for us died.
- 2 What wondrous cause could move thy heart
To take on thee our curse and smart,
Well knowing we should ever be
So cold, so negligent of thee?
- 3 The cause was love—we sink with shame,
Before our JESU's sacred name ;
That he should bleed and suffer thus,
Because, because he loved us.

128.

L. M.

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

- 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the death of CHRIST my GOD ;
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an off'ring far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all !

129.

L. M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend,
JESUS, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd ;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :
Oh ! what a Friend is CHRIST to me !
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns ;
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;

130.

WORSHIP.

And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say.

- 6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask ;
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
- 7 Sure were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite ;
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

130.

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 ;
T'is 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, fill'd
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 may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

131. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fold where none can stray,
 And pastures ever green,
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
 Or night are never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
 In God's own light it lies,
 His smile its vast dimensions fills
 With joy that never dies.
- 3 There is a shepherd living there
 The first born from the dead,
 Who tends with sweet unwearied care,
 The flock for which he bled.
- 4 There the deep streams of joy that flow,
 Proceed from God's right hand ;
 He made them, and he bids them go,
 To feed that happy land.
- 5 O may our faith take up that sound,
 Though toiling here below ;
 'Midst trials may our joy abound,
 And songs amidst our woe,
- 6 Untill we reach that happy shore,
 And join to swell their strain,
 And from our God go out no more,
 And never weep again.

132. 6-8.

- 1 THE Lamb was slain ! let us adore,
 And joyfully his mercy own,

- And humbly now and evermore
 Before his wounded feet fall down :
 Serve without dread, with rev'rence love
 The LORD whose boundless grace we prove.
- 2 The Lamb was slain ! both day and night
 The angelic choirs his praises sing ;
 To him enthron'd above all height,
 They round the throne their anthems bring ;
 As saints on earth we join the song,
 And praise him, tho' with stam'ring tongue.
- 3 Gladly our own poor works we leave ;
 For him despise wealth, pleasure, fame ;
 To him our souls and bodies give,
 Whose love doth our affections claim ;
 Henceforth we own him as our LORD,
 Alone belov'd—alone ador'd.
- 4 Through him alone we live, for he
 Hath drowned our transgressions all
 In love's unfathomable sea :
 O love, unknown, unsearchable !
 For ever in our hearts remain
 This precious truth, " The Lamb was slain !"

- 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 heav'n declare
 His work on earth is done.

- 3 " 'Tis finish'd ! " on the cross he said,
In agonies and blood ;
" 'Tis finish'd ! " now he lives to plead
Before the face of God.
- 4 " 'Tis finish'd ! " here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail :
By him, our sacrifice and priest,
We enter through the vail.
- 5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleans'd by his precious blood,
Before thy throne thy children fall,
And worship Thee, our God.
- 6 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
His name, his blood, our plea ;
Assur'd our prayers and songs of praise
Ascend by Him to Thee.

134.

L. M.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And in the presence of our God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 In every dark and trying hour,
When harrass'd by the tempter's pow'r,
Let this blest hope repell the dart,
Our JESUS bears us on his heart.
- 3 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Our cause can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads, and must prevail.

135, 136.

WORSHIP.

135.

6-6-8.

- 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 heav'n 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 her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heav'n itself he stands,
A heav'nly priesthood his ;
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great high priest again ;
In brightest glory he will come
And take his waiting people home.

136.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on the altar spilt ;

But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.

- 3 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
- 4 But CHRIST, by his own precious blood,
Ascends above the skies ;
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 5 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
Give him my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

137.

7-6.

- 1 UNWORTHY is thanksgiving,
All service stain'd with sin,
Except as thou art living,
Our priest, to bear it in.
In ev'ry act of worship,
In ev'ry loving deed,
Our thoughts around thee centre,
As meeting all our need.
- 2 A bond that nought can sever,
Has fix'd us to the rock,—
Sin put away for ever,
For all the shepherd's flock.
And, LORD, thy perfect fitness
To do a kinsman's part,
The Holy Ghost doth witness,
To each believer's heart.

138.

WORSHIP.

- 3 As dews that fall on Hermon,
 Refresh the plains below ;
 The Spirit's holy unction,
 Through CHRIST, to us doth flow.
 Ah then, how good and pleasant,
 As one, to live in love,
 Forgetting all things present,
 In hope of joys above.

138.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD we know it matters nought,
 How sweet the sound may be ;
 No hearts but of the Spirit taught,
 Make melody to thee.
- 2 Then teach thy gather'd saints, O LORD,
 To worship in thy fear ;
 And dread lest any idle word
 Should reach thy holy ear.
- 3 Thy blood has made poor sinners meet,
 Like saints in light to come ;
 And worship at the mercy seat,
 Before the Father's throne.
- 4 Thy precious name is all we show,
 Our only passport, LORD ;
 And now our Father's love we know,
 Tho' we are self-abhorr'd.
- 5 O largely give—'tis all thine own—
 The Spirit's goodly fruit ;
 Praise, issuing forth in life, alone
 Our living LORD can suit.
- 6 Henceforth let each beloved child
 With quicken'd step proceed ;

To walk with garments undefil'd
Where'er thy spirit lead.

139.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS our LORD ! to thee we call,
Thou art our life, our hope, our all ;
And we have nowhere else to flee,
No sanctuary, LORD, but thee.
- 2 In thee we ev'ry glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too ;
'Tis all our rest and peace to see
Our sanctuary, LORD, in thee.
- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
In thy dear presence let us hide ;
And while we rest our souls on thee,
Do thou our sanctuary be.
- 4 Quickly the day of light draws nigh,
Or we may bow our heads and die ;
But, O what joy this witness gives !
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.
- 5 He from the grave our dust will raise,
We in the heav'ns shall sing his praise ;
And when in glory we appear,
He'll be our sanctuary there.

140.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heart with love o'erflow'd,
Love spoke in ev'ry breath,
Unwearied love thy life declar'd,
And triumph'd in thy death.
- 2 And thou hast taught thy followers here,
Their faithfulness to prove,

And shew their fellowship with thee,
By living still in love.

- 3 May we the law of love fulfil
In ev'ry act and thought,
Each angry passion be remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.
- 4 Teach us to help each other, LORD,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his willing aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 5 And if from thee O LORD, we stray,
Our souls restore again,
Direct our footsteps in the way,
And let our path be plain.
- 6 In peacefulness and joy led on,
We'll run the heav'nly race,
Till meeting round thy glorious throne,
We see thee face to face.

- 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose !
Thou all-sufficient love divine !
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for thou art mine ;
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame
I hide me Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above,
Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love ;
To me, with thy dear name are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.

- 3 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty pow'r ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My refuge in temptation's hour ;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
 My life in death, my all in all.

142

8-8-6.

- 1 TO those who love Thee, gracious LORD,
 How bright, how precious is the word,
 By GOD in mercy giv'n ;
 A guide to all who, trav'ling here,
 'Mid sin and darkness, death and fear,
 Are pressing on to heav'n.
- 2 O gracious Saviour, GOD of love,
 Let thine own spirit from above,
 Now fill us with desire
 To read, to mark, to learn thy will,
 And with thy truth our spirits fill,
 And touch our hearts with fire.
- 3 And till in glory thou dost come
 To take thy waiting people home,
 May we obedient stand ;
 Doing thy will, till that great day,
 When from this earth we're call'd away,
 To take our better land.

143.

C. M.

- 1 THE gloomy night will soon be past,
 The morning will appear ;
 'The rays of blessed light at last,
 Each waiting eye will cheer.

- 2 Thou bright and morning star, thy light
Will to our joy be seen ;
Thou, LORD, wilt meet our longing sight,
Without a cloud between.
- 3 Ah yes! LORD JESUS, thou whose heart,
Still for thy saints doth care ;
We shall behold thee as thou art,
And thy full image bear.
- 4 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below ;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
The suited grace bestow.
- 5 But O the more we learn of thee,
And thy rich mercy prove ;
The more we long thy face to see,
And fully know thy love.
- 6 Then shine, thou bright and morning star,
Dispel the dreary gloom ;
Oh! take from sin and grief afar,
Thy blood-bought people home.

- 1 WHAT will it be to dwell above,
And with the LORD of glory reign ;
Since the sweet earnest of his love
So brightens all this dreary plain ;
No heart can think or tongue explain,
What joy t'will be with CHRIST to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore ;

What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine.

- 3 And God has fix'd the happy day,
When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
When he will wipe all tears away,
And fill our hearts with glad surprise,
To hear his voice, and see his face,
And know the riches of his grace.
- 4 This is the joy we seek to know,
For this with patience we would wait,
Till call'd from earth and all below,
We rise our gracious LORD to meet,
To wave our palms—our crowns to wear,
And praise the love that brought us there.

145.

8-7.

- 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 heav'n 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 distress ;
Seek we glory—it is yonder,
Suff'ring, 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 deferr'd 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.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thee,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross ;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are dung and dross.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good ;
 Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour
 Come to us through JESU's blood.
- 2 JESUS gives us true repentance,
 By his spirit sent from heav'n ;
 JESUS whispers this sweet sentence,
 " Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he gives us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize ;
 Want we wisdom ? he must give it,
 Hearing ears and seeing eyes.
- 3 JESUS gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires ;

Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires.
 All our prayers and all our praises,
 Rightly offered in His name,
 He that dictates them is JESUS,
 He that answers is the same.

- 4 When we live on JESU's merit,
 Then we worship GOD aright;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 Hear the whole conclusion of it,
 Great or good, whate'er we call,
 GOD, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 JESUS CHRIST is all in all.

147.

C. M.

- 1 WHAT grace, O LORD, and beauty shone
 Around thy steps below;
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
 A weight of sorrow hung,
 Yet no ungentle murm'ring word
 Escap'd thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh give us hearts to love like thee,—
 Like thee, O LORD, to grieve
 Far more for other's sins, than all
 The wrongs that we receive.

148, 149.

WORSHIP.

- 5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, LORD, with thee.

148.

8-7-4.

- 1 HOLY Saviour! we adore thee,
Seated on the throne of God;
While the heav'nly hosts before thee,
Gladly sing thy praise aloud—
"Thou art worthy!
We are ransom'd by thy blood."
2 Saviour! though the world despis'd thee,
Though thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory rais'd thee;
Lord of all creation wide,
"Thou art worthy!"
We shall live for thou hast died!
3 And though here on earth rejected,
'Tis but fellowship with thee;
What besides could be expected,
Than like thee, our LORD, to be?
"Thou art worthy!"
Thou from earth hast set us free.
4 Haste the day of thy returning,
With thy ransom'd church to reign;
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then—
"Thou art worthy!"
Come, LORD JESUS, come, Amen.

149.

L. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,

Whose name is exalted above,
All glory, dominion, and pow'r.

- 2 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from its portion in thee,
And strike off this adamant chain,
And set me eternally free.
- 3 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy beauties I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;
- 4 Oh, then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me new glories be pour'd,
I shall meet thee, whom absent I lov'd,
I shall see, whom unseen I ador'd.
- 5 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which sadden this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 6 Or be they remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness will raise;
They will bring but new thoughts of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

150.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS! how much thy name unfolds,
To every opened ear;
The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.
- 2 JESUS!—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever 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 ev'ry grace,
 That God, as man could shew ;
 There only can the spirit trace
 A perfect life below.
- 5 The mention of thy name shall bow
 Our hearts to worship thee ;
 The chiefest of ten thousand thou,
 The chief of sinners we.

151.

7-8.

- 1 O HEAD, so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn ;
 Midst other sore abuses
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn !
 O head, ere now surrounded,
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded,
 Accursed on the tree !
- 2 Thou countenance transcendent !
 Thou life-creating Sun !
 To worlds on thee dependant,
 Yet bruise'd and spit upon !
 O LORD ! what thee tormented
 Was our sin's heavy load ;
 We have the debt augmented
 Which thou didst pay in blood.
- 3 And O, what consolation
 Doth in our hearts take place,

When we thy toil and passion
 Can joyfully retrace!
 Ah should we, while thus musing
 On our Redeemer's cross,
 E'en life itself be losing—
 Great gain would be that loss!

- 4 We give thee thanks unfeigned,
 O JESUS! friend in need,
 For what thy soul sustained,
 When thou for us didst bleed;
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon thy faithfulness,
 Until from hence we're taken,
 To see thee face to face.

152.

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 As some fair flow'r, despis'd, unseen,
 Amid the desert grows,
 So, slighted by a rebel race,
 The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
 He was a man of woe;
 The "man of sorrows" was his name,
 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.

153.

WORSHIP.

- 5 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sins polluting stain,
His stripes have heal'd us, and through him
Our souls have life again.
- 6 He died to bear our guilt away,
That sin might be-forgiv'n ;
He lives to bless us, and appears
To plead our cause in heav'n.

153.

C. M.

- 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 pierc'd thee, prov'd
Man's hatred, LORD, to thee ;
While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
Love, only love, we see.
- 5 Drawn from thy pierc'd and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood,
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of thy blood.
- 6 Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
- 112

But happier far, thy saints are call'd
To share thy glorious throne.

7 So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with thee ;
That all thy bliss and glory then,
Our bright reward shall be.

8 Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
The dreary desert pass'd ;
Our way-worn hearts shall find in thee,
Their full repose at last.

154.

C. M.

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

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

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

4 The work begun is carried on
By pow'r from heav'n 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.

155, 156.

WORSHIP.

155.

7s.

- 1 HARK my soul! it is the LORD,
 'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 “ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou ME ?
- 2 “ I deliver'd thee when bound,
 “ And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 “ Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 “ Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 “ Can a woman's tender care
 “ Cease toward the child she bare ?
 “ Yes, she may forgetful be,
 “ Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
 “ Higher than the heights above ;
 “ Deeper than the depths beneath,
 “ Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 “ When the work of grace is done ;
 “ Partner of my throne shalt be,
 “ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou ME ? ”
- 6 LORD, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love thee, and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more !

156.

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 stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
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.

157.

L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day! when first we felt
Our souls with sweet contrition melt,
And saw our sins of crimson guilt,
All cleans'd by blood on Calvary spilt.
- 2 O happy day! when first thy love,
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on thy wond'rous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.
- 3 O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.
- 4 O happy day! when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on thee,

158, 159.

WORSHIP.

On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our All below, our Heaven above.

- 5 O happy day of cloudless light !
Eternal day without a night ;
LORD, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising thee.
- 6 Come, Saviour come, O quickly come,
Take us thy waiting people home ;
We long to stand around thy throne,
And know thee as ourselves are known.

158.

L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand,
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck need I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou my JESUS, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find my joy complete in thee.

159.

7s.

- 1 WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath its load,

By its cares and sins opprest,
Finding here no place of rest :
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear ;
JESUS, to thy feet we flee,
JESUS, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,
List'nest to thy people's groan ;
Thou, the living Head, dost share,
Ev'ry pang thy members bear :
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;
Full of pow'r, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

8 [Thou O JESUS, thou hast borne
Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn :
Thou hast known the bitter hour
Of the wily tempter's pow'r :
Lo, thy bloody sweat we see,
In the dark Gethsemane :
Hark ! that piercing awful cry,
From the mount of Calvary !

4 By that love which brought thee down
From thy high eternal throne,
Veil'd the LORD of earth and skies,
In an infant's lowly guise :
By that love that heal'd the maim,
Cur'd the sick, restor'd the lame,
Bade the darken'd eye to see,
JESUS, we will look to thee.

5 By thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,
By thy power to raise the dead,

160.

WORSHIP.

By thy meakness under scorn,
By thy stripes and crown of thorn,
By that rich and precious blood,
That hath made our peace with God ;
JESUS, to thy feet we flee,
JESUS, we will cling to thee.]

- 6 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave,
Thou the bars of death hast riv'n,
Open'd wide the gate of heav'n ;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Thy poor pilgrims to take home :
JESUS, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee !

160.

P. M.

- 1 THERE is a place of endless joy,
Prepar'd for saints above,
Of peace and bliss without alloy,
A heav'n of perfect love.
It was for this that JESUS died,
That we with him might there abide ;
It was for this he suffer'd pain,
That all his saints with him might reign.
- 2 How bright, how holy is the place,
Unfading, undefil'd,
Where God unveils his gracious face
On every blood-bought child !
They round the throne triumphant stand,
A golden harp in every hand,
To which they sing the ceaseless strain,
“ Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain ! ”

- 3 O wondrous grace! Oh love divine,
 'To give us such a home!
 Let us the present things resign,
 And seek this rest to come—
 And gazing on our Saviour's cross,
 Esteem all else but worthless dross;
 Press forward till the race be run,
 Fight till the crown of life be won.

161.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD! 'tis but a little while,
 The desert will be o'er;
 And I shall see thy heavenly smile,
 And never lose it more.
- 2 It cheers this weary, tempted breast,
 Midst all its anxious strife;
 The blessed hope of God's own rest,
 The crown of endless life.
- 3 My faith anticipates the day,
 When sin and Satan's power
 For ever shall be swept away,
 And death shall be no more.
- 4 But O, the thought of seeing thee
 In all thy glorious light,
 Who groan'd, and bled, and died for me,
 In love's mysterious might!
- 5 Thy blood has wash'd me from my sin,
 Thy righteousness my dress;
 Thine arm has led by powers unseen,
 Of mercy, truth, and grace.
- 6 O LORD! thou hast prepared a crown
 Of glory bright for me,

162, 163.

WORSHIP.

But at thy feet I'll cast it down,
And give all praise to thee.

162.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
To break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our unhallowed thoughts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy power allays the stormy wind,
And calms the surges of the mind.

HYMNS OF PRAYER.

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. *Phil. iv. 6.*

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints. *Eph. vi. 18.*

Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving. *Col. iv. 2.*

163.

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd,

- The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinners voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays ! "
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, in deed, in mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O THOU by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
LORD ! teach us how to pray.

164, 165.

PRAYER.

164.

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came ;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burden'd spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast ;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 The prayers and praises of the saints,
Like precious odours sweet,
Ascend and spread a rich perfume
Around the mercy seat.
- 4 When God inclines the heart to pray
He hath an ear to hear ;
'To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.
- 5 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied ;
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

165.

L. M.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within ;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And CHRIST receives and gives it in.

- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie
 When CHRIST is waiting for thy prayer?
 My soul thou hast a friend on high;
 Arise, and try thine interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 If guilt deject, if sin distress;
 The remedy's before thee—Pray.
- 5 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known,
 Fear not! his merits must prevail;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

166.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin
 In weakness, want, and woe;
 Fightings without, and fears within,
 LORD, whither shall we go?
- 3 GOD of all grace, we bring to thee
 A broken, contrite heart;
 Give, what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward part.
- 4 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live;
- 5 Faith in the only sacrifice,
 That can for sin atone;

167, 168.

PRAYER.

To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On CHRIST, on CHRIST alone.

- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done,
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit, and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

167.

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

168.

8-7.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart!

- 2 Breathe! O breathe Thy Holy Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,
 End of faith as its beginning;
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come! Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be,
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored by thee;
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder love and praise!

169. C. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat!

- Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's 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 oft'ner be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

- 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 his own blood for thee he 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.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

171.

6-8.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows !
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
My heart is pain'd nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still,
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove,
Yet hindrances strew all the way,
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought,
My mind to seek its peace in thee,
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to JESUS tend.
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share ?

172, 173.

PRAYER.

Ah ! tear it thence and reign alone
 The LORD of every motion there.
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call,
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,—
 “I am thy Love, thy God, thy All,”
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

172.

L. M.

- 1 COME holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God :
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of heav'nly fire ?
 O kindle now the sacred flame,
 Teach it to burn with pure desire.
- 3 Impress upon my wand'ring mind
 The love that CHRIST for sinners bore,
 And give a new, and contrite heart,
 A heart, the Saviour to adore.
- 4 A brighter hope and faith impart,
 And let me now the Saviour see ;
 O soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

173.

L. M.

- 1 COME gracious Spirit heav'nly dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our Guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to CHRIST, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 4 Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

174.

8-7.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend!
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
- 3 Come thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
- 4 Manifest thy love for ever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our deliv'rer;
Guard, and teach, support and guide!

175, 176.

PRAYER.

175.

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heav'nly love,
And feed the pure desire.
- 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing soul,
With guilt and fears oppress'd;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we're the sons of God,
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through CHRIST's atoning blood.

176.

C. M.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.
- 2 Thee we, the Comforter confess,
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our songs of praise are vain address,
And lifeless is our prayer.
- 3 Wake, heavenly wind! arise and come!
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall yield perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid each rev'rent hearer keep
Attention to the LORD.

177.

C. M.

- 1 THE evening shades to rest invite,
Beasts to their covert roam,
Birds nestle in the leafy shade,
But JESUS hath no home.
- 2 The mountain-tops his presence know ;
He spends the night in prayer,
Nor ceases, till the morning breaks,
Yet finds the Saviour there.
- 3 Tears were his meat the livelong night,
O how should he but weep !
A world of sinners spread below,
Wrapt in their nature's sleep.
- 4 Yet kinder than the tenderest sire,
He minds our earthly frame,
And gives the rest he might not know,
To those who love his name.
- 5 'Then O my soul, cans't thou refuse
One hour with him to spend,
Who watch'd the weary night for thee—
Thy ever-living friend.

178.

C. M.

- 1 POUR down thy Spirit, gracious LORD,
On all assembled here ;
Let us receive th' engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

179, 180.

PRAYER.

- 2 By faith in thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he who in thy name believes,
Shall live to die no more.
- 3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name :
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.
- 4 Thy grace and mercy first prevail'd
From death to set us free ;
And often since, our life had fail'd
Unless renew'd by thee,
- 5 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.

179.

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious LORD, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joy that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

180.

C. M.

- 1 O THAT the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

181.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU! to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light!
Try us, and prove our treacherous heart,
And bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 As through this vale of tears we stray,
Be thou our light, be thou our stay :
Mark out the pilgrim's heav'nly road,
That leads unto the mount of God.
- 3 If storms and tempests cloud our way,
Our strength proportion to our day ;
Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,
If God, our Sun and Shield, be near.
- 4 Guide and uphold us with thy hand
Till we arrive at Canaan's land ;
The land where sin and death shall cease ;
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

182.

L. M.

- 1 WE go with the redeem'd to taste
Of joy supreme that never dies ;
Our feet still press the weary waste,
Our hearts, our homes are in the skies.

- 2 And oh ! while on to Zion's hill,
 The toilsome path of life we tread,
 Around us loving Father, still
 Thy circling wings of mercy spread.
- 3 From day to day, from hour to hour,
 O let our rising spirits prove
 The strength of thine almighty pow'r,
 The sweetness of thy saving love.

- 1 FATHER, we commend our spirits
 To thy love in Jesu's name,
 Love, that his atoning merits
 Give us confidence to claim.
- 2 Oh how sweet, how true a pleasure,
 Flows from love so full and free ;
 Oh how great, how rich a treasure,
 Saviour, we possess in thee !
- 3 From the world and its confusions,
 Here we turn, and find our rest ;
 From its cares and its delusions,
 Turn to thee, and we are blest.
- 4 Though this scene is ever changing,
 Since thy mercy changes not,
 O'er its waste our spirits ranging,
 Glory in their happy lot.
- 5 Holy Ghost, by thee anointed,
 May we do our Father's will,
 Walk the path by him appointed,
 Jesu's pleasure still fulfill.
- 6 Till the welcome signal hearing,
 Welcome to thy saints alone ;

We rejoice at his appearing,
Who shall claim us for his own.

184.

C. M.

- 1 OUR gracious God, we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Oh let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide ;
That love, will all vain loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

185.

P. M.

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.
- 2 Tho' dark my path, or sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.
- 3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize:—it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield thee what was thine :
Thy will be done.
- 4 Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.
- 5 And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,

186, 187.

PRAYER.

I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

186.

C. M.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God !
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels that blood
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne :
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, LORD, of thine.

187.

7s.

- 1 QUIET, LORD, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild ;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child :
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :
136

"Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone :
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove,
All their Father's boundless love.

188.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

189.

L. M.

- 1 WHEN gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That we shall find our all in thee ;

190, 191.

PRAYER.

The fulness of thy promise prove,
The joys at thy right hand above ?

- 2 Thee, only thee we fain would find,
And leave this world and self behind ;
Thou, only thou to us be giv'n,
'Tis all we ask in earth or heav'n.

190.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God.
- 2 Here I behold thy gracious face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But, to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie :
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

191.

L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,
In his great name who reigns above,
Their fellowship and work is sweet,
They meet, and they depart in love.
- 2 The LORD is with his people there,
Wherever they are met to pray ;

He listens to their feeble prayer,
And sends them not unblest away.

- 3 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.
- 4 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.

192.

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, "I will be,
"Amid this little company ;
"To them unveil my smiling face,
"And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear LORD,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

193.

7s.

- 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.

- 3 LORD ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast :
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer !
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

- 1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When weary in the toilsome race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Saviour, then plead for me !
- 3 If I have sinn'd and gone astray,
Deaf to thy voice, and lost my way,
Nor can discern thy guiding ray,
Saviour, still plead for me !
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Still with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh ! plead for me.

195.

S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.
- 2 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
'That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward)
To thee and thy great name.
- 6 I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.
- 7 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfil,
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

196, 197.

PRAYER.

196.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom we cast our ev'ry care ;
On whom for all things we depend,
Inspire, and then accept our prayer.
- 2 Fill every soul with humble fear,
Our utter helplessness reveal ;
Satan and sin are always near,—
Thee may we always nearer feel.

197.

C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine.
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

198.

L. M.

- 1 How shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known,
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through CHRIST alone.
- 2 He died, that we might die to sin ;
He rose, that we to GOD might rise :
By his own blood he enter'd in
The holy place beyond the skies.
- 3 There as our great High Priest he stands,
And pleads before the mercy-seat,
Our cause is in his faithful hands,
Our enemies beneath his feet.
- 4 Father, in him we claim our part,
For thy Son's sake accept us now,
In him well pleased, thou always art,
Well pleased with us through him be thou.
- 5 O look on thine anointed One,
Thy gift in him is all our plea,
Our righteousness—what he hath done ;
Our prayer—his prayer for us to thee.
- 6 So while he intercedes above,
In his dear name may we believe,
And all the fulness of thy love,
Into our inmost souls receive.

199

L. M.

- 1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry 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-stain'd mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There we, on eagles' wings, would soar,
Where time and sense are all no more ;
There heav'nly joys our spirits greet,
For glory crowns the mercy-seat.

- 1 O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
Upon the Father's throne,
Whose wond'rous love and favor
Have made our cause thine own ;
'Thy people to thee ever
For grace and help repair,
For thou, they know, wilt never
Refuse their griefs to share.
- 2 O LORD, through tribulation
Our weary journey lies,
'Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies ;
'Midst never ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam,

As pilgrims here, and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

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

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

201.

L. M.

- 1 OH Come, thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us thine own life-blood,
And teach us all thy love,—then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
- 2 Take thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from thee receive,
And with thee move, and in thee live.

- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Crown'd with a never-fading crown.
- 5 Ah LORD! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 6 First-born of many brethren thou!
To whom both heav'n and earth must bow;
Heirs of thy shame and of thy throne,
We bear thy cross, and seek thy crown.

- 1 O JESUS, teach us still to keep
Our eyes on thee, the living way,
That we, once lost and wand'ring sheep,
From thee our LORD, no more may stray;
But wheresoe'er thou leadest, we
May follow on most cheerfully.
- 2 Oh that we never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for our sake,
To save our souls, and make us meet
Of all thy glory to partake;
But keeping this in sight, press on
To glory and the victor's throne.
- 3 But gracious LORD, when we reflect
How oft we've turn'd our eyes from thee,
How treated thee with sad neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy,
And yet to find thee still the same,
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

- 4 Astonish'd at thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
Henceforth be thou our all in all,
Thou who our souls with blood hast bought,
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy ceaseless love.

203.

C. M.

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

204.

6-8.

- 1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Then bend my wayward heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine, wholly thine alone I'd live;
Myself to thee entirely give.

205, 206.

PRAYER.

- 2 O LORD, how gracious is thy way,
All fear before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away
Where'er thy healing beams arise :
O JESUS, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire apart from thee.
- 3 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thine arm my strength,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
And thou from heav'n shalt come at length,
O JESUS, then this heart shall be
For ever satisfied with thee.

205.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the CHRIST, Eternal Word !
Of all creation Sovereign LORD !
On thee alone by faith we rest,
And lean our weakness on thy breast.
- 2 Thy blood has wash'd us from our sin,
Thy Spirit sanctifies within ;
And thou for us, in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.
- 3 Oh ! keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from thee our feet may stray ;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,
And to thy presence keep us near.

206.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS ! the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow ;
JESUS ! no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve,
Thou art the true, the living way,
The light to cheer the path of love,
Which leads to bright and endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from this heav'nward way depart ;
O may thy gracious Spirit guide
The wand'ring foot, and erring heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this dreary night,
And bring us to that holy place,
The region of unclouded light,
Where we shall see thee face to face.

207.

L. M.

- 1 THOU only sov'reign of our heart,
Our refuge, our Almighty friend,
How can our souls from thee depart,
On whom alone our hopes depend ?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these our weary spirits live ;
And sweeter comforts cheer the heart
Than all the charms of nature give.
- 3 Let earth's enslaving joys combine,
While thou art near in vain they call,
One word, one gracious word of thine,
Our Saviour, will outweigh them all.

208, 209.

PRAYER.

208.

L. M.

- 1 MASTER! we would no longer be
Lov'd by the world that hated thee,
But patient in thy footsteps go,
Thy sorrow, as thy joy, to know.
- 2 We would, and oh! bestow the pow'r,
With meekness meet the darkest hour,
The shame despise, however tried,
For thou wast scorn'd and crucified.
- 3 Master! to thee we now would cleave,
Content for thee all else to leave,
Thy cross to bear, thy steps to trace,
Strong in thine all-sufficient grace.
- 4 For soon must pass the little while,
When joy shall crown thy servants' toil;
Our sure reward to hear thee own
Our names, before the Father's throne.

209.

8-7-4.

- 1 LORD! this day, in love remember
All thy saints where'er they be;
They who pine on beds of sickness;
Or secluded bend the knee;
Or assembling,
Join in prayer or praise to thee.
- 2 Compass'd by unseen spectators,
LORD! thy saints must now make known
To the pow'rs in heav'nly places,
What thy secret love hath done;
Ev'n the myst'ry
In our heav'nly calling shewn.

- 3 He, in Patmos' lonely island,
 Exil'd, troubled, patient still—
 Bore as faithful, true a witness,
 As did he on Athens' hill :
 Thus, O JESUS !
 May thy saints shew forth thy will.
- 4 Thus thy poorest, humblest servants,
 Suff'ring anguish, pain and grief,
 May display thy wondrous wisdom,
 Faithful, 'mid internal strife :
 Till in glory,
 They receive the crown of life.

210.

8-7-4.

- 1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
 Without thee we cannot go :
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low ;
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price thy love has bought us,
 (Saviour ! what a love is thine !)
 Hitherto thy power has brought us,
 (Power and love in thee combine ;)
 LORD of glory,
 Ever on thy people shine.
- 3 Through the desert waste and cheerless
 Though our destin'd journey lie,
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy ;
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see the Saviour nigh.

211.

PRAYER.

- 4 When we halt (no tract discov'ring,) }
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us :
 Thus we shall not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround ;
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us,
 Streams shall from the rock abound ;
 Happy people !
 What a Saviour we have found !

211.

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
 His very name is Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood ;
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And though exalted, feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 Then boldly let our faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r ;

We shall obtain delivering grace,
In each distressing hour.

212.

L. M.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And there before our God appears.
- 2 He who for us as surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his gracious plan—
The Saviour and the Friend of Man.
- 3 Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and griefs, and agonies.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The "Man of Sorrows" bore a part;
He knows and feels our every grief,
And gives the suff'ring saint relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heavenly pow'r,
To help us in each trying hour.

213.

C. M.

- 1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear,
In robes of mystic meaning dress'd,
Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat :

- And clouds of incense from his hands
 Arise with odour sweet.
- 3 Through him the eye of faith descries
 A greater priest than he :
 Thus Jesus pleads above the skies
 For you my friends, and me.
- 4 He bears the names of all the saints,
 Deep on his heart engrav'd ;
 Attentive to the state and wants
 Of all his love has sav'd.
- 5 In him a holiness complete,
 Light and perfections shine ;
 And wisdom, grace, and glory meet ;
 A Saviour all divine.
- 6 The blood, which as a priest He bears
 For sinners, is his own ;
 The incense of his prayers and tears
 Perfumes the holy throne.
- 7 In Him my weary soul has rest,
 Though I am weak and vile ;
 I read my name upon His breast,
 And see the Father smile.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb !
 Whose blood for us was shed,
 Through whom we out of Egypt came,
 By thine own Spirit led.
- 2 Bless'd messenger of grace,
 Fulfil thy character ;
 To guard and feed thy chosen race,
 Among us LORD, appear.

- 3 Throughout the desert way
 Conduct us by thy light ;
 Be thou our covering cloud by day,
 Our cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
 With blessings from above,
 And ever on thy people rain
 The manna of thy love.

215.

7-8.

- 1 O LAMB of GOD ! still keep me,
 Near to thy wounded side ;
 'Tis only there in safety
 And peace I can abide ;
 What foes and snares surround me,
 What lusts and fears within,
 The grace that sought and found me,
 Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
 I feel my life secure ;
 Only in thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure :
 Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
 O'er ev'ry hateful foe :
 Thy love my heart sustaineth,
 In all its cares and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
 With rapture, face to face ;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all thy pow'r and grace ;
 Thy beauty LORD, and glory,
 The wonders of thy love,

216, 217.

PRAYER.

Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

216.

7-6.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd ! bind us
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind us
How mercy set us free :
Oh may thy Holy Spirit
Set this before our eyes,
That we thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.
- 2 We are of thy salvation,
Assured through thy love,
Yet ah ! on each occasion,
How faithless do we prove ;
Thou hast our sins forgiven,
Then, leaving all behind,
We would press on to heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.
- 3 Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.
Thou LORD, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame,
Oh let thy love then make us,
Hold fast thy faith and name.

217.

L. M.

- 1 WITH thankful hearts we meet, O LORD,
To sing thy praise, to hear thy word,
To seek thy face in earnest prayer,
To cast on thee each earthly care.

- 2 Dear shepherd of thy chosen flock,
Thy people's shield, their shadowing rock,
Once more we meet to hear thy voice,
Once more before thee to rejoice.
- 3 Oh may thy servants, by thy word,
Refresh each wearied heart, dear LORD,
Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,
Wearied of sin and all below.
- 4 Thy presence Saviour, now we seek,
Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,
Way-worn and tried, we hither come,
Give us a foretaste of our home.

218.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 LORD, we are weak, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh fill us with thy grace divine,
And may our hearts be wholly thine.

219, 220.

PRAYER.

219.

L. M.

- 1 LORD! let my heart still turn to thee,
In all my hours of waking thought;
Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
Or think, or feel, where thou art not!
- 2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When nought on earth this heart can cheer,
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,
LORD, hush the sigh, and chase the tear.
- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss,
Do thou, dear Saviour, present be!
Nor let me dream of happiness
On earth, without the thought of thee!
- 4 To my last 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 Whene'er I read thy sacred word,
Bright on the page in glory shine!
And let me say, "This precious LORD
In all his full salvation's mine."
- 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 ev'ry hour of waking thought,
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think or feel where thou art not! Amen.

220.

C. M.

- 1 MY soul amid this stormy world
Is like some flutter'd dove;

And fain would be as swift of wing
To flee to Him I love.

2 The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by his hand ;
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

3 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
These were his golden chains of love
His captive to enthal.

4 My heart is with him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the voice,
" Rise up and come away."

5 May not an exile, LORD, desire
His own sweet land to see ?
May not a captive seek release,
A pris'ner to be free ?

6 I would, my LORD and Saviour, know
That which no measure knows,
Would search the mystery of thy love,
The depths of all thy woes.

7 I fain would strike my harp divine
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace has done.

8 Ah! leave me not in this base world
A stranger still to roam ;
Come, LORD, and take me to thyself,
" Come, JESUS, quickly come."

221.

PRAYER.

221.

C. M.

- 1 HOPE of our hearts, O LORD appear,
Thou glorious Star of day !
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away !
- 2 [Strangers on earth, we wait for thee ;
Oh leave the Father's throne ;
Come with a shout of vict'ry, LORD,
And claim us as thine own.
- 3 Oh bid the bright archangel, now
The trump of GOD prepare,
To call thy saints—the quick—the dead
To meet thee in the air.]
- 4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see ;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us and thee.
- 5 But dearest LORD ! however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love ?
- 6 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee ?
- 7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours ;
But only LORD, above,
Our hearts without a pang shall know
The fulness of thy love.
- 8 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransom'd bride shall see

What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

222.

8-7.

- 1 JESUS, lead us by thy power
Safe into the promis'd rest,
Choose our path, and ever keep us
In the way thou seest best.
Be our guide in ev'ry peril,
Watch and guard us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From thy presence far away.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going,
But thy grace, so full and free,
Nothing can our souls dishearten,
But forgetfulness of thee :
Nothing can delay our progress,
Nothing can disturb our rest,
If we can, whate'er the danger,
Lean, O Saviour, on thy breast.
- 3 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure ;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure :
In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from thee we faint and languish,
Oh our Saviour, keep us nigh !

223.

8-7-4

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great JEHOVAH !
Pilgrims through this barren land,
We are weak but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand :

Bread of heaven !

Feed us now and evermore.

- 2 Open wide the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Be thyself our cloudy pillar
All the dreary desert through :
Strong Deliverer !
Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in thy love abide ;
Keep us ! O our gracious Saviour,
Cleaving closely to thy side ;
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.
- 4 Saviour come, we long to see thee,
Long to dwell with thee above,
And to know in full communion,
All the sweetness of thy love :
Come, LORD JESUS !
Take thy waiting people home.

TRUST IN GOD.

Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. *Psalms xxxvii, 5.*

O taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. *Psalms xxxiv, 8.*

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed but abideth for ever. *Psalms cxxv, 1.*

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. *Isaiah xxvi, 3, 4.*

224.

8-7.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Heavenly city of our God !
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode :
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove ;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the LORD, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour if of that bless'd city
I through grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp, and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but God's own children know.

225.

8-7.

- 1 HEAR what God the LORD hath spoken :
" O my people, faint and few ;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;

You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

- 2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the LORD, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturb'd possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

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

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here :"
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here :"
Sad thought ! were this to be our home ;
But let this truth our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 "We've no abiding city here :"
Then let us live as pilgrims do,
Let not this world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

- 4 "We've no abiding city here :"
 We seek a city out of sight,
 It needs no sun, the LORD is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 JEHOVAH is her joy and strength,
 Secure she smiles at all her foes,
 And weary travellers at length,
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O sweet abode of peace and love !
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest ;
 Had we the pinions of a dove,
 We'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 But hush my soul nor dare repine,
 The time my God appoints is best ;
 While here, to do His will be mine,
 And His to fix my time of rest.

227.

S. M.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
 We haste with songs of joy,
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
- 3 Our toils and conflicts cease,
 On Canaan's happy shore ;
 We there shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.
- 4 There in celestial strains,
 Enraptur'd myriads sing,

228, 229. TRUST IN GOD.

There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

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

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

228. C. M.

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

229. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, we rest in thee,
In thee ourselves we hide ;

Laden with guilt and misery,
 Where could we rest beside ?
 'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast,
 Our weary souls alone can rest.

- 2 Thou Holy One of God !
 The Father rests in thee,
 And in the savour of that blood
 Once shed on Calvary.
 The curse is gone—through thee we're blest
 God rests in thee—in thee we rest.
- 3 The slaves of sin and fear,
 Thy truth our bondage broke,
 Our happy spirits love to wear
 Thy light and easy yoke ;
 The love which fills our grateful breast,
 Makes duty joy and labor rest.
- 4 Soon the bright, glorious day—
 The rest of God—shall come ;
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
 And we shall reach our home :
 Then, of the promis'd land possess'd.
 Our souls shall know eternal rest.

230.

P. M.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
 Heav'n is my home :
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heav'n is my home :
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand ;
 Heav'n is my Father-land—
 Heav'n is my home.

231.

TRUST IN GOD.

2 What tho' the tempest rage?

Heav'n is my home:

Short is my pilgrimage;

Heav'n is my home:

And time's wild wintry blast

Soon will be overpast;

I shall reach home at last;

Heav'n is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,

Heav'n is my home:

I shall be glorified;

Heav'n is my home:

There with the good and blest,

Those I lov'd most and best,

I shall for ever rest;

Heav'n is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not,

Heav'n is my home:

Whate'er my earthly lot,

Heav'n is my home:

For I shall surely stand,

There at my LORD's right hand;

Heav'n is my father-land—

Heav'n is my home.

231.

C. M.

1 HOW blessed is the tie that binds

Believers' hearts in one!

How sweet the hope that tunes our minds

In harmony divine!

It is the hope, the blissful hope,

Which JESU's grace hath given,

The hope, when days and years are past,
 That we shall meet in heav'n :
 We all shall meet in heav'n at last,
 With JESUS meet in heav'n,
 With him, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heav'n.

- 2 What tho' our lot in trial here
 Or poverty be cast !
 What tho' around our sorrowing heart
 May howl the wintry blast !
 Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain,
 From Europe's and Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope, &c.
- 4 No ling'ring look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows ;
 There love shall beam from ev'ry eye
 And hope immortal grows.
 O sacred hope ! O blissful hope ! &c.

232.

C. M.

- 1 MY hiding place, my refuge-tower,
 And shield, art thou O LORD ;
 I firmly anchor all my hopes
 On thy unerring word.
- 2 Engraved, as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines ;
 Nor can the powers of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.

233, 234.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 The sacred word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies ;
 The voice which rolls the stars along
 Spake all the promises.
- 4 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
 And shield art thou, O LORD !
 I firmly anchor all my hopes
 On thy unerring word.

233.

L. M.

- 1 'TIS night—but O the joyful morn
 Will soon our waiting spirits cheer ;
 Yon gleams of coming glory warn
 Thy saints, O LORD, that thou art near.
- 2 LORD of our hearts, belov'd of thee,
 Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
 Supremely happy, safe and free,
 For ever on thy tender breast.
- 3 To see thee, love thee, feel thee near,
 Nor dread, as now, thy transient stay ;
 To dwell beyond the reach of fear,
 Lest joy should wane or pass away.
- 4 Children of hope, beloved LORD !
 In thee we live, we glory now ;
 Our joy, our rest, our great reward,
 Our diadem of beauty, thou !
- 5 And when exalted LORD, with thee,
 Thy royal throne at length we share,
 To everlasting Thou shalt be
 Our diadem, our glory there.

234.

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound !)
 That sav'd a wretch like me !

I once was lost, but now am found ;
 Was blind, but now I see.

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

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

4 The LORD has 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 call'd me here below,
 Will be for ever mine.

235.

8-7-4.

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

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,

- Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus
 Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Led by that, we brave the ocean,
 Led by that, the storm defy,
 Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
 Knowing that our LORD is nigh ;
 Waves obey him,
 And the storms before him fly.
- 4 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the watery waste ;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder
 Think on toils and dangers past.
- 5 O what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar ;
 There it is that they who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more ;
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil happy shore.

- 1 JEHOVAH is our strength,
 And he shall be our song ;
 We shall o'ercome at length,
 Altho' our foes be strong :
 In vain doth Satan then oppose,
 The LORD is stronger than His foes.
- 2 The LORD our refuge is,
 And ever will remain ;

Since he hath made us his,
 He will our cause maintain :
 In vain our enemies oppose,
 For God is stronger than His foes.

3 The LORD our portion is,
 What can we wish for more ;
 As long as we are his,
 We never can be poor :
 In vain do earth and hell oppose,
 For God is stronger than His foes.

4 The LORD our shepherd is,
 He knows our ev'ry need ;
 And since we now are his,
 His care our souls will feed :
 In vain do sin and death oppose,
 For God is stronger than His foes.

5 Our God our Father is,
 Our names are on his heart ;
 We ever shall be his,
 He ne'er from us will part :
 In vain the world and flesh oppose,
 For God is stronger than His foes.

237.

C. M.

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

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

- 3 There shall thy glory, O our God !
Break fully on our view ;
And we thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.
- 4 There JESUS, on his heav'nly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see ;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.
- 5 Sweet hope ! we'd leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this ;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.
- 6 Yet little do thy saints at best,
Endure O LORD, for thee ;
Whose suffering soul bore all our sins
And sorrows on the tree ;
- 7 Who faced our fierce, our ruthless foe,
Unaided, and alone ;
To win us for thy crown of joy,
To raise us to thy throne.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be passed,
Safe into thy haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
174

Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 [Thou, O LORD, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness,
 I am full of sin and shame,
 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,
 Now, and to eternity.

239.

C. M.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee when sorrows rise,
 On thee when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone can'st heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

240.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

240.

6-8.

- 1 AND art thou gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its angry frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own—
What shame would fill me in that day
When thou thy glory wilt display.
- 3 No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if it will,
If to confess my LORD be shame,
Oh, then would I be viler still;
For thee my God, I'd all resign,
Content that I can call thee mine.
- 4 What transport then will fill my heart,
When thou, my worthless name wilt own,
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known;

From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

241.

11s.

- 1 PRESS forward and fear not, the billows may
roll,
But the power of JESUS their rage can control ;
Though waves rise in anger their tumults shall
cease,
One word of his bidding shall hush them to
peace.
- 2 Press forward and fear not, tho' trial be near,
The LORD is our refuge, whom then shall we
fear?
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard his rod ;
Then let us be stedfast and trust in our God.
- 3 Press forward and fear not, be strong in the
LORD,
In the pow'r of his promise, the truth of his
word ;
Through the sea and the desert our pathway
may tend,
But he who hath sav'd us will save to the end.
- 4 Then forward and fear not, we'll speed on our
way,
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in
dismay?
We tread but the road which our leader has
trod,
Then let us press forward and trust in our
God.

242.

S. M.

- 1 FAITH!—tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd ;

243.

TRUST IN GOD.

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of GOD !

- 2 JESUS it owns, a King,
An all-atoning Priest ;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in CHRIST.
- 3 On him it safely leans
In times of deep distress ;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 All through the wilderness
It is our strength and stay ;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road
While it directs our way.
- 5 LORD, 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

243

7-6.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near,
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand ?
- 2 Place on the LORD reliance,
My soul with courage wait,
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

TRUST IN GOD. 244, 245.

His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
"The LORD will give thee peace."

244. S. M.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter, and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

245. P. M.

- 1 ONE there is above all others—
O how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's—
O 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—
O how he loves !
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know him—
O how he loves !
Think, O think how much we owe him—
O how he loves !

246.

TRUST IN GOD.

With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us—
O how he loves !

3 We have found a friend in JESUS—
O how he loves !

'Tis his great delight to bless us—
O how he loves !

How our hearts delight to hear him,
Bid us dwell in safety near him,
Why should we distrust or fear him ?—
O how he loves !

4 Through his name we are forgiven—
O how he loves !

Backward shall our foes be driven—
O how he loves !

Best of blessings he'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us—
O HOW HE LOVES !

246.

P. M.

1 THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well ;

Free and changeless is his favour,
All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us ;—
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;

Our's is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in CHRIST abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
JESUS every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

247.

7-6.

- 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 sorrow shares.

248.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 I rest my soul on JESUS,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of JESUS,
IMMANUEL, CHRIST; the LORD ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name 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 Angel's song.

248.

D. C. M.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of JESUS say,
Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to JESUS as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad—
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of JESUS say,
Behold I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to JESUS, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,

My thirst was quenched, my soul reviv'd,
And now I live in him.

- 3 I heard the voice of JESUS say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to JESUS, and I found
In him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Till travelling days are done.

249.

P. M.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
“ Fightings within, and 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 !

250.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 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 !

250.

P. M.

- 1 THE wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcom'd home,
O Lamb of God, in thee !
- 2 Though clad in rags, by sin defil'd,
The Father hath embrac'd his child,
And I am pardon'd, reconcil'd,
O Lamb of God, in thee !
- 3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in thee !
- 4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the "children's bread,"
O Lamb of God, in thee !
- 5 Yea, in the fulness of his grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in thee !
- 6 I cannot half his love express,
Yet LORD ! with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in thee !
- 7 It is thy precious name I bear,
It is thy spotless robe I wear,

Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

- 8 And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

251.

P. M.

- 1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.
- 2 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,
In thee we've found our place of rest,
As exiles still, yet not unblest
While we can cling to thee.
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to thee.
- 4 Oft when we seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."
- 5 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied
The souls that cling to thee.
- 6 They fear not Satan nor the grave,
They know thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to thee.

252, 253. TRUST IN GOD.

- 7 Blest be our lot, whate'er befall,
What can disturb, or who appal,
While as our strength, our rock, our all,
Saviour, we cling to thee?

252. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine;
Around thy all-supporting stem,
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life, I from thy life derive,
My vigour from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee,
My strength is wholly thine;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dews shall drop;
And when the rain and tempest beat,
Thou still wilt bear me up.
- 5 The object of the Father's care,
And prun'd by love divine;
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

253. 6-6-8.

- 1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?

No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

- 2 'Twas Israel's God and king
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth
To storm th' invaders camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When with a single word,
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the LORD,
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's LORD, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

254.

8-7-4.

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

255, 256.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 2 Since his love and mercy found us,
We are precious in his sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight ;
But his presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo ! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is his care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure we are ;
Sweet our portion,
Who the Saviour's kindness share.
- 4 As the bird, beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the LORD his children gathers,
Spreads his wings and hides them there ;
Thus protected,
All our foes we boldly dare.

255.

C. M.

- 1 WHY should I doubt His love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd ?
Who saved me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.
- 2 Will save, till, at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's power,
To my Redeemer's breast.

256.

11s.

- 1 SAD pilgrim of Zion, tho' chasten'd awhile,
In this valley of tears, hope bids thee to
smile ;

- Far spent is the night,—and approaching the
day
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.
- 2 No tear of repentance, no heave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall o'ershadow the light of that
morn,
When thy sun sets no more, but for ever shall
shine
In the fulness of beauty and glory divine.
- 3 White thy robe wash'd in blood, the price
that was giv'n
To redeem thee, and make thee a meet heir
of heav'n :
On thy head the bright crown that ne'er fa-
deth away,
Which Jesu's own hand shall award at that day.
- 4 And there, in the presence of him thou shalt
dwell,
Who thus rais'd thee to heav'n, having sav'd
thee from hell :
His praises for ever shall be on thy tongue,
Thine heart's deepest wonder, thy lips ceaseless
song.
- 5 O pilgrim, till then be thou instant in prayer,
Thy conflicts and griefs thy Redeemer will
share ;
And in death should'st thou sleep, still the
love that ne'er dies,
Shall guard thee, and bear thee from hence to
the skies.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,

Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

- 2 Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid,
And a full redemption flowing
From the sacrifice he made.
- 3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 4 Oh that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with him our hearts dividing,
All for him content to leave.
- 5 May we still the cross discerning,
There for peace and comfort go,
There new wonders daily learning,
All the depths of mercy know.

- 1 AS debtors to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy we sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
Our persons and offerings to bring:
The wrath of a sin-hating God
With us can have nothing to do:
Our Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all our transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength shall complete:
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:

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

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

259.

C. M.

- 1 LET us rejoice in CHRIST the LORD,
 Who makes our cause his own,
 The hope that's built upon his word
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
 And feeble is our arm,
 Our life is hid with CHRIST in GOD,
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as we are we shall not faint,
 Or fainting cannot fail;
 JESUS the strength of ev'ry saint,
 Will to the end prevail.
- 4 Though now he's unperceiv'd by sense,
 Faith sees him always near;
 A guide, a glory, a defence,
 To save from ev'ry fear.
- 5 As surely as he overcame,
 And conquer'd death and sin,

260, 261. TRUST IN GOD.

So surely those that love his name,
Will all his triumph win.

260. C. M.

- 1 WHERE in this waste unlovely world,
 May weary hearts, oppress
 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 suff'ring members here,
 And loves us to the last.
- 5 'Tis only in his changeless love
 Our waiting spirits, blest
 With the sweet hope of glory, find
 Their dwelling place of rest.
- 6 In the same track where he of old
 The dreary desert trod,
 Led onward by his grace, we learn
 The fulness of our God.

261. 7-6.

- 1 OUR God is our salvation,
 What then have we to fear?

In darkness and temptation,
 Our light, our help is near.
 Though adverse hosts surround us,
 Yet fearlessly we'll stand ;
 What terror can confound us,
 With God at our right hand.

- 2 On thee is our reliance,
 When faint and desolate ;
 Thy word is our affiance,
 Then patiently we'll wait.
 We know thy blood has bought us,
 Has ransom'd us from hell ;
 We know thy love has brought us
 With thee, our God, to dwell.

262.

8-7.

- 1 HOLY Father 'tis on JESUS
 That our every hope is built,
 He from Satan's bondage frees us,
 He has canceled all our guilt ;
 Ever precious corner stone,
 Here we rest our souls alone.
- 2 Here we find a sure foundation
 That no storm can ever move,
 Here obtain a full salvation
 Fruit of everlasting love ;
 Here our weary souls may hide,
 And the wreck of earth abide.
- 3 Now the work is all completed,
 And the victory obtain'd,
 Satan, sin and hell defeated,
 And the mighty conquest gain'd ;

All is finished all is won
By this precious corner stone.

- 4 Resting on the rock of ages
Here may we abide secure,
Hell its mighty force engages,
Yet thy word shall still endure ;
Happy those who trust in thee,
Safe for all eternity.

- 1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence !
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When howling tempests fiercely rage,
And raise the threatening wave ;
O, then thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 From all our trials, all our fears,
Thy mercy sets us free,
When, in the confidence of prayer,
Our souls lay hold on thee.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fear and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;

We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

264.

7-6.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the LORD who rises
With healing in his wings.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 2 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through,
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.
- 3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

265.

8. M.

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand,
Our God, we wish them there ;

Our life, our souls, our all, we leave
Entirely to thy care.

- 2 Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be ;

Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

- 3 Our times are in thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear ?

A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

- 4 Our times are in thy hand,
JESUS the crucified !

The hand our many sins have pierc'd
Is now our guard and guide.

- 5 Our times are in thy hand,
JESUS our advocate !

Nor can that hand be stretch'd in vain,
For us to supplicate.

- 6 Our times are in thy hand,
We'll always trust in thee,

Till we possess the promis'd land
And all thy glory see.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :

He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

267.

P. M.

- 1 WE cannot always trace the way,
 Where thou, our gracious LORD, dost move,
 But we can always surely say
 That thou art love.
- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
 O'er earth—our souls to heav'n above,
 As to their sanctuary spring,
 For thou art love.
- 3 When mystery shrouds our darken'd path,
 We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove ;
 In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
 That thou art love.
- 4 Yes, thou art love—a truth like this
 Can ev'ry gloomy thought remove ;

268, 269. TRUST IN GOD.

And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—
Our God is love.

268. 6

- 1 BELOVED, "it is well!"
God's ways are always right;
And love is o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.
- 2 Beloved, "it is well!"
Though deep and sore the smart,
He wounds, who knows to bind
And heal the broken heart.
- 3 Beloved, "it is well!"
Though sorrow clouds our way,
'Twill make the joy more dear
That ushers in the day.
- 4 Beloved, "it is well!"
The path that JESUS trod,
Though rough and dark it be,
Leads home to heaven and God.

269. 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 while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood,

Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations grow.
- 5 But, above all 'tis well,
When Jesus speaks the word,
At the last trumpet's sounding swell,
"Arise to meet your God."

270.

L. M.

- 1 PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound—
We seek the city of our God;
This wilderness we travel round,
Seeking alone that bless'd abode.
- 2 And here as sojourners we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our Master's feet,
And tell the wonders of his love.
- 3 Oft have we seen the tempest rise;
The world and Satan, fear and sin,
Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies,
With scarce a gleam of light between.
- 4 But still, as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray;
And that strong arm will guide us home,
Which thus supports us by the way.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years
Of weariness, or toil, or pain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we our promis'd rest shall gain.

271, 272.

TRUST IN GOD.

271.

C. M.

- 1 MY God ! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace we feel
Our happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become,
Jesus, our guardian and our friend,
And heav'n our final home ;
- 3 We welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all thy will is love ;
And when we know not what thou dost,
We wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant, in the darkest days,
Shall heavenly light impart ;
And be our theme of endless praise,
When all things else depart.

272.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD ! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Which has a fountain near ;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.

- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To lean on what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.
- 6 He, that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While CHRIST is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
- 7 O LORD ! I cast my care on thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love, and please thee more.

273.

104th.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite ;
Yet one thing secures us,
What-ever betide,
The scripture assures us,
" The LORD will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread ;
His saints, what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,

So long as 'tis written,
 "The LORD will provide."

- 3 We may like the ships,
 By tempest be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost ;
 Though Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide,
 The promise engages,
 "The LORD will provide."

- 4 His call we obey,
 Like Abram of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold ;
 For though we are strangers,
 We have a sure guide,
 And trust in all dangers
 "The LORD will provide."

274.

104th.

- 1 WHEN Satan appears
 To stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears,
 We triumph by faith ;
 He cannot take from us,
 Though oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise,—
 "The LORD will provide."

- 2 He tells us we're weak,
 Our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek,
 We ne'er shall obtain ;

But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have tried,
 This answers all questions,—
 “The LORD will provide.”

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

4 Should life sink apace,
 And death be in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us through;
 No fearing or doubting,
 With CHRIST on our side
 We hope to die shouting,
 “The LORD will provide.”

EXHORTATION.

And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works: not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching. *Heb. x., 24 25.*

275.

S. M.

1 SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the LORD of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 JESUS hath died for you !
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
- 4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 Pray, without ceasing pray ;
Your Captain gives the word ;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the LORD.
- 6 To GOD your ev'ry want
In instant prayer display ;
Pray always, pray, and never faint ;
Pray, without ceasing pray !

- 1 FAINT not Christian ! though the road,
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too,
CHRIST, thy guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not Christian ! though in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage,
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not Christian ! though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurl'd ;

Hold the cross of JESUS fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

- 4 Faint not Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
CHRIST the LORD, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
Smite he must with father's care,
That he may his love declare.
- 6 Faint not Christian! JESU's near;
Soon in glory he'll appear;
Then shall cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the "crown of life."

277.

P. M.

- 1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Battle on to life.
Onward christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe,
Faint not, tho' there may remain,
Still a drear campaign.
- 2 Shrink not christian, wilt thou yield?
Wilt thou quit the battle field?
Shrink not, ere the fight be done,
Ere the prize be won!
Mail'd in armour, heavenly bright,
Strong in him, whose grace is might,
Onward christian, onward go,
Conquer ev'ry foe.

278.

EXHORTATION.

- 3 Fight the glorious fight of faith,
Fear not conflict, fear not death,
Conflict that but nerves to strife,
Death!—to endless life.
CHRIST the conflict has endur'd,
CHRIST thy victory has secur'd,
Onward christian, onward go,
Triumphant o'er the foe.

278.

7a.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end;
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, thy Father calls—Come home."
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, thy Father calls—Come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
CHRIST will also conquer these;
208

And the joyful news will come,
 "Child, thy Father calls—Come home."

279.

P. M.

- 1 "FORWARD let the people go ;"
 Israel's God will have it so ;
 Though the path be through the sea,
 Israel, what is that to thee ?
 He who bids thee pass the waters,
 Will be with his sons and daughters.
- 2 Deep and wide the sea appears,
 Israel wonders, Israel fears ;
 Yet the word is " forward " still,
 Israel 'tis thy Master's will ;
 Tho' no way thou canst discover,
 Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Israel, art thou sorely tried ?
 Art thou press'd on every side ?
 Does it seem as if no power
 Could relieve thee in this hour ?
 Wherefore art thou thus dishearten'd ?
 Is the arm that saves thee shorten'd ?
- 4 Forward go, and thou shalt see,
 Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee ;
 Safe thyself on yonder shore,
 Thou shalt see thy foes no more ;
 Thine to see the Saviour's glory,
 Thine to tell the wondrous story.

280.

S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismay'd ;

GOD hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

- 2 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

- 3 Through waves, through clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.

- 4 When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand ?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand ?

- 5 Leave to his sov'reign sway,
To choose and to command,
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

- 6 Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

- 7 Thou seest our weakness LORD,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
Oh lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

- 8 Let us in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

281.

8-7.

- 1 RISE my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on; His hand protects thee,
Strength, that has the captive freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way:
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion—
Egypt's food—no more to eat.
- 5 Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold his hidden treasures,
There his love's exhaustless deep.
- 6 In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All his grace shall there abound.
- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace, from high descending;
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle-strength He'll still renew;

Garments fresh and feet unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

- 9 When to Canaan's long-lov'd dwelling,
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in rest to sing—
- 10 There, no stranger-God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to his rest shall greet thee,
Greeted thee with a well-known love.

- 1 "YET a little while"—the Lord
Gave his saints this precious word,
That their hearts with joy might burn,
Thinking of his quick return.
- 2 "Yet a little while"—the hour
Comes, when we can work no more;
Let us then, with single eye,
Seek our God to glorify.
- 3 "Yet a little while"—and we
Shall with our beloved be:
May each word and action shew,
That our hearts are with him now.

- 1 SOON shall our master come,
Our toil and sorrow cease;
He'll call his waiting people home,
To endless joy and peace.
- 2 Now may we do his will,
In all his footsteps tread;

And, in a world of evil, still
To grieve him only dread.

- 3 May we his name confess
'Midst suffering, shame, and loss;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
And glory in the cross.
- 4 Watchful may each be found,
Our loins well-girded be;
In works of faith and love abound,
Till we our Master see.
- 5 Then shall we soar above,
Nor cease our sweet employ;
And hear him say, with tend'ring love,
"Enter thy Master's joy."

284.

L. M.

- 1 TRUE! 'tis a rough and thorny road
That leads us to the saints' abode;
But when our Father's house we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
In hope we find a sweet relief;
For hope anticipates the day
When all our grief shall pass away.
- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when CHRIST shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home?
- 4 Then let us walk without complaint,
The thorny road, and never faint;
Though now by weariness oppress—
The end is everlasting rest.

285, 286.

EXHORTATION.

285.

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint :
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall fade away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

286.

L. M.

- 1 WITH heaven in view, we tread the path
The saints of former ages trod ;
Like them, the children once of wrath,
But now, with CHRIST, the sons of God.
 - 2 We seek a city far from this,
A distant city, out of sight ;
Our God himself its builder is,
The Lamb its everlasting light.
 - 3 In him to us full joy there is,
In him who is the joy of heav'n ;
And blest our lot, for we are his,
Opposers once, but now forgiven.
- 212

- 4 Our aim be this, to live below,
As he would have his people live ;
To those who own and serve him so,
The LORD a bright reward will give.

287.

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

288.

C. M.

- 1 OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe,
So sweet a message bear,

- Dark tho' they seem, we cannot find
A frown of anger there.
- 2 'Tis well to be thus wean'd from earth,
'Tis well if we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our rest in heaven.
- 3 Most loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.
- 4 He was a man of sorrows, he
Who lov'd and sav'd us thus :
And shall the world, that frown'd on him
Wear only smiles for us ?
- 5 No ! let us follow in the path
In which our LORD has run,
We would not seek our resting-place,
Where he, we love, had none.

- 1 CHRIST shed his precious blood,
To make us his alone ;
And wash'd in that atoning flood,
We are no more our own.
- 2 If he his will reveal,
Let us obey the call ;
Assured whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all.
- 3 Then let us keep in view
His glory, as our end ;
Too much we cannot bear, or do,
For such a gracious Friend.

- 4 And let us stand prepared
In duty's path to run ;
Nor count the greatest trials hard,
So that his will be done.
- 5 With Jesus for our guide,
The path is safe though rough ;
The promise says, " I will provide,"
And Faith replies, " Enough !"

SECOND ADVENT.

Behold, He cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced him : and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen. *Rev.* 1. 7.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Titus* ii, 13.

When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. *1 Peter*, v, 4.

290.

6-8.

- 1 "A LITTLE while," our LORD shall come,
And we shall wander here no more ;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where he for us has gone before—
To dwell with him, to see his face,
And sing the glories of his grace.
- 2 "A little while"—he'll come again !
Let us the precious hours redeem ;
Our only grief to give him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow him :
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their LORD to see.

291.

SECOND ADVENT.

- 3 "A little while"—'t will soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss :
O how will recompense his smile,
The sufferings of this "little while."
- 4 "A little while"—come, Saviour, come !
For thee thy Bride has tarried long ;
Take thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see thy glory, and to be
In every thing conformed to thee !

291.

8-7-4.

- 1 FLY ye seasons, fly still faster,
Let the glorious day come on,
When we shall behold our Master
Seated on his heavenly throne ;
When the Saviour
Shall descend to claim his own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
To the joy this promise brings ?
Well may we resign its pleasures,
Jesus gives us better things ;
All his people
Draw from heaven's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
What will heaven itself afford ?
There our joy will know no measure,
There we shall behold our LORD ;
There his people
Shall obtain their bright reward.

- 4 Fly ye seasons, fly still faster,
 Swiftly bring the glorious day,
 Jesus come, our LORD and Master,
 Come from heaven without delay;
 Take thy people,
 Take, oh take them hence away.

292.

P. M.

- 1 THE Church has waited long,
 Her absent Lord to see;
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still in weeds of widowhood
 She weeps a mourner yet.
 Come then, LORD JESUS, come!
- 2 We long to hear thy voice,
 To see thee face to face,
 To share thy crown and glory then,
 As now we share thy grace.
 Should not the loving Bride,
 The absent Bridegroom mourn?
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief
 Until her Lord's return?
 Come then, LORD JESUS, come!
- 3 The whole creation groans
 And waits to hear that voice,
 That shall restore her comeliness
 And make her wastes rejoice;
 Come LORD, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours,

293, 294. SECOND ADVENT.

Thine own fair world again !
Come then, ~~Lord~~ JESUS, come !

293. 7-8.

- 1** THE day of glory bearing
 Its brightness far and near,
The day of CHRIST's appearing
 We now no longer fear ;
- 2** The day when we shall meet him
 Triumphant in the sky,
And every heart shall greet him
 With songs of victory.
- 3** He once, a spotless victim,
 For us on Calvary bled ;
JEHOVAH did afflict him,
 And bruise him in our stead.
- 4** To him by grace united,
 We joy in him alone ;
And now by faith, delighted,
 Behold him on the throne.
- 5** There he is interceding,
 For all who on him rest ;
And grace, from him proceeding,
 Tells how in him we're blest.
- 6** Soon will he come in glory,
 When all his saints he'll raise,
To chant their joyful story,
 In songs of loudest praise.

294. 8-7-7.

- 1** NOTHING know we of the season
 When the world shall pass away,

- But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day ;
 When the Saviour will return,
 And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 Oh what sacred joys await them,
 They shall see the Saviour then ;
 Those who now oppose and hate them
 Never can oppose again ;
 Brethren, let us think of this,
 All is our's since we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our LORD's returning,
 Be it our's his word to keep,
 Let our lamps be always burning,
 Let us watch while others sleep ;
 This should be his people's aim
 Still to glorify his name.

295.

8-7-4.

- 1 Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain,
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train ;
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes ; he comes to reign !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in glorious majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall their true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear

All his saints, by men rejected,
 Rise to meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear!

- 4 Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne,
 Saviour take thy power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own;
 Oh, come quickly,
 Hallelujah! come LORD, come.

- 1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eye long closed in night,
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the treasures of his grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

297.

7s.

- 1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
JESUS comes, and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See! the LORD appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise ye saints, he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Blessing, and for ever blest!

298.

L. M.

- 1 THE LORD is coming in the clouds—
Is coming with angelic crowds;
An universal shout will rend
The air, and JESUS will descend.
- 2 How grand the pomp of his descent!
What glory waits on the event:
The glory that to heaven belongs
Is his, and his th'angelic songs.
- 3 Unlike to those who nothing see
Beyond the world, those men should be
Who look for JESUS in the air,
And know that they shall meet him there.

299, 300. SECOND ADVENT.

- 4 Their girded loins and lamps of fire,
Should tell what is their hearts' desire ;
To see the object of their love,
And dwell with him in heaven above.

299. L. M.

- 1 THE LORD shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The LORD will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The LORD will come ! a dreadful form,
A wreath of flame, a robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind !
- 4 Can this be he, who went to stray
A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
Opress'd by power, and mock'd by pride—
O God ! is this the crucified !
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
" Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall ! "
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, " The LORD is come ! "

300. 8-7-4.

- 1 LO, He comes ! the LORD from heaven,
He who bore the cross below ;
All the power to him is given,
He appears in glory now :

Great his glory,

Every knee to him shall bow.

- 2 See the nations all assembling,
Stand before the Saviour's throne;
Thousands at his presence trembling,
Hope extinguished, 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:
Sweet their portion,
Their's an everlasting rest.

301.

C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM! our happy home,
Name to us ever dear;
When shall our labors end, and we
Within thy courts appear?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls,
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when thou city of our God,
Shall we thy courts ascend,
Where one eternal sabbath reigns,
And praises never end?
- 4 Then all the millions of his saints,
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

- 5 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
We onward press to you.
- 6 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our souls still sigh for thee,
Where all our labors have an end,
And we thy glory see.
- 7 O happy city of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 8 Why should we shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
We've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 9 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs there,
A conquering happy band,
With all who've followed Jesus here,
Around him there shall stand.
- 10 Jerusalem ! our happy home,
Thy joys we fain would see ;
Come quickly LORD, and end our toil,
And take us home to THEE.

- 1 O what a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurl'd,
Shall leave it all, O LORD, to thee.
- 2 But brighter far that world above,
Where we, as we are known, shall know ;

And in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o'er this ransom'd earth below.

- 3 O blessed LORD ! with weeping eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see ;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for thee.
- 4 Come Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from thy throne above ;
Bid heaven and earth thy glory know,
And all creation feel thy love.

303.

C. M.

- 1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
Why sleep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, CHRIST, is thine,
A Child of glory thou.
- 2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sigh'd for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near ;
And JESUS comes with voice of love
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes—for O, his yearning heart
No more can bear delay—
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his Bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon his heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

304.

MILLENNIAL.

- 6 Thou too shalt reign—he will not wear
His crown of joy alone,
And earth his royal Bride shall see
Beside him on the throne.
- 7 Then weep no more, 'tis all thine own,
His crown, his joy divine ;
And sweeter far than all besides,
He, he himself is thine.

304.

C. M.

- 1 ISLES of the deep, rejoice, rejoice !
Ye ransom'd nations, sing
The praises of your LORD and God,
The triumphs of your King.
- 2 He comes—and at his mighty word,
The clouds are fleeting fast,
And o'er the land of promise, see,
The glory breaks at last.
- 3 There he, upon his ancient throne,
His power and grace displays,
While Salem, with its echoing hills,
Sends forth the voice of praise.
- 4 Streams of divine, unfailing joy,
Whose sweetness none can know
But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,
Through all creation flow.
- 5 Oh let his praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of his love.
- 6 Sing, ye redeem'd ! before the throne
Ye white-rob'd myriads fall !

Sing—for the LORD of Glory reigns,
The CHRIST—the heir of all!

305.

8-7-4.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See "the Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall 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 crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
JESUS takes the highest station,
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

306.

7-6.

- 1 HAIL to the LORD's Anointed
Great David's greater Son;

Hail to the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 3 Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

- 4 Kings shall fall down before him
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing ;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

- 5 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,

His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end ;
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious
 All blessing and all blest ;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove,
 His name shall stand for ever,
 That name to us is Love.

307.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does its successive journeys run,
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the sons of Adam boast,
 More blessings than their father lost.

- 5 Soon shall the whole creation sing
 The praises of its God and King;
 Angels respond with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud "Amen."

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

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

And HE took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body, which is given for you : this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper saying. This cup is the new Testament in my blood, which is shed for you. *Luke xxii. 19. 20.*

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? the bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? *1 Corinthians x. 16.*

309.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS invites—dare I draw nigh,
Oh Holy One to thee?
Yes—for I hear thy latest words,
Sinner—remember me!
- 2 JESUS invites—dare I refuse
The table spread for me?
This broken body—that shed blood
Bid me—remember thee!
- 3 JESUS invites—dare I delay
An early guest to be?
Swift be my feet to tread thy courts,
I must remember thee!
- 4 JESUS invites—dare I refuse
An unclad guest to be?
LORD put my wedding garments on,
I will remember thee!
- 5 JESUS invites—dare I disgrace,
His gracious call to me?
Forbid it LORD, and help me prove,
I do remember thee!

310, 311. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

310. C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD !
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be,
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary ;
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind, and memory flee ;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
JESUS, remember me.

311. S. M.

- 1 WE bless our Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven ;
To suffer once, to earth he came,
And now he's crown'd in heaven.

- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruis'd for sin ;
Remembering this, we break the bread,
And joyful, drink the wine.
- 3 While we remember thee,
LORD, in our midst appear ;
Let each by faith, thy body see,
While we assemble here.
- 4 We never would forget
Thy rich, thy precious love,
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above !
- 5 Oh let thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to thee,
And ever in our hearts remain
That word, " Remember me !"

312.

L. M.

- 1 OFT we, alas ! forget the love
Of him who bought us with his blood ;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Stands as our advocate with God.
- 2 Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,
The wrath his soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.
- 3 Oft we forget, that strangers here,
This world is not our rest or home ;
That waiting till our LORD appear,
Our hearts should cry, " Come Saviour, come !"
- 4 Oft we forget that we are one
With every saint that loves his name ;

313, 314. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

United to him on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our LORD, the same.

- 5 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear him say, "Remember me!
"I gave my life to ransom thine,
"I bore thy curse to set thee free."
6 LORD, we are thine—we praise thy love—
One with thy saints, all one in thee;
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways, remember THEE.

313. S. M.

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free,
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory LORD, of thee.
2 Here every welcome guest
Waits LORD, from thee to learn,
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.
3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of thy love.

314. C. M.

- 1 AROUND thy table, holy LORD
In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.
2 Here every one that loves thy name
Our willing hearts embrace;

Our life, our hope, our joy the same,
The same thy love and grace.

- 3 This is the season to forget
All but our common life;
For in the holiest we are met
Above the scene of strife.
- 4 Commune with each at this sweet hour,
And as we hence depart,
Errands of love, and words of power,
To each of us impart.

315.

8-7.

- 1 "ABBA, Father," we approach thee
In our Saviour's precious name;
We, thy children here assembling,
Now thy promis'd blessing claim:
From our sins his blood hath wash'd us,
'Tis through him our souls draw nigh;
And thy spirit too has taught us,
"Abba Father" thus to cry.
- 2 Once as prodigals we wander'd
In our folly far from thee;
But thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery:
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At thy table is our place;
We rejoice, and thou rejoicest,
In the riches of thy grace.
- 3 "Abba, Father!" all adore thee,
All rejoice in heaven above;
While in us they learn the wonders
Of thy wisdom, grace, and love.

316, 317. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Soon before thy throne assembl'd,
All thy children shall proclaim ;
" Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb ! "

316. 8-8-6.

- 1 IN blessed union here we meet,
We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And eat the bread of heaven :
How highly privileg'd are we,
And oh ! how thankful should we be
To whom this grace is given !
- 2 To join in fellowship, how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above !
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are join'd in love !
- 3 But if such joy is found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be ?
Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,
And dwell in happiness complete,
Throughout eternity.

317. 6-7.

- 1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
" Breaking bread " by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds
Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
 'Tis the sinner's sure resource :
 Jesus magnified the law,
 Jesus bore its awful curse ;
 What a joyful truth is this,
 O how full of hope it is !
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose,
 Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns ;
 Jesus vanquish'd all his foes,
 Jesus led them all in chains ;
 His the triumph and the crown,
 His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died ;
 Sing of him who rose again ;
 By his blood we're justified,
 And with him we hope to reign ;
 Yes, we look to see our LORD,
 And to share his bright reward.

318. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
 With CHRIST within the doors ;
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.
- 2 Here every heart and every song
 Join to admire the feast ;
 While each one cries, with thankful tongue,
 " LORD, why was I a guest ? "
- 3 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room ;
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come ? "

319, 320. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

319. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was rais'd again,
And in heaven is now set down,
Glorious on his Father's throne.
- 2 He has made an end of sin,
And his blood has wash'd us clean ;
In our midst assembled here,
Jesus stands his saints to cheer.
- 3 While we break the bread of faith,
We shew forth our Saviour's death ;
Bread thus broken aptly shows
How his body God did bruise.
- 4 While by faith we drink the wine,
Of his blood we see the sign ;
Precious blood ! so freely spilt
To redeem our souls from guilt.
- 5 LORD, we thus remember thee,
But we long thy face to see,—
Long to reach our heavenly home ;
"Come, LORD JESUS, quickly come !"

320. C. M.

- 1 HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son ;
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

- 2 When Justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of JESU'S dying love ;
Hard is the heart that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the LORD.

321.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN Israel by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, through all that barren land,
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers ;

Like them we pass a desert too ;
But Israel's God is our's.

- 4 His word, a light before us sheds,
By which our path we see ;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 5 JESUS, the bread of life, is given,
To be our daily food ;
And from the Rock that once was riven
We drink the streams of God.
- 6 LORD 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine ;
I envy not the worldling's store,
Since CHRIST and heaven are mine.

THE GOSPEL.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his
sheaves with him. *Psalms, cxxvi, 6.*

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,
but have everlasting life. *John, iii, 16.*

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and
he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the
wrath of God abideth on him. *John, iii, 36.*

- 1 O MAY the gospel's conquering force,
Be felt by all who hear its sound ;
So shall it prove its heavenly source,
And praise shall to our God resound.
- 2 LORD let thy mighty voice be heard,
Speak in the word, and speak with power ;
240

So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
By those who never fear'd before.

- 3 O pity those who lie in sin !
Preserve them from the sinners doom,
Open the ark and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.
- 4 So shall thy people joyful be,
The angels too will louder sing,
And both ascribe the praise to thee,
To thee the everlasting King.

323.

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of CHRIST and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

324.

S. M.

- 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 as the sinners friend,
But sin's eternal foe.

- 1 TO the ark away, or perish,
Sinners, to the ark away;
Vain the hope, that thousands cherish,
Of deliverance in that day,
When destruction
Cometh, that no arm can stay.
- 2 They are safe, and none beside them,
Who the Saviour's word obey;
They are safe, for he will hide them
In the dark and gloomy day;
He will hide them
Till the storm has pass'd away.
- 3 Then a bright and glorious season
Shall succeed, and never end;
Hear him then, for there is reason,
JESUS is the sinner's friend;
- 242.

Safe his people :
Nothing shall his saints offend.

326.

6-8.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of the lost world away !
A servant's form he meekly wears,
And sojourns in a house of clay :
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with men.
- 2 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home,
He all day long spreads out his hands,
" Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !
Oh come and hide you in my breast ;
Believe, and I will give you rest."
- 3 Sinners ! believe the Gospel word,
Jesus is come your souls to save !
Jesus is come, your common LORD !
Pardon ye all in him may have ;
May now be saved, whoever will !
For He receiveth sinners still.

327.

S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away ?

328, 329.**THE GOSPEL.**

- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall the curse remove,
For which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

328.**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 O 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.

329.**6-6-8.**

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged 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 No 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 every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word,
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious LORD,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Drawn 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.

330.

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 cease 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 ;
Nor let him thy compassion spurn,
And rue his fatal choice too late.

- 1 O WHY will ye die,
And sink in despair ?
From misery fly,
While mercy is near ;
Remember, your moments
Are hastening away ;
Return then, to JESUS,
No longer delay.
- 2 A refuge he is
From Satan and sin ;
You'll brave every storm,
If shelter'd by him ;
He, he is a Saviour
To life's latest breath,
His people preserving,
In sickness and death.
- 3 He came to atone,
Presenting to God,
For sins not his own,
His peace-speaking blood ;

In sorrow and anguish,
 For sinners 'twas spilt,
 From hell to deliver,
 And free them from guilt.

- 4 How great was the grace
 That Jesus display'd,
 When God hid his face,
 And sin on him laid ;
 Then love this kind Saviour,
 Believe in his word ;
 With glory in prospect,
 Rejoice in the Lord.

332.

8-7.

- 1 AS the serpent rais'd by Moses
 Heal'd the burning serpent's bite ;
 Jesus thus himself discloses
 To the wounded sinner's sight.
 Hear his gracious invitation,
 "I have life and peace to give,
 I have wrought out full salvation ;
 Sinner, look to me and live.
- 2 "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 harden'd,
 Look on me—it soft shall grow,
 Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
 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 espous'd your part :
 Now behold my arms outstretched
 To receive you to my heart.

- 4 “Well may shame, and joy, and wonder,
 All your inward passions move:
 I could crush you with my thunder,
 But I speak to you in love:
 See! your sins are all forgiven,
 I have paid the countless sum!
 Now my death has open'd heaven,
 Thither you shall shortly come.”
- 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 SURELY CHRIST thy griefs hath borne,
 Weeping soul no longer mourn;
 View him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out his life for thee:
 There thy every sin he bore,
 Weeping soul, lament no more.
- 2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
 See, upon his blameless head

Wrath, its utmost vengeance pours,
 Due for my offence and yours :
 Wounded in our stead, he is,
 Bruised for our iniquities.

- 3 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On th' atoning sacrifice ;
 There th' incarnate Deity,
 Number'd with transgressors see.
 He his Father's absence mourns,
 Nailed and bruised, and crowned with thorns.
- 4 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
 Find him mighty to redeem ;
 At his feet thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and cares away :
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead his promise, trust his grace.

334.

L. M.

- 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 sorrow 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 we believe,
 Nor ever would thy presence leave ;

335, 336.

THE GOSPEL.

But seek upon thy guardian breast
The foretaste of eternal rest.

335.

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

336.

8-7-4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
JESUS ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
 - 2 [Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
- 250

This he gives you,
 'Tis the spirit's rising beam !]

- 3 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.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd,"—
 Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 5 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood:
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name;
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

337. 8-7-7.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners ruined by the fall;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,

In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd in our Saviour's side.

- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection, and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes, and make them white—
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 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.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever,
'Tis a soul-renewing flood,
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Sign'd, when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd, when he was glorified.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die;
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravish'd ear,
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;

Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

- 3 " Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored,
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed ;
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 " Soon the days of grief shall end,
Lo ! I come, your Saviour, friend,
All my ransom'd to convey,
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

339.

S. M.

- 1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
Pardon and peace he freely gives ;
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares, there yet is room.

340.

S. M.

- 1 THE spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, sinner, come !

The bride, the church of CHRIST proclaims
To all his children, come !

- 2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, come !

Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To CHRIST, the fountain, come !

- 3 Yes ! whosoever will
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis JESUS bids us come !

- 1 BEHOLD the sin-aton^ging Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love ;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid,
He meekly bore the heavy load,
Our 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.
- 5 O Lamb of God, we look to thee,
Where else can helpless sinners go ?
O let thy Spirit set us free
From all our sin, and guilt, and woe.

342.

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,
O'er every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had 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 air, the earth, the sea:—
I must within his presence dwell;
I cannot from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee—he shews me where:
To JESUS CHRIST he bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

343.

C. M.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke:
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

344, 345.

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels, clothed in light;
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Where faith is turned to sight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heaven,
 And God, the judge of all, declares
 Their sins are all forgiven.
- 5 In such society as this,
 My weary soul would rest :
 The man that dwells where JESUS is
 Must be for ever blest.

344.

C. M.

- 1 COME, sinner come, to JESUS come,
 For time is hast'ning by,
 The day of grace is closing in,
 The LORD is drawing nigh.
- 2 The weakest soul that flees to him,
 He will not turn away,
 But from his sins will set him free,
 In this bright gospel day.
- 3 O come, then come, and haste away
 From sins delusive power,
 Thou shalt obtain delivering grace
 In Satan's darkest hour.
- 4 For all that rest on Jesu's blood
 Have everlasting life,
 A home with God in heaven above,
 And robes of purest white.

345.

S. M.

- 1 TO-MORROW, LORD, is thine :
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand,

And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines at thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O ! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 ONE thing demands our care ;—
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

346.

C. M.

- 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 in the Saviour's bleeding heart
For all the Father gave ;
He bore their sins, their curse, their guilt,
That he might freely save.
- 3 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.

347.

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour bears a lovely name,
Of sacred powers possess ;

348.

THE GOSPEL.

- It takes away the sinner's shame,
And gives his conscience rest.
- 2 No name on earth is half so great,
Howe'er extolled by fame ;
Nor can celestial tongues repeat
A more exalted name.
- 3 However sweet the flower that spreads
Its perfume o'er the fields ;
His name a richer fragrance sheds,
And more refreshment yields.
- 4 Sweet name, the sinner's blest relief,
His medicine, food, and joy ;
'Tis help in trouble, ease in grief,
'Tis gold without alloy.

348.

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed!
- 2 'Twas Wisdom formed the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And Love's unfathomable mine,
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict Justice with approving look,
The holy covenant seal'd ;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love,
In all their glory shone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And died to save his own.

- 5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love,
Are equally display'd,
Now JESUS reigns enthroned above,
Our Advocate and Head.
- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorr'd ;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the LORD.

349.

8-7.

- 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, ransomed by His blood,
Sinners, reconciled to God.
- 2 See the Holy Victim suffering,
Sinners, here's a sight for you!
Here's an all-sufficient offering,
O believe the record true :
See the Lamb for sinners slain,
Every other hope is vain.
- 3 '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.

350.

7-6.

- 1 HOW lost was our condition,
Till JESUS made us whole ;

351, 352.

THE GOSPEL.

There is but one Physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 In sin and death he found us,
 He snatch'd us from the grave ;
 To tell to all around us,
 His wondrous power to save.

- 2 A dying, risen JESUS,
 Seen by the eye of faith ;
 At once from anguish frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 How gracious this Physician !
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only, LOOK and LIVE.

351.

C. M.

- 1 THE Father bruis'd his only Son
 For us upon the tree ;
 His death is our eternal life,
 Our glorious liberty.
- 2 Love mov'd the Father's hand to smite,
 Love mov'd the Son to bear ;
 How sweet on Calvary to stand !
 The God of Love is there.

352.

S. M.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
 Far from the fold of God,
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How awful was the hour,
 When God our wanderings laid,

And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head !

- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Jesus suffered thus !
His guiltless life the Shepherd pays,
To give that life to us.
- 4 He bow'd his willing head,
He drank the bitter gall,
But God hath raised him from the dead,
And set him over all.

353.

C. M.

- 1 TO us our God his love commends,
When by our sins undone :
That he might spare his enemies,
He would not spare his Son,
- 2 His only Son, on whom he placed
His whole delight and love,
Before he form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heavens above.
- 3 He sent this well-beloved Son
To veil his glorious face,
To take our mortal flesh, and feel
The pains of human race.
- 4 Our sorrows and our sins to bear,
Our heavy cross sustain,
Upon the tree of shame to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 5 Quickly he triumph'd o'er the grave,
And went to heaven again ;
There intercedes, and thence will come
With all his saints to reign.

354, 355.**THE GOSPEL.**

- 6 His word assures he'll quickly come,
For this his children pray ;
For this the whole creation groans,
Come LORD, without delay.

354.**P. M.**

- 1 THE wind that brake the rocks, and rent
The mountains in its path,
The earthquake, and the fire that went
Before the LORD in wrath,
Came not as spoilers to the prey,
But heralds to prepare his way.
- 2 Himself, the still small voice made known,
In all his power and grace ;
So he to me his mercy shown,
Terror, to love gives place !
Then will I hide my face and stay,
To hear what God the LORD will say.

355.**C. M.**

- 1 LET us approach the mercy-seat,
Where JESUS answers prayer,
And humbly fall before his feet,
For none shall perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is our only plea,
Our only hope thy word ;
Thou call'st the weary unto thee,
And such are we, O LORD !
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan's yoke opprest,
Fightings without, and fears within,
We come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou our Shield and Hiding-place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
We may our fierce accuser face,
And answer, "CHRIST hath died."

356.

C. M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears
I fly to thee my LORD,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage,
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.
- 3 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin,
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells within.
- 4 This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 5 O may thy counsels mighty God
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

357.

8-7-4.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;

358, 359.

THE GOSPEL.

From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

358.

7s.

- 1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way marked out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.
- 2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well supplied,
JESUS open'd when he died.
- 3 LORD, there are no streams but thine
Can assauge a thirst like mine;
'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
Let me therefore, drink and live.

359.

7s.

- 1 LORD, in thy bright diadem,
Mercy is the richest gem;
Though arrayed in glory now,
Thorns once pierced thy bleeding brow.
- 2 Thou didst leave heaven's calm repose,
Thou hast borne our cares and woes;
Dying on th' accursed tree,
May not sinners trust in Thee?

- 3 LORD, we hear thy gracious voice,
 Bid the mourner to rejoice,
 And the captive soul be free;
 Shall not sinners hope in Thee?
- 4 Thou hast brought salvation near,
 Silence then our rising fear;
 Bid each doubt and murmur flee,
 Teach us LORD, to trust in Thee.

360.

6-7.

- 1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress:
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly:
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,

361, 362.

THE GOSPEL.

Rock of ages, cleft for me ;
Let me hide myself in Thee !

361.

D. S. M.

- 1 LORD! give us ears to hear
What thy good Spirit saith,
With reverence and with godly fear,
With meekness and with faith ;
That so the joyful sound,
Our willing minds may learn,
And where iniquities abound,
Things excellent discern.
- 2 LORD, give us eyes to see
The wonders of thy law,
Its Justice, Truth, and Purity,
That, touch'd with holy awe
Conscience, no longer dumb,
Sin's guilt and curse may own ;
Then from the storm of wrath to come,
Cling to the cross alone.
- 3 LORD, give us hearts to feel
The bliss of pardoning love,
The spirit's witness, and the seal
Of sonship from above.
So shall our lips express,
So in our actions shine,
The beauty of true holiness
The proof that we are Thine.

362.

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of Heaven ! whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found ;

Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.

- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.

- 4 JEHOVAH, Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

363.

C. M.

- 1 HEAL us Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from thee, LORD !
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief ;
" LORD, I believe," with tears he cried,
" O help my unbelief. "
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, " Daughter go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

364, 365.

THE GOSPEL.

- 5 Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view,
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
O ! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

364.

L. M.

- 1 GOD in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 The prisoner here 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 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light, which guides our way
From earth, to realms of endless day.
- 4 O grant us grace, Almighty LORD,
To read and mark thy holy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

365.

7s.

- 1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb, amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory, to his name alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
Take the kingdom—it is thine,
King of kings, and LORD of lords.
- 4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us,
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

366.

C. M.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from God's sacred word;
Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the LORD.
- 3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Teach me, O LORD, to fly;

367, 368.

THE GOSPEL.

There may I wash my spotted soul
From sins of deepest dye.

- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My JESUS, and my all.

367.

7s.

- 1 SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
See themselves and look on thee.
- 2 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them, the desert of sin ;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 3 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love,

368.

C. M.

- 1 CHILDREN of God ! O blessed name,
May we his children prove ;
And thus be saved from guilt and shame,
And loved with endless love.
- 2 'Tis by a true and living faith,
In CHRIST, our living head,
- 270

We share an interest in his death,
And are his children made.

- 3 This faith bestow on us, 'O LORD,
That we may daily shew,
We are thy children, bought with blood,
And saved from endless woe.
- 4 Thus may we feel an inward peace,
Thee as our Father love,
And join when this short life shall cease,
Thy family above.

369.

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, LORD, in thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

370.

6-6-8.

- 1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view

Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too :
The types and figures were a glass
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood
To reconcile an angry God.

- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence :
For He who can for sin atone
Must have no failings of his own.

- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more ;
In him our Surety seem'd to say,
" Behold ! I bear your sins away."

- 5 Dip'd in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free :
The type, well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea ;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death, discharg'd.

- 6 JESUS, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age !

O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me!

371.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
Jesus, thy dear expiring breath,
And Calvary, speak better things.
- 2 Hark! how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive!"
And every groan, and bleeding wound,
Cries—"Father, let the rebels live."
- 3 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 4 But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

372.

D. S. M.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole;
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.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

373.

THE GOSPEL.

Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.
 There is a death whose pang
 Out-lasts the fleeting breath ;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around " the second death ! "

- 3 LORD God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone.
 Here would we end our quest—
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

373.

C. M.

- 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 learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
 For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O LORD, in thee
 Samaria's daughter there
 Found One, whom love had drawn to earth,
 Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Fair witness of thy saving grace,
 In her O LORD, we see
 The 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 blest repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who fully loves,
But *Love itself* in Thee.
- 7 Not one alone who feels for all,
But knows the wondrous art
Of meeting all the sympathies
Of every loving heart.

374.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise ;
JESUS, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine ;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.
- 3 Did'st thou forsake thy radiant crown,
And boundless realms of day,
Aside thy robes of glory thrown,
To dwell in feeble clay ?
- 4 Victorious love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?
- 5 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control ?

375, 376.

THE GOSPEL.

Descend, O sovereign love, descend
And melt that stubborn soul.

- 6 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

375.

C. M.

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My LORD, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in JESUS' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove,
His chosen from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

376.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
- 276

Till Jesus did his grace display,
Himself revealing as the way.

- 4 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I can thee give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God."

377.

6-6-8.

- 1 VOUCHSAFE, Almighty LORD !
To every heart thy grace,
That there thy sacred word
May find a fruitful place :
May we who here together meet,
In heaven surround thy mercy-seat !

378.

8-7.

- 1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve the sinner's smart ;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.
- 2 Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone ;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, every consolation
Flows from thee, the sovereign good :
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchased by thy blood.

- 4 From thy fulness we receive them,
 We have nothing of our own ;
 Freely thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy, who have none.

- 1 ERE God had built the mountains,
 Or rais'd the fruitful hills,
 Before he filled the fountains
 That feed the running rills,
 In THEE, from everlasting,
 The wonderful I AM
 Found pleasures never wasting,
 And WISDOM is thy name.
- 2 When like a tent to dwell in
 He spread the skies abroad,
 And swath'd about the swelling
 Of ocean's mighty flood,
 He wrought by weight and measure,
 And thou wast with him then ;
 Thyself the Father's pleasure,
 And thine the sons of men.
- 3 Thus Wisdom's 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,
- 278

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."

380.

C. M.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song;
 O may his love (immortal theme!)
 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 The Saviour left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth for man to die—
 Was ever love like this?
- 4 O LORD! while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour died for me."

381.

C. M.

- 1 NOT unto us, but to thy name,
 Great God! be glory given:
 Thy praise shall be on earth begun,
 And perfected in heaven.
- 2 Thy wisdom and thy boundless love
 Contrived the wondrous plan

Of rescuing, from eternal death,
Th'apostate race of man.

- 3 Should we, through grace, at length be found
Among thy saints above,
With them, in endless songs, we'll sing
The triumphs of thy love.
- 4 Yet let us aim while here below,
Thy mercy to display ;
And own at least, the debt we owe,
Although we cannot pay.
- 5 To thee, O God ! to thee alone
Be all the glory given ;
For 'tis of grace from first to last,
That sinners enter heaven.

- 1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above !
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And every word is love.
- 2 Though fill'd with awe, before his throne
Each angel veils his face !
He claims a people for his own
Amongst our sinful race.
- 3 "Come forth," He says, "no more pursue
The paths that lead to death ;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view ;
Look, and be sav'd by faith.
- 4 "My sons and daughters you shall be
Through the atoning blood ;
And you shall claim, and find in me,
A Father and a God."

- 5 LORD, speak these words to every heart,
By thine all-powerful voice ;
That we may now from sin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

383.

6-6-8.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal LORD ;
The sovereign King of kings
For ever be adored.
Thy mercy LORD, shall still endure,
Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders he hath done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
His power and grace are still the same,
Let endless praise exalt his name.
- 3 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and hell,
And every hurtful foe :
Thy mercy LORD, shall still endure,
Thy word abides for ever sure.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King,
With all around his throne,
His works and glory sing.
His power and grace are still the same,
Let endless praise exalt his name.

384.

8-7-4.

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross,

- Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
 Death—the death deserv'd by us;
 Spread his glory,
 Who redeem'd his people thus.
- 2 His is love—'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour!
 Magnify the sinner's friend!
- 3 While we hear 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!

- 1 GLORY to God, whose grace and power
 Have saved a countless host;
 In whom compassion triumphs more
 Than justice on the lost.
- 2 Glory to Him, who gladly came
 In a disguise so low,
 Our sin to bear, remove our shame,
 And save from endless woe.
- 3 Glory to Him, who leads the soul
 To penitence and prayer;
 Bids faith our unbelief control,
 And hope o'ercome despair.
- 4 Angels and saints, through earth and heaven
 Let your sweet anthems swell;

Ye saints whose fall has been forgiven,
And ye who never fell.

386.

L. M.

- 1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above ;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame ;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 JESUS, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched sinner's place :
O what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace !
- 4 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store,
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.
- 5 Yet though for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise ;
JESUS may every heart be thine,
And every tongue proclaim thy praise.

387.

S. M.

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name :
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glories by,
And shame and death endured,

That guilty rebels, doom'd to die,
From wrath might be secured.

3 And now he pleading stands,
Before his Father's throne,
And satisfies the law's demands
With what Himself hath done.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn wills to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

388.

L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

3 Extend to me that favor, LORD,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me !

389.

C. M.

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

2 JESUS, the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 And sets the prisoners free :
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks : and listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
 The mourning, broken hearts rejoice ;
 The humble poor believe.

390. C. M.

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

391. C. M.

- 1 GRACE ! how melodious is the sound !
 What music to our ear !
 Spread the sweet accent far around,
 That heaven and earth may hear.
- 2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reigned,
 Grace reigns, abounding more ;

Behold an ocean here, without
A bottom or a shore.

- 3 From the high heaven's eternal throne,
It overflowed our earth,
When CHRIST, the first-born Son, came down,
And Angels hailed his birth.
- 4 Grace was the theme, the gladdening theme,
Of their enraptured strains ;
Grace, free abounding grace to man,
Through all their anthems reigns.

- 1 GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears ;
When conscience charg'd, and justice frown'd
'Twas grace remov'd our fears.
- 2 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and 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 Of grace then let us sing—
A joyful, wondrous theme !
To JESUS we our praises bring,
For grace proceeds from Him.
- 5 We hope to see his face,
With all the saints above ;
And sing for ever of his grace,
For ever of his love.

393.

8-7-4.

- 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 O what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us, through CHRIST the LORD:
"It is finish'd;"
Saints his dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Hallelujah;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

394.

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 sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews His own.
- 3 Then may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's praises sing;

395, 396.**THE GOSPEL.**

JESUS, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

- 4 We bow before his face,
And sound His glories high :
“Hosannah to the God of grace,
That brought the guilty nigh.”

395.**C. M.**

- 1 OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,
Thou giver of all good !
Not heaven itself a richer knows,
Than our Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the same hand we gain ;
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,
That 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.

396.**6-6-8.**

- 1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Let men with Angels join,
To sing salvation free,
The work of love divine ;
To praise the great atoning Lamb,
And all his wondrous love proclaim.
- 2 JESUS ! life-giving sound,
The joy of earth and heaven,
No other help is found,
No other name is given,

In which the sons of men can boast,
But His, who seeks and saves the lost.

- 3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free :
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,
And songs of praise his lips employ.
- 4 Saviour ! while hosts above,
Resound thy glorious name,
We would thy dying love,
And rising power proclaim :
To celebrate thy worthy praise,
Let heaven and earth their voices raise.

397.

8-7-4.

- 1 "IT is finish'd !" sinners hear it,
'Tis the dying victor's cry ;
"It is finish'd !" angels bear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high :
"It is finish'd !"
Tell it through the earth and sky !
- 2 Justice, from her awful station,
Bars the sinner's peace no more ;
Justice views with approbation,
What the Saviour did and bore ;
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.
- 3 "It is finish'd !" all is over :
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained ;
Such the truth these words discover,
Thus our victory was obtained :

- 'Tis a victory
 None but Jesus could have gained.
 4 Crown the mighty conqueror, crown him,
 Who his people's foes o'ercame!
 In the highest heaven enthrone him,
 Men and angels sound his fame!
 Great his glory!
 Jesus bears a matchless name.

THE YOUNG.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word. *Psalm cxix. 9.*

From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. *2 Timothy iii. 15.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. *Ecclesiastes xii. 1.*

- 1 THERE is a path which leads to God,
 All others go astray;
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
 And Christians love the way.
 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
 And dangers must be past;
 But those who boldly walk therein
 Will get to heaven at last.
 3 How shall a youthful pilgrim dare
 This dangerous path to tread?
 For on the way is many a snare
 For youthful travellers spread.
 4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
 Lies near, and opens fair,

And many turn aside I know,
To walk with sinners there.

- 5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
O LORD, in mercy be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

399. P. M.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let his praises ring;
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
LORD, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

400, 401.

THE YOUNG.

400.

S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the LORD, thine heart ;
In him all pleasures meet,
Like Mary choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.
- 2 Hear and your soul shall live,
His peace shall be your stay,
Peace which the world can never give,
Can never take away.
- 3 Go with Him to his cross,
Go with Him to his tomb ;
Your richest gain account but loss,
And tarry till he come.
- 4 Then when you hear his voice,
Your faithful shepherd's call,
Lift up your heads, in him rejoice,
Your God, your guide, your all !

401.

L. M.

- 1 HOW bless'd are those in early youth
Who seek thy holy ways of truth,
And when life's opening joys appear,
The voice of wisdom, love to hear !
- 2 O while the path of youth is trod,
May we commit our way to God,
Nor ever form throughout the way
One hope, for which we dare not pray.
- 3 Thus may we boldly cast our care
On Him who hears and answers prayer,
And trusting raise our eyes above,
To meet a Father's smile, and love.

402.

C. M.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, LORD of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain ;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, LORD, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in CHRIST we see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
Here may I fix my lasting choice,
In CHRIST true bliss to find.

403.

6-7.

- 1 HARK ! a still small voice is heard
Gently speaking from above ;
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,
'Tis the message of his love,
Hear the call to you address'd,
You who would be truly bless'd.
- 2 "Those who with devoted mind,
Seek, in early life, my face,

Shall my lasting favour find,
 And enjoy my richest grace,
 Early then, while yet I wait,
 Seek me, ere it be too late."

- 3 LORD, we come without delay ;
 We would love and seek thee thus ;
 JESUS, now thy love display,
 Saving, guiding, blessing us !
 May we dwell with thee above,
 Ever happy in thy love.

- 1 GOD is love ! delightful truth !
 In the sacred page reveal'd ;
 May it, from our earliest youth,
 On our minds and hearts be seal'd.
- 2 God is love ! he sent his Son
 Us to save from endless woe ;
 O what more could God have done,
 His amazing love to show !
- 3 God is love ! and when we read
 How he loved us, in his word,
 Hard must be our hearts indeed,
 If we do not love the LORD.
- 4 Who so worthy of our love ?
 None on earth, and none in heaven ;
 O, then to the LORD above
 Let our youthful hearts be given !
- 5 Take, O LORD, these hearts of ours,
 Fill them with thy love divine,
 Take our souls, with all their powers,
 Let them be for ever thine.

405.

C. M.

- 1 HIGH in the shining courts above,
God reigns the sovereign King;
And angels round his throne of love,
Sweet hallelujahs sing.
- 2 He smiles on every humble mind,
And stoops their songs to hear;
And not to these bright realms confin'd,
Accepts his children's prayer.
- 3 He sees where youthful hearts unite,
And form a social band;
And Jesus ever takes delight,
To guide them with his hand.
- 4 O! did the young around but know
How great these pleasures are;
They would each sinful joy forego,
And seek such bliss to share.

406.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, thy gracious Spirit give,
To teach us of thy ways;
Thus shall our souls be fill'd with love,
And all our thoughts be praise.
- 2 Impress thy precepts on our hearts,
Then strengthen'd by thy might,
We'll follow thee with holy-fear,
And serve thee with delight.
- 3 Give us such knowledge of thyself,
Such tasting of thy love,
That from the straight and narrow path
We never more may rove.

407, 408.

THE YOUNG.

407.

C. M.

- 1 INQUIRING youth, if thou would'st know
Where wisdom may be found,
In vain 'tis sought for here below,
Since earth is sordid ground.
- 2 'Tis a rich gem divinely pure,
Its author is Divine;
Ask it of God, would'st thou secure
The pearl, and make it thine.

MISSIONARY.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him
that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that
bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation:
that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth. *Isaiah*, lii, 7.

This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the
world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the
end come. *Matt.* xxiv, 14.

408.

7-6.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land, from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;—

In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Shall we to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! oh salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 'Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

409.

L. M.

- 1 CHRISTIANS! the glorious hope ye know,
 Which soothes the heart in every woe,
 While heathens helpless, hopeless lie,
 No ray of glory meets their eye :
 O give to their desiring sight
 The hope that Jesus brought to light.
- 2 Christians! ye taste the heavenly grace,
 Which cheers believers in their race :
 Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom
 See millions hastening to the tomb :

To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.

- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God :
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell :
O strive, that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

410.

L. M.

- 1 THE heathen perish ;—day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away ;
O Christians ! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labor, talents, freely give,
Yea life itself, that they may live :
What hath your Saviour done for you ?
And what for him will ye not do ?
- 3 'Thou Spirit of the LORD, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north ;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

411.

S. M.

- 1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy LORD, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame,
And all the world, O LORD ! combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 Give God the Father praise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honor done.

412.

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the gospel harvest ! send
More labourers forth into thy field :
More pastors teach thy flock to tend,
More workmen raise thy house to build :
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.

413.

8-7-4.

- 1 WHO are those that go with gladness,
Far from friends and native land ?
By the world 'tis counted madness,
But they do not understand :
God is with them,
And they go at his command.
- 2 These are citizens of Zion,
Once they loved the world alone ;
Now his promise they rely on,
Who has claim'd them as his own ;
And he bids them
Go, and make his mercy known.
- 3 Blessings from the Saviour speed them,
And make every burden light ;

May the hand of mercy lead them
Safe to yon celestial height,
Where for ever
All is pure, and all is bright.

- 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart !
Star of the coming day !
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come blessed LORD ! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their king.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.
- 4 LORD, LORD, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.
- 5 Come then, with all thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail, no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine ;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. 2 Timothy iii, 16. 17.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of ME. John v. 39.

415.

8-7-7.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure

Does the word of God afford!

All I want for life or pleasure,

Food and medicine, shield and sword:

Let the world account me poor,

Having this, I need no more.

2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,

Here my hungry soul enjoys;

Of excess there is no danger,

Though it fills, it never cloy:

On a dying CHRIST I feed,

He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,

Or when Satan wounds my mind,

Cordials to revive me quickly,

Healing medicines here I find:

To the promises I flee,

Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,

Satan cannot make me yield;

For the word of consolation

Is to me a mighty shield:

416, 417. HOLY SCRIPTURES.

While the word of God is sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword,
Then with ease I drive him from me—
 Satan trembles at the word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

416. 7s.

- 1 HOLY Bible, book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine ;
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
 Mine, to shew a Saviour's love :
 Mine, art thou, to guide my feet ;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless ;
 Mine to shew, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom ;
 O thou precious book divine !
 Precious treasure ! thou art mine.

417. C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Light, life, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

418. C. M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight ;
 Precepts and promises afford
 A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age ;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 His truths upon the nations rise ;
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

419. C. M.

- 1 LIGHT of the world ! shine on our souls,
 Thy grace to us afford ;

420.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, LORD.

- 2 Its riches, sweetness, power, and depth,
Its holiness discern ;
Its joyful news of saving grace,
By blest experience learn.
- 3 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day :
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

420.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word,
What endless glory shines :
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight !
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there !

421.

L. M,

- 1 BEHOLD the book whose leaves display,
Jesus the life, the truth, the way;
Read it with diligence, with prayer,
Search it, and you shall find him there.
- 2 So let me read, digest, and learn,
That all its truths I may discern;
The entrance of thy word gives light,
LORD, grant me to receive my sight.

BAPTISM.

Go ye therefore, and teach (marg:—make disciples or christians of) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Matt.* xxviii 19.

Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. *Rom.* vi. 3. 4.

The like figure, whereunto even baptism doth also now save us, (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. 1 *Peter* iii. 21.

422.

7-6.

- 1 AROUND thy grave, LORD JESUS!
Thine empty grave, we stand;
With hearts all full of praises
To keep thy bless'd command:—
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

- 2 LORD JESUS ! we remember
 The travail of thy soul,
 When in thy love's deep pity
 The waves did o'er thee roll ;
 Baptized in death's cold waters,
 For us thy blood was shed,
 For us the LORD of glory,
 Was number'd with the dead.
- 3 O LORD, thou now art risen—
 Thy travail all is o'er ;
 For sin thou once hast suffer'd—
 Thou liv'st to die no more ;
 Sin, death, and hell, are vanquish'd
 By thee, thy church's Head ;
 And lo ! we share thy triumphs,
 Thou First-born from the dead.
- 4 Into thy death baptized,
 We own, with thee we died ;
 With thee our Life, are risen,
 And in thee glorified ;
 From sin, the world, and Satan ;
 We're ransomed by thy blood,
 And now would walk as strangers,
 Alive with thee to God.

- 1 JESUS mighty King in Sion !
 Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but Thee.
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy victory o'er the grave,

We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.

- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our LORD, and rising
To a life divinely new.

424.

C. M.

- 1 BAPTIZ'D into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die,
With CHRIST your LORD to live anew,
With CHRIST ascend on high.
- 2 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your fore-runner there.
- 3 Saviour within this shadowy tomb,
Let us the glory see,
Which pierced the deep unearthly gloom,
Of that which closed on thee.
- 4 Pure as thine own baptismal sign,
So let our faith arise,
To live that hidden life of thine,
That life which never dies.

425.

C. M.

- 1 O LORD! whilst we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Teach us the truths herein set forth
Our very own to feel.
- 2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;

426, 427.

BAPTISM.

Newness of life our portion now,
A risen LORD our trust.

- 3 And we, O LORD, who now partake
Of thine eternal life,
With every sin, for thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.
- 4 Baptized into the Father's name,¹
We'd walk as sons of God ;
Baptized in Thine, with joy we claim
The merits of thy blood.
- 5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd prove his mighty power ;
And, making thee our only boast,
Obey thee hour by hour.

426.

L. M.

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

427.

C. M.

- 1 " PROCLAIM," saith CHRIST, " my wondrous
grace,
To all the sons of men :

He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That JESUS is their LORD.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

428.

L. M.

- 1 'Tis finish'd all—our souls to win
His life the blessed JESUS gave;
Then rising, left his people's sin,
Behind them in his opening grave.
- 2 Past suffering now, the tender heart,
Of JESUS on his Father's throne,
Still in our sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as he felt his own.
- 3 Sweet thought! we have a friend above,
Our weary faltering steps to guide,
Who follows with the eye of love,
The little flock for whom he died.
- 4 O JESUS teach us more and more,
On thee alone to cast our care;
And gazing on thy cross, adore
The wondrous grace that brought thee there.

429.

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 ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He shed the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Twas midnight with my soul till He,
Bright morning-star ! bade darkness flee.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 '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 !

- 1 SAVIOUR, baptized at thy command,
May I henceforward be
Dead to the world, and live to shew,
That I have died with Thee ;
O grant me help, and strength to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love.

FUNERAL.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints. *Psalm*, cxvi, 15.

Jesus said—I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in ME, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in ME, shall never die. *John*, xi, 25, 26.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. 1 *Thess.* iv, 13, 14.

431.

11s.

- 1 "SOON and for ever," such promise our trust,
Though "ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust;"
Soon and for ever, our union shall be,
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer in thee.
- 2 When the sins and the sorrows of time shall
be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings, remembered no
more, [sever,
Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot
Christians with CHRIST, shall be soon and for
ever.
- 3 Soon and for ever, the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won,
Soon and for ever, the soldier lay down
His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown.
- 4 Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
When tears, and when fears, and when death
shall be never,
Christians with CHRIST, shall be soon, and for
ever.

432, 433.

FUNERAL.

432.

6-8.

- 1 JESUS, thy name indeed is sweet,
In every scene, at every hour ;
All that we need is there complete :
Love all divine, Almighty power ;
Yet full of tenderest sympathy,
Our souls can rest their all on thee.
- 2 We weep, but thou hast also wept,
Thy tears o'erflow'd at Lazarus' grave ;
Such was thy love to those bereft,
Such too, thy mighty power to save,
Thy voice the gates of death o'erthrew,
And bid the dead his life renew.
- 3 Thou art the " Resurrection " LORD,
Thy voice shall raise thy saints that sleep ;
One moment—one Almighty word,
The harvest of the just shall reap :
Their bodies raised by power divine,
Conformed, O LORD of Life, to thine.
- 4 For this we wait—till then we sow
In hope, this body in the dust,
Not with the world's despairing woe,
For in thy word and name we trust :
With him (*or her*) we'll meet thee in the sky,
And sing thy love and victory.

433.

7-8.

- 1 GREAT captain of Salvation,
We bless thy glorious name ;
Of death and hell the victor,
With all their power and shame :
Weak, helpless, poor, and trembling,
As in ourselves we stand,

We triumph, more than conquerors,
Through thine Almighty hand.

- 2 Our brother's (*or sister's*) fight is over,
His (*or her*) earthly race is run,
'Twas by thy grace and power,
The prize of life he (*or she*) won ;
He (*or she*) now is sweetly sleeping,
His (*or her*) spirit rests with thee,
And though thy saints are weeping,
Our song is " Victory !"

- 3 Soon thou wilt come in glory,
With all thy church to shine,
Our bodies raised in honor
And beauty, LORD, like thine :
Then, then we'll shout still louder
The song which now we sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

434. L. M.

- 1 THE storm is hushed, and all is still,
His (*or her*) conflicts are for ever past,
And now, beyond the reach of ill,
He (*or she*) waits the trumpet's final blast.
- 2 The signal of our LORD's return
When all his saints shall rise again,
The mark no more of human scorn,
But glorious like their Master then.
- 3 The people of the LORD can say,
"The friends we mourn are gone before,
And soon we hope to see the day
When we shall meet to part no more."

- 4 How sweet, how blessed thus to see
The last great foe bereft of power !
'Tis JESUS sets his people free,
And gilds with light their dying hour.
- 5 O may we close to JESUS cleave,
Who cancelled all our debt of sin ;
We would the world for ever leave,
And forward press, the prize to win.

- 1 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in CHRIST the LORD ;
Whose spirits now with him are blest,
According to his word.
- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us,
In JESUS now they sleep ;
And we for them, while resting thus,
As hopeless, cannot weep.
- 3 The LORD who died, in triumph rose,
Victorious o'er the tomb ;
E'en so we know, that with him, those
Who sleep in Him will come.
- 4 How bright the resurrection-morn
On all the saints will break ;
The LORD himself will then return,
His ransomed church to take.
- 5 The raised and living saints will meet,
All grief and care removed ;
What joy 'twill be to us, to greet
Each saint whom here we've loved.
- 6 Our LORD himself we then shall see,
Whose blood for us was shed ;

With him for ever shall we be,
Made like our glorious head.

- 7 We cannot rest upon the tomb,
The resurrection-day
To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,
CHRIST'S glory to display.

436.

8-7.

- 1 HARK a voice! it cries from heaven,
"Happy in the LORD who die!"
Happy they to whom 'tis given
From a world of grief to fly!
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labor then they rest.
- 2 All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo! they dwell with CHRIST above;
O what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love;
Now they see him face to face,
Him who sav'd them by his grace.
- 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,
'Tis his people's bright reward;
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the LORD;
O that we may die like those
Who in JESUS then repose!

437.

7s.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng;
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?

“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour.”

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name.
 Clad in raiment, pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead.
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fear,
 And for ever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tear.

- 1 HOW bright those saints in glory shine ;
 Whence all their bright array ?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these have come from sufferings great,
 To realms of endless light,
 And in the blood of CHRIST have washed
 Their robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
 Before the throne on high ;

And serve the LORD they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing ;
By day by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Give them eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 To pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the LORD, from every eye,
Shall wipe off every tear.

439.

C. M.

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks :
We scarce can say " They're gone !"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight :
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides that world of light.

440, 441.

FUNERAL.

- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely bless'd ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;—
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

440.

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-withering flowers ;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

441.

S. M.

- 1 THOU very present aid,
In suffering and distress,
The soul, which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

- 2 Calmly the heart reclined
By faith on JESU'S breast—
In deepest woe exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 JESUS, to whom I fly,
Does all my wishes fill :
What though the creature-streams are dry !
I have a fountain still.
- 4 Stripped of my earthly friends, .
I find them all in One !
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven—in Christ alone !

442.

D. C. M.

- 1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb,
My Jesus my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes :
Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great,
And death the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 2 Then His own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs and fears,
Shall cease eternally :
How long blest Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Oh, hasten thy appearance LORD,
And bring the welcome day.

THE LORD'S DAY.

And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the Sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great. And entering into the Sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified; He is risen, He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him. *Mark, xvi, 2, 4, 5, 6.*

443. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the LORD arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we meet, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
Where thou my LORD hast been,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing thy praise, and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

444. C. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us O LORD! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

445. C. M.

- 1 THE LORD of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
The universe was made.
- 3 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

446. C. M.

- 1 COME let us join with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risen LORD
Hath made and call'd his own.

447, 448. THE LORD'S DAY.

- 2 This is the day which God hath bless'd,
The brightest of the seven ;
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

447. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care should seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 O may I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

448. 6-8-8.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake
And hail this sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise,
Your joyful homage pay ;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn,
The LORD of life arose ;

He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

- 3 All hail, triumphant LORD !
Heaven with hosannahs rings ;
And earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings ;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

449. L. M.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day ;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs, which to thy temple rise.
- 2 Now met to pray and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease ;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
O that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.
- 4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 5 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

450, 451. THE LORD'S DAY.

450. L. M.

- 1 THIS is the day the LORD hath bless'd ;
The day to us in mercy given ;
The holy sabbath of his rest ;
The pledge, and type of rest in heaven.
- 2 This day within thy courts O LORD !
Thy saints delight to seek thy face,
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
Unfold their wants, implore thy grace.
- 3 May we the blest assembly join ;
To GOD devote the sacred day ;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to heaven, and learn the way.
- 4 May we by every sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love ;
Thus, by thy holy rest below,
Made fitter for thy rest above.

451. L. M.

- 1 HOW can there be one holy thought,
Save by the Holy Spirit wrought ?
How can the sinner's heart be clean,
Except the blood of Christ be seen ?
- 2 As sprinkled with that precious blood,
We come to commune with our God ;
And waiting on the Spirit's power,
Together spend this solemn hour.
- 3 We find this resurrection-day,
Oft as a brook beside the way ;
As fellow-pilgrims, sweetly taste,
And faster through the desert haste.

452.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN, O my Saviour, when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Thy Spirit, O my Father! give
To be my Guide and Friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

453.

C. M.

- 1 MAY I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy spirit, LORD;
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word;
- 2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

454.

C. M.

- 1 THE day of rest is past away,
The shades of evening fall,
JESUS, in parting we would pray,
Shed down thy peace on all.
- 2 That last bequest to thy loved sheep,
Redeemed from Satan's thrall,

455.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Designed their hearts and minds to keep ;
O ! pour Thy peace on all.

- 3 Give every burdened spirit rest,
Each wandering heart recall,
Receive the contrite to thy breast,
And shed Thy peace on all.
- 4 On thy kind arm may we repose,
Nor ills nor fears forestall,
Enough if through lifes cares and woes,
Thy peace enshrine us all.
- 5 The storms of life will soon be past,
Why should they then appall ?
The land is nigh where CHRIST shall pour
Eternal peace on all.

MORNING.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord ; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.
Psalm v. 3.

455.

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem,
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;

Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

- 4 By influence of the light Divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 5 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant LORD, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.
- 7 LORD, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

456.

L. M.

- 1 O ! TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !

- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening, and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour, and our work, farewell !
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.
- 6 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 7 Only, O LORD ! in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

EVENING.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud ; and He shall hear my voice.—*Psalms* lv, 17.

Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—*Psalms* cxli, 2.

457.

L. M.

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me LORD, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O ! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
- 7 O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love Angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.
- 8 May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

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

- 1 SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near,
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark,
Amid the howling wintry sea :
We are in port if we have Thee.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 6 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep, to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

- 7 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

459. 8-7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin, and want we come confessing,
Thou can'st save, and Thou can'st heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
Thou, our Shepherd, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

460. 8-7-7.

- 1 THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

461, 462.

NEW YEAR.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness ; and Thy paths drop fatness.—*Psalm lxxv, 11.*

461.

7s.

- 1 SPARED through grace, another year,
Good it is to praise the LORD ;
Good to meet our Saviour here ;
Good his mercies to record.
- 2 Foes we have unseen and seen,
Foes too strong for us to meet ;
But the LORD our strength has been,
And our foes have found defeat.
- 3 When our foes we greatly feared,
When we seemed an easy prey,
Then it was the LORD appeared ,
Then he drove our foes away.
- 4 Now he seems to ask us why,
When the foe appeared in view,
We should fear, and He so nigh ?
We should doubt, and He so true ?
- 5 Saviour, all our sin forgive,
Make us what we ought to be ;
Let us by thy mercy live,
And in heaven thy glory see.

462.

C. M.

- 1 AND now my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift the passing moments run,
Of those that yet remain.
- 3 Awake my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern !
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In CHRIST so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

463.

7s.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;

464, 465.

NEW YEAR.

Upwards LORD, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past, receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view ;
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love :
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

464.

S. M.

- 1 LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise ;
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
To sing the Saviour's praise.
- 2 Now through another year
Supported by His care,
We raise our Ebenezer here ;
"The LORD hath help'd thus far."
- 3 Our lot in future years
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears
Says, "Leave it all to me."
- 4 Yea, LORD, we wish to cast
Our cares upon Thy breast,
Help us to praise Thee for the past,
And trust Thee for the rest.

465.

7s.

- 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 Bless, O LORD, the opening year,
To each soul assembled here ;
Clothe the word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.
- 3 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 !
- 4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the gospel call we hear,
May they learn to love and fear.
- 5 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 6 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.

466.

L. M.

- 1 HARK ! a sweet sound salutes mine ear,
While entering on this opening year ;
My Saviour speaks, and says to me,
That as my day my strength shall be.
- 2 With such a promise need I fear
What shall befall me through the year ?
For this I would not anxious be
Since as my day my strength shall be.

- 3 Should storms of trouble on me fall,
And should my cup be mixed with gall,
This promise will be sweet to me,
That as my day my strength shall be.
- 4 If called this year to labour hard
Within the vineyard of the LORD,
From duty's path I will not flee,
For as my day my strength shall be.
- 5 And if this year I'm called to die,
Still on this promise I'll rely;
Dear JESUS, then I'll trust in Thee,
That as my day my strength shall be.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it.—*Rom. xiv, 6.*

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—*Luke ii, 10, 11, 13, 14.*

And they crucified Him, and parted His garments, casting lots. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.—*Matt. xxvii, 35, 46, 50.*

And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up;—and a cloud received Him out of their sight.—*Acts i, 9.*

He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.—*Mark xvi, 19.*

467.

7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 "God and sinners reconciled."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 "CHRIST is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
 CHRIST, the everlasting LORD;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity;
 Pleased as man with men to appear,
 JESUS, our Emmanuel, here.
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Lo! he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

468.

7s.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang
 When JEHOVAH's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born;

Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise, their powers employ.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant, in hymns of joy :
Glory, in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

TIMES AND SEASONS. 470, 471.

- 4 CHRIST is born—the great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing !
 O receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King !
- 5 Hasten mortals, to adore him,
 Learn His name, and taste His joy ;
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God, most high.

470. C. M.

- 1 IN heaven a rapturous song was heard
 Of sweet seraphic praise,
 When JESUS in our flesh appeared,
 A fallen world to raise.
- 2 The theme, the song, the joy was new
 To each angelic tongue ;
 Swift through the realms of light it flew,
 And loud the echo rung.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky,
 The pealing anthem rang ;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 4 With joy the chorus we repeat,
 Glory to God on high,
 Good will and peace are now complete,—
 JESUS is born to die.
- 5 Hail ! Prince of Life ! for ever hail !
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
 Though life, and earth, and time must fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

471. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
 The Saviour lifted high ;

Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

- 2 For whom—for whom, my heart,
Were all those sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And wear that crown of thorn?
- 3 For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And ope'd His gushing side.
- 4 We see, and we adore
Thy deep, Thy dying love,
We feel its strong attractive power
To lift our souls above.
- 5 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy grief alone,
But from Thy cross pursue our flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

- 1 O! my Saviour crucified,
Near Thy cross would I abide,
There to look, with steadfast eye,
On Thy dying agony.
- 2 JESUS, bruised and put to shame,
Tells me all JEHOVAH's name;
God is love, I surely know,
By the Saviour's depth of woe.
- 3 In His spotless soul's distress
I perceive my guiltiness;
Oh! how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great.

- 4 Dwelling on Mount Calvary,
 Contrite shall my spirit be,
 Rest and holiness shall find,
 Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

473. 6-6-8.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our cruel foes
 High raised his conquering head :
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fell to the ground
 And sunk away.

- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait His high commands,
 And worship at His feet :
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way,
 From realms of day,
 To JESU's tomb.

- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus who bled,
 Hath left the dead :
 He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by Him from hell ;

And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell:
 Transported cry,
 "JESUS, who bled,
 Hath left the dead,
 No more to die."

- 5 All hail, triumphant LORD,
 Who sav'st us with Thy blood!
 Wide be Thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With Thee we rise,
 With Thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

- 1 CHRIST the LORD is risen to day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise;
 CHRIST hath opened Paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King—
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save—
 Where's thy victory, O grave?
- 4 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 342

- 5 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we now receive,
When in JESUS we believe.
- 6 Hail! the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection Thou.

475.

S. M.

- 1 "THE LORD is risen indeed,"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living too.
- 2 "The LORD is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.
- 3 "The LORD is risen indeed,"
Then is His work performed!
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.
- 4 "'The LORD is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 5 "The LORD is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear,
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,

476, 477. TIMES AND SEASONS.

Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen LORD.

476. 6-6-8.

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

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

3 CHRIST hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done :
On Him our help is laid,
The victory is won.
Captivity, &c.

4 Hail ! the triumphant LORD,
The resurrection Thou ;
Hail ! the incarnate Word,
Before Thy throne we bow.
Captivity, &c.

477. 6-7.

1 GLORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreathe his head !
JESUS is the name we sing ;
JESUS risen from the dead ;
JESUS conqueror o'er the grave ;
JESUS mighty now to save.

- 2 JESUS is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
"'Tis the King of glory waits."
- 3 Now behold Him high enthroned!
Glory beaming from his face!
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
O for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King!"
- 4 JESUS, on thy people shine!
Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues!
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore!

478.

D. S. M.

- 1 LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power;
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our LORD,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:

The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
 To pray, and praise, and love.

- 3 Spirit of Light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day :
 Spirit of Truth ! be Thou
 In life and death our guide ;
 O Spirit of Adoption ! now
 May we be sanctified.

MEDITATION.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O LORD, my strength and my redeemer.—*Psalm* xix, 14.

My meditation of Him shall be sweet : I will be glad in the LORD — *Psalm* civ, 34.

O how love I Thy law ! it is my meditation all the day.—*Psalm* cxix, 97.

- 1 I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild,
 Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
 Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.
- 2 Thoughts of his love—the root of every grace
 Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling place ;
 The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
 And my calm pillow of repose by night.

- 3 Thoughts of his sojourn in this vale of tears;
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering, and patient grace,
I love again—and yet again to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of his glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed
eye.
- 5 Thoughts of his coming—for that joyful day,
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,
O what a sunrise will that advent be!
- 6 Thus while I journey on, my LORD to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

480.

L. M.

- 1 BE still my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy LORD,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?
- 3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ?
And has He not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 5 He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

- 1 IT is Thy hand, my God !
My sorrow comes from thee—
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.
- 2 I would not murmur, LORD,
Before thee I am dumb ;—
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To Thee for help I come.
- 3 My God—thy name is Love,
A Father's hand is Thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, " Thy will be mine ! "
- 4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it oft appear.
- 5 JESUS for me hath died,
Thy Son thou didst not spare ;

His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

- 6 Here my poor heart can rest,
My God, it cleaves to Thee ;
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

482. S. M.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.
- 2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode,
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling place with God.
- 3 My Saviour's precious blood,
Has made my title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given ;
He leads me onward to the home,
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Bright angels guard my way,
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour.
- 6 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.

- 7 But more than all I long
 His glories to behold,
 Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
 With ecstasy untold.
- 8 That bright, yet tender smile,
 (My sweetest welcome there)
 Shall cheer me through the "little while"
 I tarry for Him here.
- 9 Thy love, thou precious LORD,
 My joy and strength shall be ;
 Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
 That bids me rise to Thee.
- 10 And then through endless days,
 Where all Thy glories shine,
 In happier, holier strains, I'll praise
 The grace that made me Thine.

- 1 THE joyful day is hastening,
 When life's short troubles o'er,
 My soul shall need no chastening,
 And never suffer more.
 When grief, and pain, and dying,
 Nor felt nor feared shall be,
 All sorrow then, and sighing,
 Far, far away shall be.
- 2 That God whose work is perfect,
 Whose will no change can know,
 Reveals this glorious prospect,
 To cheer my path below ;
 The Saviour has awarded
 A place in heaven to me,

By power Almighty guarded
That heritage shall be.

- 3 And onward he will bear me,
And guide and guard me still,
And by his grace prepare me,
That glorious seat to fill !
Each painful dispensation
That now makes dark my days,
Shall work for my salvation,
Shall swell my song of praise.

COMMENCING.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts !
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the
Lord : my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living
God. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house : they will
be still praising Thee.—*Psalm lxxxiv.* 1, 2, 4.

Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name
of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father
by Him.—*Col.* iii. 17.

484.

S. M.

- 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 ;

485, 486.

COMMENCING.

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.

485.

L. M.

- 1 AGAIN we meet in JESUS' name,
Again His promised blessing claim ;
Father, Thy children seek Thy face,
Oh ! let Thy presence fill this place.
- 2 Thy Spirit's power and grace supply,
On Thee alone our souls rely ;
So shall our prayers and praises rise
As clouds of incense to the skies.
- 3 Our God, our Father, wisdom give,
That we may to Thy glory live,
Walk as the children of the day,
And all the light of life display.
- 4 Soon shall we meet on earth no more,
Our service, conflicts here be o'er ;
But then we'll meet to sing above
The wonders of Thy grace and love.

486.

6-8.

- 1 STILL, in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home, we meet again ;
Dreary and long our course may be,
But O, our God, it leads to Thee !
Thou art the light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting home.

- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
 Thou dost not leave us comfortless ;
 Earth and its pain we still may feel,
 But Thou art ever near to heal ;
 Still as our day our strength shall be,
 For all our cares are borne by Thee.
- 3 Still as time's changing current rolls,
 Thy comforts, LORD, delight our souls ;
 Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
 Thy light to turn our night to day ;
 Onward with firmer steps we move,
 To our eternal rest above.

487.

8-7-4.

- 1 IN Thy name, O LORD, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Speak, and let thy servants hear,
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear thy word with godly fear !
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, LORD, to thee,
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be ;
 Till thy glory,
 Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 Then in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee thy people shall adore,
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before.
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

488, 489.

COMMENCING.

488.

C. M.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit from above,
Impart His holy fire!
And cause our hearts to glow with love,
And vehement desire.
- 2 The sweet desire of holy things,
That finds its element
In converse with the King of kings,
With nought but this content.
- 3 The pledge of sacred joys to come,
Anticipation blessed
Of heaven, our everlasting home,
Of heaven, our place of rest.

CONCLUDING.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.—*Numb.* vi. 24, 25, 26.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord.—2 *Peter*, I, 2.

489.

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the everlasting 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'll go,
Seeking in all His steps to tread,
And here His praise to show.

- 3 Partakers of His love and grace,
 And one in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death, can part.
- 4 Oh ! may we ever walk with Him,
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But JESUS crucified.
- 5 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To His beloved embrace,
 From Him all blessing to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 6 So hastening onward to the day
 Which all things will restore,
 Sorrow and death will pass away,
 And we shall part no more.

490.

L. M.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
 Join every voice, and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God to raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Brethren, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore :
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 There brethren, we shall meet again.

491.

8-7.

- 1 WHILE to several paths dividing,
 We our pilgrimage pursue,
 May our Shepherd safely guiding,
 Keep His scattered flock in view,

492—944. CONCLUDING.

May the bond of blest communion
Every distant soul embrace,
'Till in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

492. C. M.

- 1 LORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence ;
Be thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
- 2 Help us, O LORD, to bless thy name,
And in our hearts record ;
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the LORD.

493. 8-7.

- 1 MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the LORD ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford,

494. 8-7-4.

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

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
Ever faithful
To Thy truth may we be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with CHRIST in endless day.

495.

8-7-4.

- 1 NOW to Him who loved us,—gave us
Every pledge that love could give ;—
Freely shed His blood to save us ;—
Gave His life that we might live,—
Be the kingdom,
And dominion,—
And the glory evermore.

496.

L. M.

- 1 WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again,
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away ;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

497—499. CONCLUDING.

497. 7-8.

- 1 O JESUS CHRIST, most holy !
Head of the Church, thy bride !
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified.
- 2 Oh ! may in each believer
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From Thee, our Shepherd, stray.

498. L. M.

- 1 WE bless thee, LORD, that we have met
Once more before thy mercy-seat,
Thy ransomed family to raise,
In JESUS' name, our song of praise.
- 2 And now thy blessing we implore,
To guard and keep us evermore ;
Into thine hand our souls commend,
To guide, to strengthen, and defend.

499. L. M.

- 1 HOSANNAH ! to the living LORD ;
Hosannah to th'incarnate Word ;
'To CHRIST, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosannah sing !
 - 2 Hosannah ! LORD, thine angels cry,
Hosannah ! Lord, thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
We would that all should swell the sound.
 - 3 Assembled in thy blessed name,
Here we thy parting promise claim ;
- 858

O heavenly Priest! as incense bear
To God on high our praise and prayer.

500. S. M.

- 1 HOSANNAH to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To CHRIST th'anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

501. S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honors done.

502. L. M.

- 1 TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

503. L. M.

- 1 WORTHY is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At His Almighty Father's side.
- 2 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched man:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

504, 505.

CONCLUDING.

504.

L. M.

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

505.

L. M.

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