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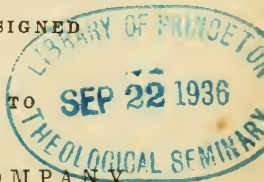
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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*E. L. Sewth*  
NEW

SELECT HYMNS,

DESIGNED



ACCOMPANY

WATTS' PSALMS & HYMNS.

BY REV. JAMES GALLAHER.

CINCINNATI:  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN presenting this small volume to the patronage of the christian public, and thus increasing the number of hymn books in our church, an apology is deemed unnecessary, as the principal design, as will be seen by reference to our *prospectus*, published in the latter end of this book is to facilitate and perpetuate the use of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, together with a competent number of well selected hymns, adapted to social and religious worship, from those old and venerated authors, whose hymns have been so justly admired, and have contributed so much to the edification of christians.

The Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts are in themselves very copious for public worship; yet the numerous associations for christian benevolence, which mark the present day, so multiply public and social meetings, and diversify the objects of prayer and praise, that it has been deemed expedient still further to increase their value, by an additional selection of such standard hymns as are now made use of in our churches for such occasions.

The number of hymns in the selection has been confined to between 200 and 300, as it is believed that number will be sufficient for all desirable purposes, in connection with Watts, to which this is designed as a supplement, and for the double purpose of rendering it convenient to bind them in the same volume.

Although the primary object of this collection, as has already been stated, is to accompany Watts, by being bound in the same volume of his Psalms

and Hymns; yet as many persons are already supplied with that work, by publishing the supplement separately, they can furnish themselves with much less expense, and churches can generally introduce them without throwing away all their old books.

A large number of hymns of *Particular Metre* have been selected, that many pieces of sacred music of distinguished excellence, for which but few hymns are now furnished, may be introduced into the public worship.

We are happy to take this opportunity to express our obligations to those clergymen who have taken a deep interest in the work, and have kindly rendered us their timely assistance in examining and revising the following hymns, before going to press, and have given us their recommendations of the same, to enable us to present a work to the patronage of our church, which will be generally acceptable.

It is the intention of both the compiler and the publishers to introduce into this work such hymns as may appear, from time to time, of *real merit*, and to make such other alterations as may be deemed expedient, to keep pace with the christian enterprises of the present age.

THE PUBLISHERS.

CINCINNATI, December, 1834.

## A TABLE

TO FIND ANY OF THE SELECT HYMNS BY THE  
FIRST LINE.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
<b>A</b> DAM, our father	14	Come, brethren dear,	131
A debtor to	64	Come, ye that fear	132
Afflictions, tho' they	89	Come on, my partners	138
Afflicted saints, to	26	Come, every pious	142
Arise and shine, O	167	Come, thou fount of	143
Ah! how shall fallen	15	Come, my soul, thy	84
Alas! what hourly	91	Come ye sinners, poor	33
Almighty maker, God	120	Come, weary souls,	35
All hail, the power of	50	Come, gracious spirit,	62
Am I a soldier of the	66	Come, holy spirit,	63
Amazing grace, how	113	Come, all ye weary	95
And did the holy and	140	Compared with Christ	55
And let this feeble	159	<b>D</b> AY of judgment,	163
And will the judge	161	Daughter of Zion,	126
Approach my soul	97	Delightful thought	129
Assembled at thy	128	Dear Saviour, we are	22
As on the cross the	21	Dear Saviour, when	78
Awake, my soul, in	6	Dear refuge of my	90
Awake, awake the	45	Did'st thou, dear Jesus	85
Awake, sweet	48	Did Christ o'er	112
Awake, my soul,	88	<b>E</b> TERNAL powers!	6
Away, my unbelieving	83	Eternal wisdom!	9
<b>B</b> EHOLD the leprous	24	Eternity is just at	151
Behold a stranger	32	Eternity! stupendous	156
Begone unbelief, my	86	<b>F</b> ATHER of	16
Beyond the flight of	171	Father, how wide	29
Blow ye the trumpet	16	Father, is not thy	121
Blest Jesus, source of	62	Father, whate'r of	91
Blest be the tie that	72	Faith, 'tis a precious	63
Blessed Saviour, thou	119	Farewell, dear	361
But ah, my inmost	50	From Egypt lately	56
But when arm'd with	59	From Greenland's icy	125.
<b>C</b> HRISTIAN, see	130	<b>G</b> LORIOUS things	120
Children of the	43	Glory to thee, my	147
Cheer up, my soul	96	God of Eternity, from	149
Come, let us join our	157	God is a name, my	4
Come, away to the	106	God moves in a	10
Come, humble sinner	111	God's holy law	14
Come, guilty souls and	112	Go, ye heralds of	127
Come, Lord, and	114	Great God 'tis from thy	27

TABLE OF SELECT HYMNS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Grace, 'tis a charming	28	Jesus, thou art the	60
Guide me, O thou	153	Jesus, full of all	79
<b>H</b> ARK! my soul, it is	73	Jesus, at thy command	89
Hark! the glad	45	Jesus, lover of my soul,	98
Hark! brethren don't	18	Jesus, who knows full	112
Hark! the jubilee is	31	Jesus, and shall it	134
Hark! the voice of love	21	Jerusalem my happy	135
Heaven has	160	<b>K</b> INDRED in	135
Head of the church	11	Keep silence all	5
He lives! the great	47	<b>L</b> IGHT of those	51
He dies! the friend of	140	Lord, when I	169
He comes! he comes	164	Lord, I cannot let	110
His voice, as the sound	58	Lord, dismiss us with	114
Hither, ye faithful	41	Lo, on a narrow neck	155
How lost was my	100	Lo, he cometh	162
How charming is	108	Lo, he comes with	162
How lovely, how	169	<b>M</b> ERCY, O thou	69
How many years has	122	Mortals awake,	44
How long, O God, has	122	My Captain sounds	88
How various and	150	My God inspire this	99
How precious is the	15	My soul with joy	25
How happy are we	19	My gracious	71
How oft, alas! this	23	My glorious Redeemer	72
How, ye saints of the	37	My conscious guilt is	78
How shall I my	42	<b>N</b> OW we expect a	151
How tedious and	60	Now let our souls	92
How happy are they,	68	Now is the time	39
How sweet, how	75	Now let our cheerful	49
How happy is the	87	Now let our voices	67
How firm a foundation	37	Now let the feeble all	89
<b>I</b> ASKED the Lord	92	Not by the laws of	66
In songs of sublime	27	<b>O</b> H, happy day that	75
In evil long I took	81	Oh, could I find	98
In all my Lord's	134	Oh, why was I not	106
I love thy kingdom	115	Oh, when shall I see	101
I love to steal awhile	117	O for a glance of	102
If life's pleasures	61	O Lord our languid	116
It is the Lord	82	O for a closer walk	24
It is the Lord whose	83	O thou in whose	57
It was told me in my	107	O Lord I would	69
I would not live	154	O may I worthy prove	74
I saw beyond the	168	Our heavenly Father	23
<b>J</b> ESUS, the spring of	53	Our souls by love	101
Jesus my all to	54	Our Lord is risen	144



TABLE OF SELECT HYMNS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
O'er the gloomy hills	124	There is a heaven	94
On Jordan's stormy	169	There is a world we	171
<b>P</b> oor weak and	49	There is a land of	103
Prostrate, dear	77	There is a holy city	137
Prepare me gracious	153	That day of wrath,	166
Prayer is the soul's	118	Thou art gone to the	160
<b>R</b> AISE, thoughtless	28	This world can never	99
Rejoice, the Lord	47	This world is poor	148
Repent, the voice	76	Though troubles	105
Return, return O	82	Though in the	170
<b>S</b> AVIOUR, visit	132	They have gone to	125
Saviour, I do feel	104	Thus far my God has	93
Saviour divine, we	52	'Tis finished, the	157
Salvation, O melodious	30	'Tis finished, so the	56
Say, sinner, hath a	39	'Tis a point I long to	70
Sinners, this solemn	118	To our Redeemer's	142
Sinners, the voice of	34	<b>V</b> AIN delusive	145
Sinners, will you scorn	38	<b>W</b> ATCHMAN tell	127
Sinner, art thou still	40	What is our God	3
Sinner, O why so	42	What various	146
Sinners, why stand ye	95	When the Eternal	7
See the Eternal	166	When pale with	12
See Israel's gentle	119	When all thy mercies	12
See how the	146	When marshalled on	30
Sleep not, the Saviour	115	When sins and fears	51
Sovereign ruler of	149	When Thou, my	165
Sweet is the scene	159	When any turn from	133
Stop, sinner, stop and	41	While I to grief my	64
<b>T</b> HY names, how	3	While my Redeemer's	53
Thy mercy, my God	7	While life prolongs its	32
Thy ways, O Lord,	10	While with ceaseless	155
Thy way, O Lord, is	13	Whilst Thee I seek	116
Thy way, O God, is	67	With melting heart	79
The Lord our God is	13	<b>Y</b> E wretched	129
The voice of free	17	Ye virgin souls	152
The Saviour calls, let	36	Ye humble souls appro	8
The mighty frame of	46	Ye sons of men with	9
The perfect world by	168	Ye dying sons of men	35
The triumph of	129	Ye humble souls	76
The hour of my	158	Ye trembling souls	85
The chariot, the	168	Yes, we trust the day	121
The King of heaven	141	Yet one thing we	20
Thee, Father we bless	26	Your harps, ye	65
There is no path to	55		

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS,

## TO SELECT HYMNS.

- Adam*, the first and second, 19.  
*Anxious* inquiry, 116.  
*Awakening*, 117.  
*Affliction* sanctified, 119.  
*Accepted* time, 116.  
*Apostacy*, 198.  
*Ascension*, 213.  
*Believer* encouraged, 96—happy, 101.  
*Bartimeus*, 102.  
*Better* world in prospect, 158.  
*Blessing* without, 163.  
*Christian* soldier, 98. race, 130. warfare, 131. spiritual voyage, 132. temptation, a proof of God's fidelity, 133. request, 135. travellers, 141 and 142. union, 150. conference, 174. encouraged, 205.  
*Choice*, happy, 111.  
*Chariot*, 248.  
*Christ*, head of church, 14. union to, 31. communion with, 33. security of his sheep, 36. at the door, 47. nativity, 59. riches of, 62. incarnation, 64, 65. message of, 66. humiliation and exaltation, 67, 68. intercession, 69, 70, 71. a friend, 72. coronation, 73. life and light, 74, 75. righteousness, 76. Saviour, 77. shepherd, 78. way, 80. all, 81. on cross, 83. description of, 84, 85, 86. longing for, 87. the sinner's refuge, 146. the ship head, 178. not ashamed of, 200. dying, &c., 207. praise to, 211. crucified, 214. a guide to glory, 226.  
*Cross*, looking at, 120. bearing, 126.  
*Concert*, monthly, 193.  
*Communion*, 33.  
*Confidence* in the Lord, 122, 123. looking beyond present appearances, 124.  
*Church* on earth and heaven the same, 231.  
*Conversion*, praise for, 197.  
*Death*, preparation for, 225. of a sister, 232. triumph over, 233. of the righteous, 234. judgment, 237.

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- Dawning*, latter day, 195.  
*Delight* in God, 103.  
*Difficulties* in the way of duties, 199.  
*Dedication* of a church, 159.  
*Dismission*, 170.  
*Day spring*, 194.  
*Encouragement* to the Christian, 205.  
*Election*, 27.  
*Eternity*, joyful and tremendous, 223—230.  
*Exultation*, 157.  
*End* of the year, reflections on, 229.  
*Evening twilight*, 175. hymn, 217.  
*Faith*, 93. in Christ, 94. triumphant, 95. connected with salvation, 97. review and expectation, 168.  
*Fortitude*, 98.  
*Fear not*, 127.  
*Forms*, vain without religion, 162.  
*Funeral hymn*, 226, 237, 235, 234, 233 and 232.  
*God*, supreme, 1. infinite, 2. incomprehensible, 3. sovereignty, 4. exaltation, 5. loving-kindness, 6. mercy, 7. grace, 8. goodness, 9 and 11. wisdom, 10. power, 18. close walk with, 34. refuge, 134. nearness to, 145.  
*Gospel*, hope from, 20. jubilee, 24. trumpet of, 26. feast, 209.  
*Gratitude*, 15 and 16.  
*Grace*, free, 25. distinguishing, 38, 39. salvation by, 40. and glory, 196.  
*Glorious mystery*, 157. things of Zion spoken, 180.  
*Hard heart* lamented, 152.  
*Heaven* longed for, 151. sanctified, 172—202. supremely durable, 218. perpetual, 252.  
*Heavenly country*, 140.  
*Hell*, the sinner's own place, 249.  
*Holiness*, desired, 28.  
*Hope*, rejoicing in, 63. of believer, 109, 115. of an immortal crown, 235.  
*Holy city*, 204.  
*Humiliation* and exaltation, 67, 68.  
*Increase* of the church promised, 181.  
*Israel*, restoration of, 192.  
*Invitations* of the gospel, 206. to Christ, 46, 47 48, 50, 51, 52, 55, 56.

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- Intercession*, 69, 70, 91.  
*Infinite*, 2.  
*Incomprehensible*, 3.  
*Imperfect*, 100.  
*I would not live alway*, 227.  
*Jubilee*, 24—45.  
*Judgment*, final sentence, 238—239, 240. day of  
 241. the last, 242—243. a day of wrath, 245  
 awful doom of the sinner at the, 244. last ac-  
 count, 247.  
*Kingdom of Christ*, 68.  
*Knowledge*, imperfect, 100.  
*Love*, eternal, 27. pardoning, 32. to Christ, 105,  
 106. to brethren, 101. pleasures of, 110. to the  
 church, 171.  
*Leper* healed, 35.  
*Life's pleasures*, 89.  
*Lord* will provide, 155.  
*Lovest thou me*, 104, 108.  
*Loving kindness*, 6.  
*Land promise*, 250.  
*Man*, fall of, 19, 10, 21.  
*Mercy*, 181. sent, 143 and 144:  
*Meekness*, 112.  
*Missionary meetings*, 180, 182, 183, 185, 186. fare-  
 well, 190. associations, 191.  
*Mission to Palestine*, 187.  
*Morning hymn*, 216.  
*Mercies*, divine in succession, 221—222.  
*Midnight cry*, 224.  
*Mysteries of Providence*, 13, 17.  
*New and living way*, 248.  
*Providence*, 12. mysteries of, 13 and 17.  
*Penitent*, 114.  
*Promises*, precious, 54.  
*Pilgrim's song*, 82. lot, 129. farewell, 203.  
*Prayer* answered by crosses, 137. importunate,  
 167. benefit of, 215.  
*Reflections on the end of the year*, 229.  
*Rising to God*, 138.  
*Resolution*, grateful, 212.  
*Redemption*, 29. wonders of, 208.  
*Resolve*, successful, 164

## INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- Remember me*, 88.  
*Revival* prayed for, 184.  
*Repentance*, 113, 114, 115.  
*Redeemer*, praise to, 210.  
*Restoration* of Israel, 192.  
*Saint*, afflicted, 53. happy in God, 220.  
*Star* of Bethlehem, 44.  
*Salvation*, tree, 25. method of, 37—43.  
*Sanctified* afflictions, 119.  
*Sovereignty*, 4.  
*Sinner's* refuge, 146.  
*Sin*, original, 19. bewailed, 125.  
*Sinner*, weighed, 41. saved, 42. invited, 46—49—  
 50—51—52—55—56. welcome to Christ, 48.—  
 warned, 58—60—61. return to Christ, 121.  
*Scriptures*, inspiration of, 22. excellence, 23.  
*Saviour* found, 149. merit, 154. ascension, 213.  
*Supplication*, 169.  
*Spirit*, grieved, 57. influences, 90, 91, 92.  
*Temptations* of the Christian, 153.  
*Triumph* over death, 233. final, 246.  
*Trumpet*, 26.  
*Teacher's* hymn, 179.  
*Thief*, converted, 30.  
*Time* and eternity, 228.  
*Trust*, and not afraid, 128.  
*Union*, 150.  
*Way* to Canaan, 79. way to Christ, 80. ways of  
 God, 99. way God has led me on, 139. to Zion  
 153.  
*Watchfulness* and prayer, 136.  
*Watchman*, 189.  
*World* unsanctified, 147. we have not seen, 253.  
*Worship*, pleasures of social, 160. humble, 161.  
*Wept* over the city, 165.  
*Welcome* to Christian friends, 201.  
*Wisdom* of redeeming time, 219.  
*Wheat* and tares, 251.  
*Zion* encouraged, 188.

# NEW SELECT HYMNS.

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## PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Appleton.*  
*God Supreme and Self-sufficient.*

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
Compared with him, how short they fall!  
They are too dark, and he too bright;  
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!  
Creation rose at his command;  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature leans, and feels her prop:  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon:  
No ebb his sea of glory knows;  
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;  
All nature dwell upon the sound,  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.—*Watts.*

HYMN 2. C. M. *Albany.*  
*The Infinite.*

- 1 **T**HY names, how infinite they be!  
Great Everlasting One!  
Boundless thy might and majesty,  
And unconfin'd thy throne.

4                    PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,  
    And wondrous large thy grace;  
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,  
    And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
    Which angels cannot sound,  
An ocean of infinities  
    Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The mysteries of creation lie  
    Beneath enlighten'd minds;  
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
    And fly before the winds;
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
    And stretch from pole to pole;  
But half thy name our spirit fills,  
    And overloads our soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,  
    For nothing's found in thee  
But boundless inconceivables,  
    And vast eternity.—*Watts.*

HYMN 3. L. M.      *Mendon.*

*The Incomprehensibility of God.*

- 1 GOD is a name my soul adores—  
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!  
Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
    Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,  
    Bid the waves roar and planets shine;  
But nothing like thyself appears  
    Through all these spacious works of thine,
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows;  
    From change to change the creatures run:  
Thy being no succession knows,  
    And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall  
    And worship in submissive forms;  
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,  
    This little dwelling-place of worms.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare  
    To sing thy glory or thy grace?

Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
And see but shadows of thy face!

- 6 Who can behold the blazing light!  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,  
None but thy word can speak thy name.—*Watts.*

HYMN 4. C. M. *Spencer.*

*Divine Sovereignty; or God's dominion and decrees.*

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things;  
And wait your Maker's nod:  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree:  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave *to be.*
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With every angel's form and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine;  
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke  
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown:  
And there, the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why;  
Nor God the reason gives;  
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves!
- 7 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise:
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
O may I find my name  
Recorded in some humble place,  
¶neath my Lord, the Lamb!—*Watts.*



## PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

HYMN 5. L. M. *Blendon.**God exalted above all praise.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds,  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat  
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;  
 In vain the tall arch-angel tries  
 To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
 We would adore our Maker too;  
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
 The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name:  
 But O, the glories of thy mind  
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.—*Watts*

HYMN 6. L. M. *Danvers.**The Loving-kindness of the Lord. Ps. lxxiii. 7.*

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

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death;

7 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.—*Medley.*

HYMN 7. 11s. *Portuguese Hymn.* ]

*Mercy of God.* Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 **T**HY niercy, My God, is the theme of my song,  
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my  
 tongue;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
 Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,  
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:  
 But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
 And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
 Which wonders to see its own hardness depart:  
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
 And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,  
 To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;  
 No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
 Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;  
 Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:  
 'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,  
 That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
 And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son;  
 All praise to the Spirit whose witness divine,  
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

*Whitfield's Col.*

HYMN 8. C. M. *Patmos.*

*The Grace of God; or Divine Condescension.*

1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,  
 To visit earthly things,

- With scorn divine he turns his eyes  
From tow'rs of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll  
Far downward from the skies,  
To visit ev'ry humble soul,  
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord, that reigns above  
Disdain such lofty kings?  
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love  
Upon such worthless things?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares  
Dispute his awful will?  
Ask no account of his affairs,  
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,  
All sov'reign, and all free;  
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!  
How deep thy judgments be!—*Watts.*

HYMN 9. C. M. *Bolton.**The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise,  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,  
In him we live and move;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms:  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,  
'Tis here our hope relies;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.

- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,  
 What honors shall we raise?  
 Not all the raptur'd songs above  
 Can render equal praise.—*Steele.*

HYMN 10. C. M. *Paxton.**A Song to Creating Wisdom.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!  
 Thee the creation sings!  
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!  
 How glorious to behold!  
 Ting'd with the blue of heavenly dye,  
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
 Shine through the worlds abroad,  
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
 And speak the builder, God.
- 4 But still the wonders of thy grace  
 Our softer passions move;  
 Pity divine in Jesus' face  
 We see, adore, and love.—*Watts.*

HYMN 11. L. M. *Illinois.**God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Ps. vii. 31.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record  
 The various wonders of the Lord;  
 And let his power and goodness sound  
 Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light:  
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;  
 And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
 And think how wide its Maker reigns;  
 That band remotest nations joins,  
 And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But oh! that brighter world above,  
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
 God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
 For man a bleeding victim made.

- 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!  
 Thcre, in the land of praise, adore;  
 The theme demands an angel's lay—  
 Demands an everlasting day.—*Doddridge.*
- 

## PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 12. *Uxbridge.*

*Providence; or, God working all things after the  
 Counsel of his own Will.*

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord! with wise design,  
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,  
 And ev'ry 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, thy own peculiar care,  
 Though now they seem to roam uney'd,  
 Are led or driven only where  
 They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way;  
 But trusting to thy piercing eye,  
 None of their feet to ruin stray,  
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn,  
 To lay my reason at thy throne;  
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Litchfield.*

*The Mysteries of Providence; or, Light shining out  
 of Darkness.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sov'reign will.

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

HYMN 14. P. M. *Pisgah.*

*Christ the Head of the Church.*

- 1 **H**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 knows no days,  
And ever brings us higher:  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine almighty favor;  
The love divine, which made us thine,  
Can keep us thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor will we fear while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation;  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
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,  
 To which thou shalt restore us,  
 The cross 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.

HYMN 15. C. M. *Howards.**Gratitude for divine mercies. Part I.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost,  
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 4 When, in the slippery paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man;
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
 It gently cleared my way,  
 And through the pleasing scenes of vice,  
 Where thousands go astray.—*Addison*

HYMN 16. C. M. *Howards.**Gratitude for divine mercies. Part II.*

- 1 **W**HEN pale with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renewed my face;  
 And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly good  
 Has made my cup run o'er;  
 And in a kind and faithful Friend,  
 Has doubled all my store.

- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew
- 5 Through all eternity, to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 For, O! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.—*Addison.*

HYMN 17. C. M. *Medford.**The Mysteries of Providence.*

- 1 **T**HY way, O Lord, is in the sea;  
 Thy paths I cannot trace,  
 Nor comprehend the mystery  
 Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;  
 I bless thee for the sight:—  
 When will thy love the rest reveal,  
 In glory's clearer light?
- 3 With rapture shall I then survey  
 Thy providence and grace;  
 And spend an everlasting day,  
 In wonder, love, and praise.—*H. K. White.*

HYMN 18. C. M. *Spencer.**Almighty Power and Majesty of God.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is clothed with might,  
 The winds obey his will;  
 He speaks—and in his heavenly height  
 The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land  
 With threatening aspect roar!  
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
 And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!  
 Without his high behest,  
 Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,  
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.



- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
 In distant peals it dies;  
 He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;  
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
 And bid the choral song ascend  
 To celebrate our God.

## FALL OF MAN.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Sunderland.**Original Sin; or the first and second Adam.*

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,  
 Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead:  
 The fiery law speaks all despair,  
 There's no reprieve or pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies;  
 Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,  
 Speak; are you strong to bear the load,  
 The weighty vengeance of a God?
- 3 In vain we ask; for all around  
 Stand silent through the heavenly ground;  
 There's not a glorious mind above  
 Has half the strength or half the love.
- 4 But O! unmeasureable grace!  
 Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;  
 Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
 Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.
- 5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,  
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!  
 Ye saints below, and saints above,  
 All bow to this mysterious love.—*Watts.*

HYMN 20. S. M. *Olmutz.**Hope from the Gospel only.*

- 1 **G**OD'S holy law transgressed,  
 Speaks nothing but despair;  
 Burdened with guilt—with grief oppressed,  
 We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,  
 Nor works which we have done;

Nor vows, nor promises nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.

- 3 Relief alone is found  
In Jesus' precious blood:  
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,  
The spotless victim dies;—  
This is salvation's only source—  
Hence all our hopes arise.—*Epis. Col.*

HYMN 21. S. M. *Elton.*

*Fall of Man.*

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God!  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults,  
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!  
Who can with thee contend,  
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake!  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake!
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None—none can meet him, and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

## THE SCRIPTURE.

HYMN 22. C. M. *Devises.*

*The inspired Word, a system of Knowledge and Joy*

- 1 **H**OW 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;  
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night  
 Of life, shall guide our way;  
 Till we behold the clearer light  
 Of an eternal day.—*Rippon's Col.*

HYMN 23. C. M. *Medfield.*

*The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word  
 What endless glory shines!  
 For ever be thy name ador'd  
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want  
 Exhaustless riches find;  
 Riches above what earth can grant,  
 And lasting as the mind,
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
 And yields a free repast;  
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice  
 Spreads heavenly peace around;  
 And life, and everlasting joys,  
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be  
 My ever dear delight;  
 And still new beauties may I see,  
 And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!  
 Be thou for ever near:  
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
 And view my Saviour there.

## THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 24. *Harwich.*

*Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 9—17.*

- 1 **B**LLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound;

Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atonng Lamb;  
 Redemption by his blood,  
 Thro' all the world proclaim;  
 The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for nought,  
 Your heritage above,  
 Come, take it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love;  
 The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live;  
 The year, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pard'ning grace;  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face;  
 The year, &c.

6 Jesus our great high-priest,  
 Hath full atonement made;  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mourning souls, be glad!  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 25. P. M. *Duren.*

*Free Grace.*

1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries escape to the  
 mountain,  
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a foun-  
 tain:  
 For sin and transgression and ev'ry pollution,  
 His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchas'd  
 our pardon;  
 We will praise him again when we pass over  
 Jordan.

- 2 Now glory to God in the highest is given,  
 Now glory to God is re-echo'd in heaven;  
 Around the whole earth, let us tell the glad  
 story,  
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 3 Enraptur'd I burn, with delight and desire,  
 Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;  
 Around the bright throne hosannahs are ring  
 ing,  
 O when shall I join them, and ever be sing  
 ing.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 4 O Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,  
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us  
 victorious:  
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congre  
 gation,  
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 5 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest  
 shore,  
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise  
 evermore;  
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the  
 river,  
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

## HYMN 26. P. M.

*Trumpet.*

- 1 **H**ARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound,  
 The martial trumpets now are blowing;  
 Men in order listing round,  
 And soldiers to the standard flowing:  
 Bounty offer'd, life and peace,  
 To every soldier this is given;  
 When from toils of war they cease,  
 A mansion bright prepar'd in heav'n.
- 2 The banner of the bleeding Lamb  
 Is waving high o'er every nation,  
 To ruined souls of every name,  
 The gospel brings a great salvation;

The poor, the sick, the blind, the lame,  
 Their maladies shall all be healed;  
 Outlaw'd rebels, when they come  
 Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3 The battle is not to the strong,  
 The burden's on our captain's shoulder :  
 None so aged, or so young,  
 But may enlist and be a soldier.  
 Those who cannot fight or fly,  
 Beneath his banner find protection;  
 None, who on his name rely,  
 Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

4 You need not fear, the cause is good;  
 Come, who will to the crown aspire?  
 In this cause the martyrs bled,  
 And shouted victory in the fire.  
 In this cause let's follow on,  
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,  
 How by faith we gain'd the crown,  
 And fought our way to life and glory

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,  
 Behold the army now in motion;  
 Some by faith behold the crown,  
 And almost grasp their future portion;  
 Hark! the victors singing loud,  
 Emanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,  
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,  
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

6 Hark! ye rebels, come and list,  
 The officers are now recruiting:  
 Why will you in sin persist,  
 Or spend your time in vain disputing?  
 All your cavils sure are vain;  
 For if you do not sue for favor,  
 Down you'll sink to endless pain,  
 To bear the wrath of God forever.

HYMN 27. 5, 6. Part. I.

*Everlasting Love; Electing Grace, and Personal  
 Holiness.*

1 **H**OW happy are we,  
 Our election who see,  
 And venture, O Lord, salvation on thee

In Jesus approv'd,  
Eternally lov'd,

Upheld by thy power, we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis sweet to recline  
On the bosom divine,  
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:  
While, born from above,  
And upheld by thy love,  
With singing and triumph, to Zion we move.

3 Our seeking thy face  
Was all of thy grace,  
Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the praise:  
No sinner can be  
Beforehand with thee,  
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free

4 Our Saviour and friend  
His love shall extend,  
It knew no beginning, and never shall end;  
Whom once he receives  
His Spirit ne'er leaves;  
Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5 This proof we would give  
That thee we receive;  
Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe:  
Be precious to us!  
All besides is as dross,  
Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy cross.  
*Toplady.*

HYMN 28. Part II.

1 **Y**ET one thing we want,  
*More holiness grant!*  
For more of thy mind and thy image we pant,  
Thine image impress  
On thy favorite race;  
O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!

2 Thy workmanship we  
More fully would be; [thee:  
Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us to  
While onward we move  
To Canaan above,  
Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love,

- 3 Vouchsafe us to know  
 More of thee below;  
 Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow:  
 Our harps shall be tun'd,  
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,  
 Salvation to Jesus thro' heav'n shall resound;  
*Toplady.*

HYMN 29. 8, 7, 4. *Zion.**Finished Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! 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 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
 "It is finish'd!"—  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law!  
 Finish'd all that God has promis'd;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe.  
 "It is finish'd!"—  
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All in earth and all in heaven  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 30. C. M. *Dedham.**The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.*

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,  
 And wept, and bled, and dy'd,  
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch  
 That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes with inward grief and shame.  
 The penitent confess'd;



Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his prayer addressed:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven!  
Thou spotless Lamb of God!

I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,  
And wel'tring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly, from those scenes of woe,  
In triumph thou shalt rise,  
Burst through the gloomy shades of death  
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
Dear Saviour, think on me,  
And in the vict'ries of thy death,  
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
And instantly replies,  
"To-day thy parting soul shall be  
With me in Paradise."—*S. Stennett.*

HYMN 31. S. M. *Inverness.*

*Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration. 1. Cor. vi. 17*

1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine  
By everlasting bonds;  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,  
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee our head;  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay:  
But love shall keep us near thy side  
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 32. C. M. *Cartnth.**Pardoning Love.* Jer. lii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
 Has wander'd from the Lord;  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart  
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, 'Return,  
 Dear Lord, and may I come!  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
 O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
 And bid my crimes remove?  
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
 To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
 How glorious, how divine!  
 That can to life and bliss restore  
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,  
 Dear Saviour, I adore;  
 O keep me at thy sacred feet;  
 And let me rove no more.—*Steele.*

HYMN 33. S. M. *Olmutz.**Communion with God and Christ.* 1 John i. 5.

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,  
 And Christ invites us near;  
 With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
 And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs:  
 He pardons every day;  
 Almighty to protect our souls,  
 And wise to guide our way
- 3 How large his bounties are;  
 What various stores of good,  
 Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,  
 And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living head,  
 We bless thy faithful care;  
 Our advocate before the throne,  
 And our forerunner there.

- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!  
 Here wait, my warmest love!  
 'Till the communion be complete  
 In nobler scenes above.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 34. C. M. *Albany.*

*Walking with God.* Gen. v. 4.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame:  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But now I find an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove! return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest!  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.—*Cowper.*

HYMN 35. S. M. *Olney.*

*The Leper healed; or Sanctification implored.*  
 Matt. viii. 2.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lep'rous Jew,  
 Oppress'd with pain and grief,  
 Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet  
 For pity and relief.
- 2 "O speak the word," he cries,  
 "And heal me of my pain:

Lord thou art able, if thou wilt,  
To make a leper clean."

- 3 Compassion moves his heart:  
He speaks the gracious word;  
The leper feels his strength return,  
And all his sickness cur'd.
- 4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,  
Sick of a worse disease:  
Sin is my painful malady,  
And none can give me ease.
- 5 But thy Almighty grace  
Can heal my lep'rous soul:  
O bathe me in thy precious blood,  
And that will make me whole.—*Stennett.*

HYMN 36. S. M. *Southfield.*

*The Security of Christ's Sheep.* John. x. 37—39.

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

HYMN 37. 5. 6. *Hinton.**The Method of Salvation.*

- 1       **T**HEE, Father! we bless,  
           Whose distinguished grace  
 Selected a people to show forth thy praise  
           Nor is thy love known  
           By election alone;  
 For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.
- 2       The goodness in vain  
           We attempt to explain,  
 Which found and accepted a ransom for men.  
           Great SURETY of thine,  
           Thou didst not decline  
 To concur with the Father's most gracious design.
- 3       To Jesus our friend,  
           Our thanks shall ascend;  
 Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end:  
           Our ransom he paid!  
           In his merit array'd,  
 We attain to the glory for which we were made.
- 4       Sweet Spirit of grace!  
           Thy mercy we bless,  
 For thy eminent share in the council of peace  
           Great agent divine,  
           To restore us is thine,  
 And cause us afresh, in thy likeness to shine
- 5       O God, 'tis thy part  
           To convince and convert;  
 To give a new life, and create a new heart:  
           By thy presence and' grace,  
           We'er upheld in our race,  
 And are kept in thy love, to the end of our days,
- 6       Father, Spirit, and Son,  
           Agree thus in one,  
 The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own;  
           Let us, too, agree  
           To glorify Thee,—  
 Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three!

*Toplady.*

HYMN 38. 11. 8. *Rowley.**Distinguished Grace.* Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,  
Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,  
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,  
When each in the cords of his kindness he drew,  
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,  
Your bosoms, his love had ne'er felt: [sin,  
You all would have liv'd, would have died too in  
And sunk with the load of your guilt,
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,  
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace, we were brought to obey,  
While others were suffered to go  
The road which by nature we chose as our way;  
Which leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,  
To him all the glory belongs;  
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his fame,  
And crown him in each of his songs.

HYMN 39. C. M. Part I. *Litchfield.**By the Grace of God, I am what I am.* 1 Cor. xv. 8.

- 1 **G**REAT God, 'tis from thy sov'reign grace  
That all my blessings flow;  
What'er I am or do possess,  
I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my pow'rful lusts controls,  
And pardons all my sin;  
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,  
And makes my nature clean.
- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,  
Supports me when I die;  
And hence ten thousand saints receive  
Their all as well as I.

- 4 How full must be the springs from whence  
Such various streams proceed!  
The pasture cannot but be rich,  
On which so many feed.

HYMN 40. S. M. Part II. *Watchman.*

*Salvation by Grace from the first to the last,*  
Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps *that* grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- [3 Grace first inscrib'd my name  
In God's eternal book:  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- [5 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.]
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Windham.*

*The sinner weighed and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

- I **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—  
Behold God's balance lifted high!  
There shall his justice be display'd,  
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw:

Wouldst thou the awful test sustain?  
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

- 3 Behold, the hand of God appears  
To trace in dreadful characters;  
"Sinner—thy soul is wanting found,  
Alas!—thy God shall smite thee to the ground."
- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unnerve;  
Let horror change thy guilty face;  
Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail;—  
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale;  
Still doth the gospel publish peace,  
And show a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy power to save;  
Deep on the heart these truths engrave,  
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,  
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

*Doddridge.*

HYMN 42. C. M. *Spencer.*

*God glorious and Sinners saved. Isaiah xliv. 23.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 [Part of thy name divinely stands  
On all thy creatures writ;  
They show the labor of thine hands,  
Or impress of thy feet.]
- 3 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms,
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—  
We love, and we adore!  
The first archangel never saw  
So much of God before.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.



- 6 Oh, may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song!  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.—*Watts.*

Hymn 43. C. M. *Eastport. Carinth.*

*Salvation*

- 1 **S**ALVATION!—Oh, melodious sound,  
 To wretched dying men!  
 Salvation that from God proceeds,  
 And leads to God again.
- 2 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,  
 Sinful and weak as mine,  
 Presume to raise a trembling eye  
 To blessings so divine?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss  
 My feeble heart o'erbears;  
 And unbelief almost perverts  
 The promise into tears.
- 4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine,  
 These dying hopes can raise:  
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
 And turn my prayer to praise.

HYMN 44. *Danvers.*

*The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinners wandering eye:  
 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem:  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark foreboding cease:  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.  
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

*H. K. White.*

HYMN 45. 8s. 7s. *Crockett*

*The Jubilee.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the Jubilee is sounding,  
 O the joyful news is come;  
 Free salvation is proclaimed,  
 In and through God's only Son,  
 Now we have an invitation  
 To the meek and lowly Lamb.  
 Glory, honor and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.
- 2 Come ye sinners, don't neglect it,  
 Come to Jesus in your prime;  
 Great salvation, don't reject it,  
 O receive it—now's your time:  
 Now the Saviour is beginning  
 To revive his work again.
- 3 Now let each one cease from sinning,  
 Come and follow Christ, the way;  
 We shall all receive a blessing,  
 If we come without delay.  
 Golden moments we've neglected,  
 O, the time we've spent in vain!
- 4 Let us run our race with patience,  
 Looking unto Christ the Lord;  
 For his throne shall stand forever,  
 And his name shall be adored;  
 He is worthy to be praised,  
 He is our exalted King.
- 5 Zion's children, praise your Jesus,  
 Praise him, praise him evermore;  
 May his love and grace constrain us  
 To rejoice and to adore:

Oh, then let us join together  
Crowns of glory to obtain.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Augusta.*

*Invitation to Sinners.*

- 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found and peace is given;  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot our every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound;  
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God he's found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave;  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,  
In those forgetful realms appear;  
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,  
And hope shall never enter there.
- 6 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound;  
Come sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

*Dwight.*

HYMN 47. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*Christ at the door.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! he stands  
With melting heart and open hands;  
O matchless kindness! and he shows  
That matchless kindness to his foes.

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
He will—the very friend you need:  
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,  
With garments dyed from Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine;  
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.—*Newton.*

HYMN 48. 8, 7, 4. *Fleming.*

*Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1.*

- 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 pow'r:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Come ye thirsty, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify:  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—  
Without money.  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the *fitness* he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him:  
This he gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden;  
On the ground your Maker lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
"It is finish'd!"  
Sinners, will not *this* suffice?

- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood:  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 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.

## INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Patmos.*

*Let the wicked forsake his ways, &c. Isaiah lv. 7.*

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;  
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;  
 He calls you by his sovereign word,  
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
 You live devoid of peace;  
 A thousand stings within your breast  
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;  
 Why will you persevere?  
 Can you in endless torments dwell,  
 Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
 Of sin and folly go?  
 In pain you travel all your days,  
 To reap immortal woe!
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,  
 Through his abounding grace:  
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,  
 Of those that seek his face.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;  
 He pardons like a God;  
 He will forgive your numerous faults,  
 Through a Redeemer's blood.—*Fawcett.*

HYMN 50. L. M. *Augusta.**Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.*

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

HYMN 51. *Zebulon.**Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,  
 Immerg'd in sin and woe,  
 The Gospel's voice attend,  
 While Jesus sends to you:  
 Ye perishing and guilty come,  
 In Jesus' 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, sinners, 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 Compell'd by bleeding love,  
Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near;  
Christ calls you from above,  
His charming accents hear!  
Let whosoever will, now come:  
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 52. C. M. *Topsham.*

*The Saviour's Invitation.* John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow:  
And life, and health, and bliss impart  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise  
To ease your ev'ry pain:  
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)  
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice,  
The gracious call obey:  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys—  
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts;  
And drink, and never die.—*Steele.*

HYMN 53. L. M. *Talbot.*

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

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
How shall I stand the trying day?

- He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,  
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty—  
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
He comes to set thy spirit free;  
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

*Fawcett*

HYMN 54. 11s. *Portuguese Hymn.*

*Exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Pet. 1. 4.*

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;  
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;



The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,  
*I will not, I will not*, desert to his foes;  
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,  
*I'll never, no never, no never forsake!*"

HYMN 55. 8, 7, 4. *Fleming.*

*Sinners invited to hear.*

1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence—Oh, how tender!  
Every line is full of love;  
Listen to it—  
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,  
News from Zion's king proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,  
Free forgiveness in his name."  
How important!  
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
And with news of consolation,  
Chase away the falling tears!  
Tender heralds—  
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,  
Callous hearers of the word,  
While the messengers address you,  
Take the warnings they afford;  
We entreat you,  
Take the warnings they afford;

5 Who hath our report believed?  
Who receiv'd the joyful word?  
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,  
Offer'd to you by the Lord?  
Can you slight it—  
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
 Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay:  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.—*Allen.*

HYMN 56. C. M. *Eastport.*

*Sinners invited.*

- 1 **N**OW is the time, th' accepted hour,  
 O sinners, come away;  
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,  
 Arise without delay.
- 2 Oh! don't refuse to give him room,  
 Lest mercy should withdraw;  
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come,  
 To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,  
 If destitute of grace,  
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,  
 And stand before his face?
- 4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,  
 How would you wish to fly  
 To the dark shades of endless night,  
 From that all-searching eye?
- 5 The dead awak'd must all appear,  
 And you among them stand,  
 Before the great impartial bar,  
 Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,  
 But lend a list'ning ear;  
 Lest you should meet them all again,  
 When wrapp'd in keen despair.—*Cowper*

HYMN 57. L. M. *Hebron.*

*My Spirit shall not always strive. Gen. vi. 3.*

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,  
 Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul;  
 Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,  
 And leave thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path  
 Of worldliness and vanity,

And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,  
It was the Spirit's gracious call,  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard in time the warning kind:  
That call thou may'st not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
With harden'd, self-destroying man;  
Ye, who persist his love to grieve  
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,  
Thy last accepted time may be;  
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.—*Hydc.*

HYMN 58. 7. *Norwich.*

*Sinner, prepare to meet God.*

1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See his mighty arm is bar'd!  
Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
For his judgment stand prepar'd,  
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee,  
Solid mountains melt like wax,  
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapt in flames?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!  
Soon we must resign our breath,  
And our souls be call'd to pass  
Through the iron gate of death;

- 6 Let us now our day improve,  
 Listen to the gospel voice;  
 Seek the things that are above;  
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.—*Newton.*

## HYMN 59. P. M.

*The promised Saviour.*

- H**ITHER, ye faithful; haste with songs of triumph,  
 To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;  
 To you this day, is born a Prince and Saviour:  
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 2 Oh Jesus! for such wond'rous condescension,  
 Our praise and our reverence are an off'ring meet;  
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us,  
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;  
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,  
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

## HYMN 60. P. M.

*The sinner warned.*

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner! stop and think  
 Before you farther go!  
 Will you sport upon the brink  
 Of everlasting wo?  
 Once again, I charge you, stop!  
 For unless you warning take,  
 Ere you are aware, you drop  
 Into the burning lake!
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
 That you his will oppose?  
 Fear you not that iron rod  
 With which he breaks his foes?  
 Can you stand in that dread day,  
 When he judgment shall proclaim,  
 And the earth shall melt away  
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come  
 To drag you to his bar;

- Then to hear your awful doom,  
 Will fill you with despair:  
 All your sins will round you crowd,  
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye;  
 Each for vengeance crying loud;  
 And what can you reply!
- 4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,  
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass:  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 (Tho' they now despise his grace,)  
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face.
- 5 But as yet there is a hope  
 You may his mercy know;  
 Tho' his arm is lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow:  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
 Sinners he invites to come;  
 None who come shall be deny'd,  
 He says, "There still is room."

HYMN 61. L. M. *Windham.*

*Address to Sinners.*

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?  
 Why in such fearful haste to die?  
 Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,  
 Regardless of thy destiny?
- 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,  
 Led on by sin's delusive dreams?  
 Madly despise the Saviour's blood,  
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner, O lift thy thoughts above,  
 And hear the Lord of life unfold  
 The glories of his dying love—  
 For ever telling, yet untold!

HYMN 62. 8s. *Northfield.*

*Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?  
 How shall I his beauties declare?

- O how shall I speak of his worth,  
Or what his chief dignities are?
- 2 His angels can never express,  
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,  
How rich are his treasures of grace;  
O no! 'tis a myst'ry unknown.
- 3 In him all the fulness of God,  
For ever transcendentally shines;  
The Father's anointed he stood,  
To finish his glorious designs.
- 4 Tho' once he was nailed to the cross,  
Vile rebels like me to set free,  
His glory sustained no loss;  
Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 5 O sinner, believe and adore  
The Saviour so rich to redeem!  
No creature can ever explore  
The treasures of goodness in him.
- 6 He, riches has ever in store;  
And treasures that never can waste;  
Here's pardon—here's grace, yea, and more;  
Here's glory eternal at last.—*Maxwell.*
- 

## CHRIST.

HYMN 63. 7s. *Grant.**Rejoicing in hope.*

- 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 trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye mourning souls be glad!  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
Soon you'll enter into rest,

There your seat is now prepar'd,  
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ our Father's Son,  
Bids us undismay'd go on.

6 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 64. C. M. *Devizes.*

*The Incarnation of Christ.* Luke ii. 14.

1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung, and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky  
Th' impetuous torrent ran;  
And angels flew with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song;  
Good-will and peace, are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 [O for a glance of heavenly love,  
Our hearts and songs to raise,  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with their lays!]

7 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high!  
Good-will and peace are now complete;  
Jesus was born to die."

- 8 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,  
 Redeemer, brother, friend!  
 Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.—*Medley.*

HYMN 65. C. M. *Spencer.*

*The Incarnation. John. i. 14.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song  
 To our incarnate Lord;  
 Let every heart, and every tongue,  
 Adore th' eternal word.
- 2 That awful word, that sovereign power,  
 By whom the worlds were made,  
 (O happy morn, illustrious hour!)  
 Was once in flesh array'd!
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love  
 In all their glorious forms,  
 When Jesus left his throne above  
 To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,  
 The Saviour left the skies;  
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,  
 That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,  
 To hail the joyful day;  
 With rapture then, let mortal tongues  
 Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!  
 With wonder we adore;  
 But could we sing as angels do,  
 Our highest praise were poor.—*Steele.*

HYMN 66. C. M. *Albany.*

*The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
 'The Saviour promis'd long!  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit largely pour'd,  
 Exerts his sacred fire;  
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.



- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held:  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,  
 To clear the mental ray;  
 And, on the eyes oppress'd with night;  
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure;  
 And, with the treasures of his grace,  
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring,  
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN 67. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*The Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of  
 Christ. Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.*

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,  
 That brightest monument of praise,  
 That e'er the God of love design'd,  
 Employs and fills my laboring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,  
 A burden for an angel's tongue:  
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
 He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love!—  
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
 Puts off the beams of bright array,  
 And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,  
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:  
 The Prince of Life resigns his breath.  
 The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his power!—  
 He triumphs in his dying hour;  
 And, while by Satan's rage he fell,  
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,  
 And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood:

Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.—*Watts.*

HYMN 68. C. M. *Stow.*

*The Kingdom of Christ Phil iv. 4.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King;  
Your God and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns—  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purg'd our stains.  
He took his seat above:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
The keys of death and hell,  
Are to our Jesus giv'n;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And ev'ry bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy;  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,—  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 69. L. M. *Farnsworth.*

*The Intercession of Christ. Heb. viii. 25.*

- 1 **H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!  
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice armed with frowns appears;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face,  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black deprecating thoughts  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise,  
And guilt recedes and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—  
On him our humble hopes depend:  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.—*Steele.*

HYMN 70. C. M. *Dedham.*

*Christ's Intercession prevalent.* John xvii. 24.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude! and sing  
Th' ascended Saviour's love:  
Sing how he lives to carry on  
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up  
His humble suit below;  
But with authority he asks,  
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that comes to God by him,  
Salvation he demands;  
Points to their names upon his breast,  
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
Gives sanction to his claim:  
"Father, I will that all my saints  
Be with me where I am:
- 5 "By their salvation, recompense  
The sorrows I endur'd;  
Just to the merits of thy Son,  
And faithful to thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at his request  
To ev'ry saint is giv'n:

Safety below, and after death,  
The plenitude of heav'n.—*Toplady.*

HYMN. 71. C. M. *Litchfield.*

*Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate.* Ex. xxviii. 29.

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

HYMN 72. L. M. *Talbot.*

*Friend.*

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,  
I have a rich almighty friend;  
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name:  
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;  
And, by his power, my foes controll'd;  
He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies:  
Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

## PAUSE.

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

- 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;  
And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
To think of my perverse returns:—  
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,  
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;  
And often Satan's lies believe  
Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 6 [He bids me always freely come,  
And promises whate'er I ask:  
But I am straighten'd, cold, and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.  
Before the world, that hates his cause,  
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;  
Loth to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name.]
- 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,  
I could not thus my friend requite!  
And were not he the God of grace,  
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

*Newton.*

HYMN 73. C. M. *Coronation.**The Spiritual Coronation.*

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord, did call;  
The God incarnate! Man Divine!  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget,  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 "O, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all."—*Duncan.*

HYMN 74. L. M. *Hebron.*

*Life of the Soul.* John. xiv. 19.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
And can my hope—my comfort die,  
Fix'd on thy everlasting word;  
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure;  
His word a firm foundation gives;  
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;  
Immoveable the promise stands;  
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!  
If Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine.—*Steele.*

HYMN 75. 8, 7. *Greenville.*

*Light.* Isaiah ix. 2.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling,  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come! and thy dear self revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath:

The new heav'n's and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness risel  
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature!  
 Pouring day upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart:  
 Come, and manifest the favor  
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race;  
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!  
 Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild pacific Prince!  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burden'd soul release;  
 By the influence of thy Spirit,  
 Guide us into perfect peace.

HYMN 76. C. M. *Topsham.*

*Our Righteousness.* Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divinest we know thy name,  
 And in that name we trust;  
 Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,  
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,  
 And low in dust we lie,  
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm  
 To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day  
 Might plunge us in despair;  
 Yet all the crimes of num'rous years  
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,  
 Shall deck us all around;  
 Nor by the piercing eye of God,  
 One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,  
 To sinners now are giv'n;

Israel and Judah, soon shall change  
Their wilderness for heav'n.

- 6 With joy we taste that manna now,  
Thy mercy scatters down;  
We seal our humble vows to thee,  
And wait the promis'd crown.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 77. L. M. *Brentford.*

*Saviour—the only One. Acts iv. 12.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 dubious road.
- 2 Nor other name will heav'n approve:  
Thou art the true, the living way,  
Ordain'd by everlasting love,  
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,  
Nor from the heavenly path depart;  
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!  
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,  
And bring us to the blissful plains,—  
The regions of unclouded light,  
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.—*Steele.*

HYMN 78. S. M. *Inverness.*

*Christ, my Shepherd.*

- 1 **W**HILE my Redeemer's near,  
My Shepherd and my Guide;  
I bid farewell to anxious fear,  
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,  
Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand indulgent leads,  
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene  
Cool waters gently roll,



- Transparent, sweet, and all serene,  
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my Spirit rest;  
How sweet a lot is mine!  
With pleasure, food, and safety, blest;  
Benevolence divine!
- 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore;  
To thy fair pastures guide my way,  
And let me rove no more.
- 6 Unworthy as I am  
Of thy protecting care,  
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,  
For all my hopes are there.—*Steele.*

HYMN 79. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Way to Canaan.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heav'n 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 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The king's high-way of holiness,  
I'll go: for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief, and burden, long has been  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am:  
My sinful self to thee I give!  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 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!"—*Gennick.*

HYMN 80. C. P. M. *Somerville.**Way, Truth, and Life.* John. xiv. 6.

1 THERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,  
 Or solid joy, or lasting peace,  
 But Christ, th' appointed road:  
 Oh, may we tread the sacred *Way!*  
 By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,  
 Till we sit down with God!

2 The types and shadows of the word  
 Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,  
 The Saviour just and *true:*  
 Oh, may we all his word believe!  
 And all his promises receive,  
 And all his precepts do.

3 As he above for ever lives,  
 And *Life* to dying sinners gives,  
 Eternal and divine:  
 Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!  
 Then—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell—  
 Eternal life is mine.

HYMN 81. C. M. *Marlow.**All in All.*

1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside  
 No comeliness I see;  
 The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
 Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love.  
 Into my soul convey:  
 Thyself bestow! for thee alone,  
 My ALL IN ALL I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice  
 My comfort to restore:  
 More than thyself I cannot crave;  
 And thou canst give no more.

4 Lov'd of my God, for him again,  
 With love intense I'll burn:  
 Chosen of thee, e'er time began,  
 I'd choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
 O teach me to resign:

I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,  
If thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN 82. S. M. *Stonington*

*The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed  
By the Redeemer's grace!  
A rough and thorny path we tread,  
In hopes to see his face.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,  
But faith approves it well;  
This only leads to endless day;  
All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promis'd land of peace,  
Faith keeps in constant view;  
How diff'rent from the wilderness,  
We now are passing through!
- 4 Here often from our eyes  
Clouds hide the light divine;  
There we shall have unclouded skies,  
Our sun shall always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,  
And fears, distress us sore:  
But there eternal pleasure reigns,  
And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints,  
We follow at thy call:  
The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints,  
Will make amends for all.

HYMN. 83. C. M. *Ashfield*

*It is Finished.*

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd! so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head and died;  
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said  
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
In me, the Saviour or mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan  
Shall sins of every kind atone

Millions shall be redeem'd from death,  
By this my last expiring breath.

- 4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,  
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;  
Peace, love, and happiness again,  
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 So great, so vast a sacrifice,  
May well my hope revive;  
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The sinner sure may live.—*Stennett.*

HYMN 84. 11. 8. Part I. *Oakham.*

*Description of Christ.*

- 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence  
My soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call,  
My comfort by day,  
And my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide  
Resort with thy sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
For why in the valley  
Of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander  
An alien from thee,  
And cry in the desert for bread:  
Thy foes will rejoice,  
When my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion,  
Declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say, if in your tents  
My Beloved has been,  
And where with his flocks he is gone?
- 5 This is my Beloved,  
His form is divine,  
His vestments shed odors around;  
The locks on his head  
Are as grapes on the vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon,  
 The lilies that grow,  
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams,  
 On his cheek, in the beauty  
 Of excellence blow—  
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

HYMN 85. 11. 8. Part II. *Oakham.*

*Description of Christ.*

- 1 **H**IS voice, as the sound  
 Of the dulcimer sweet,  
 Is heard through the shadow of death,  
 The cedars of Lebanon  
 Bow at his feet,  
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.
- 2 His lips as a fountain  
 Of righteousness flow,  
 That waters the garden of grace,  
 From which their salvation  
 The Gentiles shall know,  
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 3 Love sits in his eye-lids,  
 And scatters delight  
 Thro' all the bright mansions on high:  
 Their faces the cherubims  
 Veil in his sight,  
 And tremble with fulness of joy.
- 4 He looks, and ten thousand  
 Of angels rejoice,  
 And myriads wait for his word;  
 He speaks, and eternity  
 Fill'd with his voice,  
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 5 His vestment of righteousness,  
 Who shall describe?  
 Its purity, words would defile;  
 The heav'ns from his presence  
 Fresh beauties imbibe,  
 And earth is made rich by his smile.
- 6 Such is my beloved,  
 In excellence bright,  
 When pleas'd he looks down from above,

Like the morn when he breathes  
From the chambers of light,  
And comforts his people with love.

HYMN 86. C. M. Part III. *Oakham.*

*Description of Christ.*

- 1 **B**UT when arm'd with vengeance,  
In terror he comes,  
The nations rebellious to tame,  
The reigns of omnipotent  
Power he assumes,  
And rides in a chariot of flame.
- 2 A two-edged sword  
From his mouth issues forth,  
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes,  
He speaks, and black tempests  
Are seen in the north,  
And storms from their caverns arise.
- 3 Ten thousand destructions,  
That wait for his word,  
And ride on the wings of his breath,  
Fly swift as the wind  
At the nod of their Lord,  
And deal out the arrows of death.
- 4 His cloud-bursting thunders  
Their voices resound,  
Through all the vast regions on high;  
'Till from the deep centre  
Loud echoes shall rebound,  
And meet the quick flame in the sky;
- 5 The portals of heav'n  
At his bidding obey,  
And expand ere his banner appears  
Earth trembles beneath,  
'Till her mountains give way,  
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
- 6 When he walks on the clouds,  
As the dust of his feet,  
And grasps the big storm in his hand,  
What eye, the fierce glance  
Of his anger shall meet,  
Or who in his presence shall stan'?

HYMN 87. 8s. *Northampton.**Longing for Christ,*

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see;  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
 Have lost all their sweetness to me;  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 But when I am happy in him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice;  
 His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice:  
 I should were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind:  
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace, a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say, why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul cheering presence restore:  
 Or take me to thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 88. C. M. *Dedham.**Lord, remember me.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend,  
 As such I look to thee;  
 Now in the bowels of thy love,  
 Oh, Lord! remember me.

- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne.  
Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,  
Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then, oh, my great Redeemer, God,  
I pray, remember me.

HYMN 89. 11s, 4s, & 7s. *Welton.*

*If lifes pleasures charm thee.*

- 1 **I**F life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy  
heart,  
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;  
His favor seek, his praises speak,  
Fix here thy hope's foundation;  
Serve him, and he will ever be  
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,  
Let not grief appal thee; to thy Saviour flee:  
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,  
And calm thy perturbation:  
The waves of wo, shall ne'er o'erflow  
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,  
Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely bless;  
To Jesus flee; thy prop he'll be,  
Thy heavenly consolation:  
For griefs below, cannot o'erthrow  
The Rock of thy salvation



- 4 Dangers may approach thee—let them not alarm;  
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from  
 harm;  
 He near thee stands, with mighty hands,  
 To ward off each temptation;  
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,  
 The Rock of thy salvation.
- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his  
 blow,  
 For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow;  
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,  
 The grave, no desolation:  
 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,  
 The Rock of thy salvation.

HYMN 90. L. M. *Ward.*

*The Leadings of the Spirit.* Rom. viii. 14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,  
 With light and comfort from above;  
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!  
 O'er every thought and step preside,
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
 From every sin and hurtful snare;  
 Lead to thy word that rules must give,  
 And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose the way;  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 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.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
 In his enjoyment to be blest;  
 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 91. L. M. *Augusta.*

*The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.*

- 1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,  
 What soul-refreshing streams are thine!

Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fail, and die.

- 2 No traveler through desert lands,  
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,  
More needs the current to obtain,  
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,  
Through all the desert gently glide;  
Then in Immanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love!—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 92. S. M. *Olmutz.*

*Prayer to God, the Spirit.* John xiv. 26.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise:  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith;  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—  
To sanctify the soul—  
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,  
And new-create the whole.—*Hart.*

## FAITH.

HYMN 93. S. M. *Dover.*

*Faith.*

- 1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestowed!  
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 To him it leads the soul,  
 When fill'd with deep distress;  
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since, 'tis thy work alone,  
 And that divinely free;  
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son  
 To work this faith in me!—*Beddome.*

HYMN 94. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Confidence in the Saviour.*

- 1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul gave way,  
 To see the work of God decline,  
 Methought I heard the Saviour say—  
 "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
- 2 "Though for a time I hide my face,  
 Rely upon my love and pow'r:  
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,  
 And wait for a reviving hour.
- 3 "Take down thy long neglected harp,  
 I've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r.  
 The winter season has been sharp,  
 But spring shall all its wastes repair."
- 4 Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive;  
 Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;  
 Our foes in vain against us strive,  
 For God will help, and triumph bring.

HYMN 95. 8s. *Northampton,**Faith Triumphant.*

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,—  
 Of covenant mercy I sing,  
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
 My person and offerings to bring:  
 The terrors of law and of God  
 With me can have nothing to do,  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,  
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
 The arm of his strength will complete;  
 His promise is Yea and Amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet:  
 Things future, nor things that are now,—  
 Not all things below nor above,  
 Can make him his purpose forego,  
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name, from the palms of his hands,  
 Eternity will not erase;  
 Impress'd on his heart, it remains  
 In marks of indellible grace.  
 Yes! I to the end shall endure,  
 As sure as the earnest is given;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorify'd spirits in heaven.

HYMN 96. S. M. *Olmutz.*

*Weak Believers Encouraged.*

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
 Down from the willows take;  
 Loue, to the praise of Christ our Lord,  
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
 We are not far from home;  
 And nearer to our house above  
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace, shall to the end,  
 Stronger and brighter shine;  
 Nor present things, nor things to come,  
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,  
 When we shall clearly see  
 Not only that he shed his blood,  
 But each shall say, "for me."
- 5 Tarry his leisure, then;  
 Wait, the appointed hour;  
 Wait, till the bridegroom of your souls,  
 Reveal his love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God!  
 That stays himself on thee!  
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!  
 Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 97, L. M. *Duke Street.**Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16*

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence  
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n;  
 New works can give us no pretence  
 To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done,  
 Can make a wounded conscience whole:  
 Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,  
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul:
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word!  
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd:  
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,  
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its pow'r display!  
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;  
 Save me in thine appointed way,  
 Nor let my humble faith be vain!—*Watts.*

HYMN 98. C. M. *Putney.**Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi, 13.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
 On flowery beds of ease;  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face;  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord!  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer though they die:  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine,  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.—*Watts.*

HYMN 99. S. M. *Southfield.*

*Rejoicing in the Ways of God. Ps. cxxxviii. 5.*

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join  
 To form a sacred song;  
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,  
 How open and how fair!  
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;  
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
 In rich profusion spring;  
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,  
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires  
 In beauteous prospect rise;  
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
 Which sparkle through the skies
- 5 All honor to his name,  
 Who marks the shining way!  
 To him who leads the wanderers on,  
 To realms of endless day!

HYMN 100. C. M. *Spencer.*

*Knowledge at present Imperfect. 1. Cor. xviii. 9.*

- 1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea,  
 Thy paths I cannot trace;  
 Nor comprehend the mystery  
 Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
 My captive soul surround,  
 Mysterious deeps of Providence,  
 My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand  
 My earthly hopes destroy;—  
 In deep astonishment I stand,  
 And ask the reason, why?

- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love;  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;  
I bless thee for the sight:  
When will thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace;  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.—*Fawcett.*

HYMN 101. 5s, 6s, & 9s. *Rowley.*

*How happy are they.*

- 1 **H**OW happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace,  
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine,  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heav'n in Jesus's name
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know;  
The angels could do nothing more,  
Than fall down at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
O, that all his salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffer'd and died,  
To redeem a poor rebel like me.
- 5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!

Of my Saviour possess,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

HYMN 102. 8s. & 7s. *Worthing.*  
*Bartimeus.*

- 1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"  
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;  
"Others by thy word are saved,  
"Now to me afford thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,  
But he call'd the louder still:  
Till the gracious Saviour bid him  
"Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,  
Though by begging used to live;  
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted  
Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
Let my eyes behold the day!"  
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,  
Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,  
Publishing to all around;  
"Friends, is not my case amazing?  
What a Saviour I have found!"
- 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,  
And would be advised by me!  
Sorely they would hasten to him,  
He would cause them all to see."

## LOVE.

HYMN 103. C. M. *Arlington.*  
*Delight in God.* Psalm. xxxvii. 4.

- 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 dry'd,  
Thy fulness is the same;



- May I with this be satisfy'd,  
And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Who 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 credit 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.—*Ryland.*

HYMN 104. 7s. *Norwich.**Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.*

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought—  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse  
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain;  
Prayer a task and burthen prove;  
Every trifle give me pain;  
If I knew a Saviour's love?]
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin;—  
Can I deem myself a child?—

- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
 You that love the Lord indeed,  
 Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
 Find my sin a grief and thrall:  
 Should I grieve for what I feel,  
 If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet;  
 Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;  
 Find, at times the promise sweet;  
 If I did not love the Lord?]
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!  
 Thou, who art thy peoples' sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray!  
 If I have not lov'd before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.—*Newton.*

HYMN 105. 8s. *Northampton.*

*Supreme Love to Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!  
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
 And join with the armies above,  
 To shout his adorable name:  
 To gaze on his glories divine,  
 Shall be my eternal employ,  
 And feel them incessantly shine,  
 My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,  
 My soul from the confines of hell,  
 To live on the smiles of my God,  
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;  
 To shine with the angels of light;  
 With saints, and with seraphs to sing;  
 To view, with eternal delight,  
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,  
 A darksome and restless abode!  
 Molested with foes on each side,  
 And longing to dwell with my God:

Oh, when shall my spirit exchange  
 This cell of corruptible clay,  
 For mansions celestial, and range  
 Through realms of ineffable day!—*Francis*

HYMN 106. 8s. *Northampton.*

*Supreme Love to Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y glorious Redeemer! I long  
 To see thee descend on the cloud,  
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,  
 And mix with the triumphing crowd:  
 Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
 To join in thy praises above,  
 To gaze on thee, world without end,  
 And feast on thy ravishing love?
- 2 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,  
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,  
 Shall ever molest me again,  
 Perfection of glory reigns there:  
 This soul and this body shall shine  
 In robes of salvation and praise,  
 And banquet on pleasures divine,  
 Where God, his full beauty displays.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
 And pass in a moment away:  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
 My joy everlastingly flows,—  
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.—*Francis.*

HYMN 107. S. M *Olney*

*Love to the Brethren.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love!  
 The fellowship of kindred minds,  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent prayers:  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—  
 Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear:  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free:  
And perfect love and friendship reign,  
Through all eternity.—*Fawcett.*

HYMN 108. 7s. *Grant.*

*Lovest thou Me?* John xxi. 16.

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

Yet I love thee, and adore,  
O for grace to love thee more!—*Cowper.*

HYMN 109. L. M. *Tatnal.*

*The Hope of the Believer.*

- 1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see  
The saints in full prosperity;  
To see the bright, the glitt'ring bride,  
Close seated by her Saviour's side.  
Hallelujah.
- 2 O may I find some humble seat,  
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;  
A servant as before I've been,  
And sing salvation to my king.  
Hallelujah.
- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die,  
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to new Jerusalem.  
Hallelujah.
- 4 I'll praise my maker while I've breath,  
I hope to praise him after death,  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.  
Hallelujah.
- 5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;  
Sweet angels beckon me away,  
To sing God's praise in endless day.  
Hallelujah.
- 6 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
Awake ye nations under ground:  
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.  
Hallelujah.
- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,  
And praise him in his bright abode;  
My theme through all eternity,  
Shall glory, glory, glory be.  
Hallelujah.

HYMN 110. C. M. *Bolton.**Pleasures of Christian Love.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word:—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part:  
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart:—
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds  
His bosom glow with love.—*Swain.*

HYMN 111. L. M. *Wayne.**The Happy Choice.*

- 1 **O**H, happy day, that fix'd my choice,  
On thee my Saviour, and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,  
While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—  
Here have I found a nobler part,  
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

- 5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear:  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.
- 

## MEEKNESS.

HYMN 112. S. M. *Lockport.*

*The Meek beautified with Salvation. Ps. cxlix. 4*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, rejoice,  
And cheerful praises sing!  
Wake all your harmony of voice;  
For Jesus is your king.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,  
Whom here your souls have known,  
Pledges the honor of his word,  
T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,  
For which his blood was paid!  
How beauteous shall your souls appear,  
Thus sumptuously array'd!
- 4 Sing! for the day is nigh,  
When near your Saviour's seat,  
The tallest sons of pride shall lie  
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,  
And all thy saints confess,  
The royal robes, in which they shine,  
Were wrought by sovereign grace.
- Doddridge.*
- 

## REPENTANCE.

HYMN 113. C. M. *Patmos.*

*God hath commanded all Men, every where to  
Repent. Acts xvii. 30.*

- 1 "**R**EPENT!" the voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay:  
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies;  
And meets a fiery day.

- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God,  
O'erlooks the crimes of men;  
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess;  
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, e'er the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar:  
For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love! that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days!  
Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 114. C. M. *Eastport.*

*The Penitent.*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upwards to the mercy seat,  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm!
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice,  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears but those which thou hast shed;—  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.—*Stennett.*



HYMN 115. C. M. *Albany.**Penitence and Hope.*

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! when my thoughts recal,  
 The wonders of thy grace,  
 Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,  
 And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?  
 Ah! vile ungrateful heart!  
 By earth's low cares detain'd—betray'd  
 From Jesus to depart.—
- 3 From Jesus,—who alone can give  
 True pleasure, peace and rest:  
 When absent from my Lord, I live  
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- 4 But he for his own mercy's sake,  
 My wandering soul restores:  
 He bids the mourning heart partake  
 The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
 The penitential sigh,  
 Confirm the kind forgiving word,  
 With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet  
 Rejoice to seek thy face;  
 And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
 Thy condescending grace.—*Steele.*

HYMN 116. C. M. *Lebanon.**Anxious Inquiry.*

- 1 **M**Y conscious guilt is now so great,  
 If I attempt to pray,  
 The tempter tells me yet to wait,  
 Or frights my soul away.
- 2 In painful doubt what course to try,—  
 I fear this long delay,—  
 And must I linger here and die,  
 Asham'd to ask the way?
- 3 Ye Christian pilgrims, can ye tell  
 A stranger to the road,  
 The way that leads to Zion's hill,  
 To find a pard'ning God?

HYMN 117. L. M. *Sunderland.*

*The Christian awakened—"What must I do to be saved?" Acts ix. 6.*

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries;  
What shall I do, or whither flee,  
T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;  
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;  
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
"I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.
- 3 But when, Great God! thy light divine,  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth, and growing years!  
Before thy pure discerning eye,  
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
Death and destruction are my due;  
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
Salvation free in Jesus' name?  
To him I look and humbly cry,  
"O save a wretch condemned to die!"

*Fawcett.*

HYMN 118. 8s. 7s. *Sicilian Hymn.*

*Supplicating—Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Let me know thy great salvation:  
See! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, oh, send me quick relief!

- 3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?]
- 4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless on the cursed tree,  
Fain I'd feel my heart believing,  
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.]
- 5 With thy righteousness and Spirit,  
I am more than angels blest;  
Heir with thee, all things inherit,  
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing,  
I should be a wretch undone;  
Search through heaven, the land of blessing,  
Seeking good, and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me!  
My soul cleaveth to the dust;  
Send the comforter to cheer me;  
Lol in thee I put my trust.
- 8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,  
Hangs my everlasting all;  
Let thy arm be now revealed:  
Stay! oh stay me lest I fall!—*Turner*

HYMN 119. C. M. *Corwen.**Affliction Sanctified.*

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,  
In mercy oft are sent,  
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt,  
When famine pinched him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,  
"But hunger, shame and fear?  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face,

- Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;  
Then threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child,
- 6 "Father I've sinn'd, but O! forgive,"—  
"Enough," the father said,  
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
Go spread the news around,  
My son was dead, but lives again;  
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Marlow.*

*Looking at the Cross.*

- 1 **I**N evil, long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame and fear;  
Till a new object struck my sight;  
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies of blood;  
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath,  
Shall I forget that look,  
He seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins, his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there,
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
For I the Lord have slain.

- 6 A second look he gave which said,  
I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou may'st live.
- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,  
My spirit now was fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 121. L. M. *Ward.*

*The Sinners Return to Christ.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injur'd Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live,  
Go to his bleeding feet and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## CONFIDENCE.

HYMN 122. C. M. *Spencer.*

*It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good.*  
1 Sam. iii. 13.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,  
Whose claims are all divine;  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will,  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all  
My wealth, my friends, my ease;  
And of his bounties, may recal  
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load;  
From whom, assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Spencer.*

*It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good.*  
1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 **I**T is the Lord—whose matchless skill,  
Can from afflictions raise,  
Matter eternity to fill  
With ever-growing praise.

2 It is the Lord—my cov'nant God,  
Thrice blessed be his name!  
Whose gracious promise seal'd with blood  
Must ever be the same.

3 His covenant will my soul defend,  
Should nature's self expire,  
And the great Judge of All descend  
In awful flames of fire!

4 And can my soul with hopes like these,  
Be sullen or repine?  
No, gracious God! take what thou please,  
To thee I all resign,

HYMN 124. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*Trust and Confidence; or, Looking beyond present  
Appearances.* Heb, iii. 17, 18.

1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear;  
Let fear in me no more take place;  
My Saviour doth not yet appear;  
He hides the brightness of his face:  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!  
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil.

The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
 The field illude the tiller's toil—  
 The empty stall no herd afford—  
 And perish all the bleating race;  
 Yet, I will triumph in the Lord!—  
 The God of my salvation praise!

3 Away, each unbelieveing fear!  
 Let fear to cheering hope give place;  
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,  
 And show the brightness of his face;  
 Though now my prospects all be cross'd,  
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
 And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope—believing against hope—  
 His promis'd mercy will I claim;  
 His gracious word shall bear me up  
 To seek salvation in his name;  
*Soon* my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world and sin behind

HYMN 125. 7s. *Grant.*

*Sin Bewailed.*

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;  
 Lord! remove this load of sin!  
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast;  
 There thy sov'reign right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

4 Shew me what I have to do,  
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die thy people's death.—*Newton.*

HYMN 126. C. M. *Fulton.**Bearing the Cross.* Mark viii. 38.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,  
And bear the cross for me?  
And shall I fear to own thy name,  
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread  
To suffer shame or loss;  
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,  
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,  
And holy courage bold:  
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,  
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear  
The face of feeble clay?  
Behold thy Saviour ever near,  
Will guard thee in the way."
- 5 Oh, how my soul would rise and run,  
At this reviving word:  
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,  
To follow thee, my Lord.
- 6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,  
And call thee what they will,  
If I may glorify thy name,  
And be thy servant still.—*Kirkham.*

HYMN 127. C. M. *Paxton.**Fear Not.*

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fears;  
Be mercy all your theme:  
Mercy, which like a river, flows  
In one continued stream.
- 2 *Fear not* the pow'rs of earth and hell:  
God will these pow'rs restrain;  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 *Fear not* the want of outward good:  
He will for his provide,  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And all they need beside.



- 4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone;  
He's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,  
Or death's tremendous sting;  
He will from endless wrath preserve—  
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, pow'r and grace,  
May confidently trust;  
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,  
His grace rewards the just.—*Beddome.*

HYMN 123. 11s. *Hinton.*

*I will Trust, and not be Afraid.* Isaiah. xii. 2.

- 1 **B**E GONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear:  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide:  
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
through.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:  
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me, to put me to  
shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain?—he told me no less:  
The heirs of salvation I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might  
live!  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine,  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.  
*Newton.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

HYMN 129. C. P. M. *Sommerville.**The Spiritual Pilgrim.*

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
 How free from anxious care and tho't,  
 From worldly hope and fear!  
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine;  
 Already sav'd from self-design,  
 From ev'ry creature-love—  
 Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,—  
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,  
 And happiness beyond the view  
 Of those who basely pant  
 For things by nature felt and seen:  
 Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own:  
 A stranger to the world unknown,  
 I all their goods despise;  
 I trample on their whole delight,  
 And seek a country out of sight,—  
 A country in the skies.
- 5 There is my house and portion fair;  
 My treasure and my heart are there  
 And my abiding home:  
 For me my elder brethren stay;  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord! replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the skies,

And claim my heav'nly rest:  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end;  
 Now—oh, my Saviour, brother, friend!—  
 Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 130. C. M. *Devizes.*

*Running the Christian Race.* Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigor on:  
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high:  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around,  
 Hold thee in full survey;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour! introduc'd by thee,  
 Have we our race begun;  
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet  
 We'll lay our laurels down.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 131. L. M. *Brewer.*

*The Christian Warfare.* Eph. vi. 13—17.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war!  
 "Awake! the pow'rs of hell are near!  
 "To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry,  
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,  
 I cast my eager eyes around:  
 Make haste to gird my armor on,  
 And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet; faith my shield;  
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;  
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,  
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight;  
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;  
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

- 5 In him I hope; in him I trust;  
His bleeding cross is all my boast;  
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on  
To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

HYMN 132. H. M. *Haddam.*

*The Christian's Spiritual Voyage.*

- 1 JESUS! at thy command  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep:  
For thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;  
My compass is thy word:  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord!  
I trust thy faithfulness, and pow'r  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,  
Through all my passage lie;  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guide me with his eye:  
My anchor hope shall firm abide  
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,—  
The port of endless rest:  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast!  
Oh, may I reach the heav'nly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost! and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
Waft me from all below,  
To heaven my destin'd place!  
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 133. L. M. Part I. *Appleton.*

*The Christian's Temptation moderated, a Proof of  
God's Fidelity. 1 Cor. x. 13.*

- 1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,  
And make Jehovah's arm their song,

- His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint,  
And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage  
With mingled cruelty and rage!  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display  
A strength proportion'd to our day:  
And when united trials meet,  
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,  
Which Jesus ratify'd with blood:  
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;  
And still in him, let Israel trust.—*Doddridge*

HYMN 134. C. M. *Carinth.**Troubled, but making God a Refuge.*

- 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee when sorrows rise,  
On thee when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee  
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 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?
- 6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace,  
Attends the mourner's pray'r;  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there!

- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
 Here let my soul retreat;  
 With humble hope attend thy will,  
 And wait beneath thy feet.—*Steele.*

HYMN 135. C. M. *Litchfield.**The Request.*

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

HYMN 136. C. M. *Blackburn.**Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.*

- 1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise:  
 What snares beset my way!  
 To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,  
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,  
 And melt in flowing tears!  
 My weak resistance, ah! how vain!  
 How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,  
 My feeble efforts aid;  
 Help me to watch, and pray and strive,  
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
 When foes and fears prevail;  
 And bear my fainting spirit up,  
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
 Or lure my feet aside,  
 My God, thy pow'ful aid impart,  
 My guardian and my guide.

- 6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,  
 And bid the tempter flee;  
 And let me never, never stray,  
 From happiness and thee.—*Steele.*

HYMN 137. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he I trust has answer'd pray'r;  
 But it has been in such a way  
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour  
 At once he'd answer my request.  
 And by his love's constraining pow'r,  
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
 The hidden evils of my heart,  
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell  
 Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my woe;  
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd:  
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"  
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,  
 "I answer pray'r for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,  
 "From self and pride to set thee free;  
 "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 "That thou mayst seek thy all in me."  
*Newton.*

HYMN 138. L. M. *Danvers.*

*Rising to God.*

- 1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,  
 Rise from the vanities of time,

Draw back the parting veil and see  
The glories of eternity.

- 6 Born by a new celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth?  
Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heav'ns eternal joys!
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God;  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large,  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;  
And the sweet expectation now,  
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Hebron.*

*Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.*  
Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,  
Far distant from my blissful home;  
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,  
And guard me in this dang'rous way.
- 3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy:  
And sins and snares my peace destroy;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,  
Which leads us to the mount of God?



Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below?

- 6 'Tis even so thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.—*Fawcett.*

HYMN 140. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*A better Country—A Heavenly.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a heav'n above the skies,  
A heav'n where pleasure never dies,  
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,  
But fear again it's not for me.  
*But, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.*
- 2 The way is difficult and strait.  
And narrow is the gospel gate;  
Ten thousand dangers are therein,  
Ten thousand snares to take me in.  
*But Jesus &c*
- 3 I travel through a world of foes,  
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;  
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand.  
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.  
*But Jesus, &c.*
- 4 Come life, come death, come then what will  
His footsteps I will follow still;  
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in his dear arms.  
*O Jesus, &c.*
- 5 Then, oh, my soul, arise and sing,  
Behold thy Saviour, friend, and king,  
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,  
And cries "press on and here's the crown."  
*O Jesus, &c.*
- 6 "Prove faithful then a few more days,  
Fight the good fight and win the race  
And then thy soul with me shall reign,  
Thy head a crown of glory

HYMN 141. 7s. 6s. Part I. *Yarmouth**Christian Travelers.*

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary travelers,  
 And let us join to sing,  
 The everlasting praises  
 Of Jesus Christ our king;  
 We've had a tedious journey,  
 And tiresome, 'tis true;  
 But see how many dangers  
 The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,  
 He call'd us unto him;  
 And pointed out the danger  
 Of falling into sin:  
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
 Will prove a fatal snare,  
 Unless we do reject them,  
 By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,  
 With sorrow we confess,  
 We've had too long to wander  
 In a dark wilderness;  
 Where we might soon have fainted,  
 In that enchanted ground;  
 But now and then a cluster  
 Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 In faith, and hope, and patience,  
 We're now made to rejoice,  
 And Jesus, and his people,  
 Shall ever be our choice;  
 In peace and consolation,  
 We now are going on,  
 The pleasant way to Canaan,  
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

HYMN 142. 7s. 6s. Part II. *Yarmouth.**Christian Travelers.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, why stand ye idle,  
 While we do march along?  
 Has conscience never told you,  
 That you are going wrong,  
 Down the broad road to ruin,  
 To bear an endless curse?

- Forsake your ways of sinning,  
And come along with us.
- 2 But if you will refuse us,  
We'll bid you all farewell;  
We'er on the way to Canaan,  
And you the way to hell;  
We are sorry thus to leave you,  
We'd rather you would go;  
Come try a bleeding Saviour,  
And feel salvation flow.
- 3 O sinner be awaken'd  
To see your dismal state;  
Repent and be converted,  
Before it is too late;  
Turn to the Lord by praying,  
And daily search his word;  
And never rest contented,  
Until you find the Lord.
- 4 Now to the king immortal,  
Be everlasting praise,  
For in his holy service  
We mean to spend our days;  
Till we arrive at Canaan,  
Celestial world above,  
With everlasting praises,  
To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 143. 10s. *Savannah.*

*The Mercy Seat.*

- 1 **C**CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,  
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers  
pray'r;  
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,  
For never needy sinner perished there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,  
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;  
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,  
A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,  
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,  
Beset without, and full of fears within,  
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding place,  
I know no force can tear me from thy side;  
Unmoved I then may all accusers face,  
And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus died."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,  
Well hast thou known what fierce temptations mean:

Such was thy love, and now enthron'd on high,  
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

6 Lord, give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve,  
He shews me what he did, and who he is,  
I must, I will, I can—I do believe.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Dedham.*

*The Mercy Seat.*

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

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

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

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

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

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,  
My promis'd grace receive,"  
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must—I will,  
I can—I do believe.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Dedham.**A Nearness to God.*

- 1 **O**H, could I find from day to day,  
 A nearness to my God:  
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,  
 While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live,  
 Anew from day to day;  
 In joys the world can never give,  
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
 And make me wholly thine,  
 That I may never more depart,  
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore;  
 And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
 My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 146. 7. *Sabbath.**Christ the Refuge of the Christian.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Lo! I helpless, hang on thee:  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Lest I basely shrink and flee:  
 Thou art all my trust and aid,  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 Boundless love in thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile, and full of sin I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee;  
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart,  
 Reign to all eternity.—*Cowper*

HYMN 147. S. M. *Olmutz.*

*The World Unsatisfying.*

- 1 **T**HIS 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,  
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—  
 And all that life is love.

- 3 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
 Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
 Around the second death.

- 4 Lord, God of truth and grace!  
 Teach us that death to shun:—  
 Lest we be driven from thy face,  
 And evermore undone.

HYMN 148. L. M. *Danvers.*

*The New and Living Way.*

- 1 **M**Y God inspire this heart of mine  
 To praise thy name in songs divine;  
 Shed on my soul a heavenly ray,  
 While speaking of the living way

- 2 The way to death with haste I trod,  
 Oppress'd with sin a painful load;  
 But O how happy was that day,  
 When first I found the living way.

- 3 O Jesus, when I view the plan,  
How God descends to dwell with man  
My soul exults to praise and pray,  
Along this new and living way.
- 4 A sinner I confess I am;  
But O, I've found the bleeding Lamb!  
He wash'd my foulest stains away,  
And set me in this living way.
- 5 When in this living way I move,  
I'm filled with sweet seraphic love,  
O how I long to see the day  
When all shall crowd this living way.
- 6 How boundless is the love of God,  
How rich the drops of Jesus' blood;  
Yet O, what thousands go astray!  
And never find this living way.

HYMN 149. 7s. 6s. *Yarmouth.*

*The Saviour Found*

- 1 **H**OW Lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole!  
There is but one physician,  
Can cure a sin-sick soul!—  
The worst of all diseases  
Is light compar'd with sin;  
On ev'ry part it seizes;  
But rages most within.
- 2 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my pain—  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost,  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great Physician—  
How matchless is his grace!  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case—  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatch'd me from the grave;

- To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save.
- 4 A dying, risen JESUS,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves the soul from death—  
Come, then, to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give,  
He makes no hard condition,  
'Tis only—look—and live.

HYMN 150. L. M. *Fulton.*

*Christian Union.*

- 1 OUR souls by love together knit,  
Cemented, mix'd in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.  
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,  
And glow'd with sacred fire,  
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,  
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- 2 The little cloud increases still,  
The heav'ns are big with rain:  
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,  
And wash away our stain;  
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
But pour the mighty flood;  
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,  
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
And sett'st thy starry crown,  
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
Proclaim'd by thee thy own:  
May we, a little band of love,  
We sinners, sav'd by grace,  
From glory, into glory chang'd,  
Behold thee face to face,

HYMN 151. 7s. 6s. *Summer.*

*Longing for Heaven.*

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above;



And from that flowing fountain  
 Drink everlasting love?  
 When shall I be delivered  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus,  
 Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before,  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And bid me not give o'er;  
 And if I hold out faithful,  
 A crown of life he'll give,  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined  
 To conquer, though I die;  
 And then away to Jesus,  
 On wings of love I'll fly.  
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
 I bid you all adieu;  
 And you, my friends, prove faithful  
 And on your way pursue.

4 When'er you meet with troubles  
 And trials on your way,  
 O, cast your care on Jesus,  
 And don't forget to pray.  
 Gird on the gospel armor  
 Of faith, and hope, and love;  
 Then, when the combat's ended,  
 You'll reign with him above.

HYMN 152. L. M. *Appleton.*

*Hard Heart Lamented.*

1 **O**H, for a glance of heav'nly day,  
 To take the stubborn stone away;  
 And thaw, with beams of love divine  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;  
 The sea can roar the mountains shake;  
 Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

- 3 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,  
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,  
 But I can read each moving line,  
 And nothing melts this heart of mine.
- 4 But pow'r divine can do the deed,  
 And much to feel that pow'r I need;—  
 Come Holy Spirit, and refine,  
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

Hart.

## HYMN 153. P. M.

*The way to Zion.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,  
 Where streams of joy forever roll,  
 'Tis there I have my treasure,  
 And there I hope to rest my soul;  
 Long darkness dwelt around me,  
 With scarcely once a cheering ray;  
 But since my Saviour found me,  
 A lamp has shin'd along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger,  
 But 'tis the path that leads to God,  
 And like a faithful soldier,  
 I'll boldly march along the road:  
 Now I must gird my sword on,  
 My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,  
 And fight the hosts of Satan,  
 Until I reach the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on my way to Zion,  
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand:  
 Oh, come along, poor sinners,  
 And see Immanuel's happy land:  
 To all that stay behind me,  
 I bid a long, a long farewell;  
 Come now, or you'll repent it,  
 When you shall reach the gates of hell.
- 4 The vale of tears surrounds me,  
 And Jordan's current rolls before:  
 Oh! how I stand and tremble,  
 To hear the dismal waters roar:  
 Whose hand shall then support me,  
 And keep my soul from sinking there,

From sinking down to darkness  
And to the regions of despair?

- 5 This stream shall not affright me,  
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;  
If Jesus stand beside me,  
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave:  
His word has calm'd the ocean,  
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;  
Oh! may this friend be with me,  
When through the gates of death I sail.
- 6 Soon the archangel's trumpet,  
Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,  
And all the wheels of nature  
Shall in a moment cease to roll:  
Then we shall see the Saviour,  
With shining ranks of angels, come,  
To execute his vengeance,  
And take his faithful servant home.
- Campbell.*

HYMN 154. 8s. 7s. *Crockett.*

*The Saviour's Merit.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,  
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,  
And my weary troubled spirit,  
Now finds rest with thee, my God.  
I am safe, and I am happy,  
While in thy dear arms I lie;  
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,  
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glory be to God on high;  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Sing his praises through the sky:  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Glory to the Father give,  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Sing his praises all that live.
- 3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—  
Tell the world of his dear name,  
That if any want his Spirit,  
He is still the very same.

He that asketh soon receiveth,  
 He that seeks is sure to find;  
 Whosoe'er on him believeth,  
 He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth;  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Sing his praises through the earth.  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 Glory to the Spirit be;  
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
 To the sacred one in three.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading,  
 With his Father and our God;  
 And for us is interceding,  
 As the purchase of his blood;  
 Now, methinks, I hear him praying,  
 Father! save them—I have died;  
 And the Father answers, saying,  
 They are freely justified.

6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,  
 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.  
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,  
 Holy is the Lord of hosts,  
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HYMN 155. 11s. *Portuguese Hymn.*

*The Lord will See, or Provide.* Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 **T**H<sup>O'</sup> troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—  
 The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.
- 2 [The birds, without barn or store-house, 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 tempests be tost,  
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;  
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
 The promise engages the Lord will provide.]

- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
For tho' we are strangers, we have a good guide,  
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.
- 5 [When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith,  
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,  
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain—  
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great  
name,  
In this, our strong tow'r, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our pow'r—the Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro';  
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will provide,  
*Newton.*

HYMN 156. L. M. *Appleton.*

*The Glorious Mystery.*

- 1 **O**H, why was I not left behind,  
With thousand others of mankind,  
Who run the dang'rous, sinful race,  
And die, and never taste his grace?
- 2 No mortal can a reason find;  
'Tis mercy free—'tis grace divine;  
Oh, 'tis a glorious mystery,  
And will be—to eternity.

HYMN 157. 6. 9. *Rowley.*

*Exultation.*

- 1 **C**OME away to the skies,  
My beloved arise,  
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;  
On this festival day,

Come exulting away,  
And with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,  
With our treasure above,  
Though our bodies continue below;  
The redeem'd of the Lord,  
We remember his word,  
And with singing, to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were  
First created, to share  
Both thy nature and kingdom divine;  
Now created again,  
That our souls may remain,  
Both in time and eternity thine.

4 With thanks we approve  
The design of thy love,  
Which hath join'd us in Jesus' name,  
So united in heart,  
That we never can part—  
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, O, there at his feet,  
We shall joyfully meet,  
And be parted in body no more;  
We shall sing to our lyres,  
With the heavenly choirs,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.

6 Hallelujah we sing,  
To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
Hallelujah again;—  
Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

## HYMN 158. C. M.

*A Better World in Prospect.*

1 'TWAS told me in my early day,  
That pleasure's stream did flow,  
Gently beside life's peaceful way;  
I have not found it so.

2 I thought there grew on earthly ground,  
Some buds without decay;  
But not a single flower I've found,  
That does not fade away.

- 3 I wish to see a fairer world;  
I've heard of one on high,  
Where every tear, by one kind hand,  
Is wip'd from every eye.
- 4 'Tis said the king of that bright place,  
Still welcomes trav'lers there:  
O, come and let us seek his grace!  
Unseen, he hears our prayer.—*Dr. Nelson.*

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 159. L. M. *London.**Dedication of a Church.*

- 1 **T**HE perfect world, by Adam trod,  
Was the first temple built for God;  
His fiat laid the corner stone,  
And heav'd its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,  
The broad illimitable sky;  
He spread its pavements, green and bright,  
And curtained it by morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,  
'The sea, and sky and all was good,  
And when his first pure praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not curs to make the sea,  
And earth, and skies, a house for thee,  
But in thy sight, our offering stands,  
An humble temple made with hands.
- 5 We cannot bid the morning star,  
To sing how bright thy glories are;  
But Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,  
Thy praise shall be the christian's tear.—*Willis.*

HYMN 160. S. M. *Lisbon.**The Pleasures of Social Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,

Are once to be compar'd with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.

- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,  
With radiant glory crown'd,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their pray'rs and cries,  
Each humble soul presents:  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will  
He graciously imparts:  
And in return accepts, with smiles,  
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

HYMN 161. L. M. *Ward.*

*The Happiness of humble worship. Psalm lxxxiv.*

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,  
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!  
Fain would my longing passions meet  
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,  
Whom thy indulgent favors raise,  
To dwell in those abodes of joy,  
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine,  
With ardent love and zeal inspires:  
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,  
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,  
Affords more real joy to me,  
Than thousands in the tents of state:  
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a sun: our brightest day  
From his reviving presence flows;  
God is a shield, through all the way,  
To guard us from surrounding foes.



- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down,  
 Profusely down, on souls sincere;  
 And grace shall guide, and glory crown,  
 The happy fav'rites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,  
 How blest, divinely blest is he,  
 Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,  
 And fixes all his hopes on thee!—*Steele.*

HYMN 162. L. M. *Southfield.*

*Forms vain without Religion.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!  
 How wondrous is thy name!  
 Thy glories have diffus'd abroad  
 Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature, in ev'ry dress,  
 Her humble homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand ways t' express,  
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing,  
 To her Creator too;  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy sin,  
 Spoils all that I perform,  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty worm.]
- 5 Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship's vain;  
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
 Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend  
 The remnant of my days,  
 And to my God my soul ascend,  
 In sweet perfumes of praise.—*Watts.*

HYMN 163. 7s. *Norwich.*

*I will not let thee go unless thou bless me. Gen.*  
 xxxii. 26.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
 Till a blessing thou bestow:

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

HYMN 164. C. M. *Spencer.*

*The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.*  
Esther iv. 16.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,  
And make this last resolve;
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin,  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And their my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone;  
Without his sovereign grace.

- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish, if I go;  
I am resolv'd to try:  
For, if I stay away, I know,  
I must for ever die."—*Jones*.

HYMN 165. S. M. *Elton*.*He beheld the City and wept over it. John xix. 1.*

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief,  
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.—*Beddome*.

HYMN 166. C. M. *Dedham*.*Now is the accepted Time,*

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away,  
To Christ, and heal your wounds;  
This is the welcome gospel-day,  
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son,  
To drink the cup of wrath:  
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,  
That come to him by faith.

HYMN 167. S. M. *Olney*.*Importunate Prayer. Luke xviii. 1—7.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of ev'ry saint,

- Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain;  
Then let us wait till he appear  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Tho' unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait?  
He bids us never give him rest,  
But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord will hear  
His chosen when they cry:  
Yes, tho' he seem awhile to bear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 5 His nature, truth and love,  
Engage him on their side;  
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,  
They will not be deny'd.
- 6 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in pray'r,  
He sees, he hears, and from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.

HYMN 168. C. M. *Peterborough.**Faith's Review and Expectation.*

- 1 **A**MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound,) That sav'd a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears reliev'd;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come,  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fall,  
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,  
Shall be forever mine.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Litchfield.**Supplication.*

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
Their influ'nce to our song.
- 2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise  
In us the heav'nly flame;  
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,  
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heav'n on earth appear.—*Steele.*

HYMN 170. 8s. 7s. 4s. *Sicilian Hymn.**At Dismission.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O refresh us!  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found!
- 3 So, when'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away;  
Borne on angels' wings, to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,

May we ready  
Rise, and reign in endless day!

HYMN 171. S. M. *Stonington.*

*Love to the Church.* Psalms, cxxxvii. 5—6

- 1 I LOVE thy Kingdom, Lord,  
The house of thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd.  
With his own precious blood.
- 2 Beyond my highest joy,  
I prize her heav'nly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
'Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given,  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.—*Dwight.*

HYMN 172. C. M.

*Heaven Anticipated.*

- 1 SLEEP not, the Saviour cries,  
On this low earthly ground—  
Press on, press on, above the skies,  
There shall your rest be found.  
Where the pilgrim reposes,  
The fields are all green;  
There day never closes,  
Nor clouds intervene.  
Oh, the forms that are there!  
Such as eye hath not seen—  
Oh, the songs they sing there,  
With hosannas between,  
While the river of life runs freely.
- 2 On earth, cold storms will rise,  
And clouds obscure the sun—  
For rest the pilgrim vainly sighs,  
But there his march is done.  
Where the pilgrim reposes, &c.

- 3 My soul be not dismay'd,  
 But gird thee for the race—  
 I'll ask, I'll ask his hourly aid,  
 To reach that happy place,  
 Where the pilgrim reposes, &c.  
 Dr. Nelson.

HYMN 173. C. M. *Bolton.**Trust in Providence.*

- 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power!  
 Be my vain wishes still'd;  
 And may this consecrated hour,  
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,  
 'To thee my thoughts would soar;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;  
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see!  
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
 In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:  
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The gath'ring storm shall see;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
 That heart will rest on thee.—*Williams*

HYMN 174. C. M. *Marlow.**For Christian Conference.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
 For here we trust thou art!  
 Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,  
 To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Show us some tokens of thy love,  
 Our fainting hope to raise;  
 And pour thy blessings from above,  
 That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,  
And love and concord dwell:  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our pray'rs;  
And in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken sinners all around,  
To come and fill the place.—*Newton.*

HYMN 175. C. M. *Carinth.**Evening Twilight.*

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away,  
From every cum'bring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day,  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my care and sorrows cast,  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray,  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.



HYMN 176. C. M. *Patmos.**Regeneration.* John iii. 5—7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard,  
 Hear all ye sons of men;  
 For Christ the Saviour hath declar'd,  
 "Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
 The sinner's boast is vain;  
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
 "Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally depriv'd—  
 The heart a sink of sin;  
 Without a change we can't be sav'd:  
 "Ye must be born again."
- 4 Spirit of life thy grace impart,  
 And breathe on sinners slain;  
 Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,  
 That we are born again.—*Hoskins.*

HYMN 177. C. M. *Arlington.**Behold he Prayeth.* Acts ix. 11.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Unutter'd or express'd,  
 The motion of a hidden fire  
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear;  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try;  
 Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach  
 The majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the christian's vital breath,  
 The christian's native air,  
 His watchword at the gate of death—  
 He enters heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,  
 Returning from his ways,  
 While angels in their songs rejoice,  
 And say,—“Behold he prays.”—*Montgom'ry.*

HYMN 178. C. M. *Wilmington.**Christ the Shepherd.*

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle shepherd stands,  
 With all engaging charms;  
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
 And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name:  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
 And yield them up to thee;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine, let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;  
 Ye children seek his face;  
 And fly with transports to receive  
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy guardian care we trust;  
 That care shall heal our bleeding heart,  
 If weeping o'er their dust.—*Doddridge.*

## HYMN 179. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

*Teachers Hymn.*

- 1 **B**LESSED Saviour—thou hast told us,  
 In the midst of two or three,  
 Thou art present to behold us,  
 If we humbly call on thee:  
 Blessed promise!—  
 May we, thy salvation see.
- 2 Lord we bring our charge before thee;  
 Little ones of thine own fold;  
 Teach them, Saviour, to adore thee,  
 As those children did of old,  
 Who sung praises—  
 While the hearts of men were cold.
- 3 O! instruct us, gracious Master,  
 While those tender lambs we guide,  
 May we lead them to green pasture,  
 By the living waters' side;

Where the fountain  
Of salvation, pours its tide.

- 4 Haste the time, when all the islands  
In the bosom of the sea;  
When the low-lands, plains, and high-lands,  
Shall resound with praise to thee;  
And all children,—  
Shall their God and Saviour see.

*James B. Walker.*

## MISSIONS.

HYMN 180. 8s. 7s. *Crockett.*

*Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of God.*  
Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, 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, thy thirst t' assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near:  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night, and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!

Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God;  
 'Tis his love his people raises,  
 Over self to reign as kings:  
 And as priests his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,  
 I through grace a member am;  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name;  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show!  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 181. C. M. *Marlow.*

*The Increase of the Church, promised and pleaded.*

1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged,  
 To thine exalted son,  
 That through the nations of the earth  
 Thy word of life shall run?

2 "Ask, and I give the Heathen lands  
 For thine inheritance,  
 And to the world's remotest shores  
 Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews  
 Shall their Redeemer own;  
 While gentiles to his standard crowd,  
 And bow before his throne?

4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,  
 A dark bewilder'd race,  
 Sit down at our IMMANUEL'S feet,  
 And learn, and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,  
 Under the expanse of heaven,  
 To the dominion of thy Son,  
 Without exemption, given?

6 From east to west, from north to south,  
 Then be his name ador'd!  
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout  
 Hosannas to thy Lord!

- 7 Asia and Africa, resound  
 From shore to shore his fame:  
 And thou, America, in songs,  
 Redeeming love proclaim!

HYMN 182. L. M. Part I. *Lindon.*

*Longing for the Latter-day Glory.*

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driv'n,  
 Far off from happiness and heav'n;  
 When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore  
 Thy wand'ring church to roam no more?
- 2 Six thousand years are nearly past,  
 Since Adam from thy sight was cast;  
 And ever since, his fallen race,  
 From age to age, are void of grace.
- 3 When will the happy trump proclaim  
 The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?  
 When shall the captive troops be free,  
 And keep the eternal Jubilee!
- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in ev'ry land;  
 Send thou thine angels, and command,  
 "Go sound deliv'rance; loudly blow  
 Salvation to the saints below."
- 5 We want to have the day appear!  
 The promis'd great sabbatic year,  
 When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,  
 Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- 6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,  
 Thou still shalt hear our strong request;  
 And this our daily pray'r shall be,  
 Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

HYMN 183. L. M. Part II. *Lindon.*

*Prayer to God for his special Interposition in  
 Spreading the Gospel. Zech. ix. 13—16.*

- 1 "H"OW long, O God, "has man been driv'n;  
 Far off from happiness and heav'n!  
 When wilt thou" graciously "restore"  
 Thy banish'd sons, to rove no more?
- 2 For near six thousand years, thy foe  
 Has triumph'd over all below;

- Save that a little flock is found,  
With rav'ning wolves encompass'd round.
- 3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,  
An ample compensation gain,  
And many happy millions more  
To happiness and God restore?
- 4 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue,  
A remnant must to him belong;  
Nor can there be too vile a race,  
To furnish trophies of his grace.
- 5 Exert that pow'r which could subdue  
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,  
And make him in thy cause become,  
Victorious over Greece and Rome.
- 6 Now, Lord, before thy servants go,  
Let God himself the trumpet blow;  
Hasten the Gospel Jubilee,  
That bids a captive world be free.

HYMN 184. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Greenville.*

*Prayer for a Revival.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again:  
Lord, revive us,  
All our help must come from thee!
- 2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green;  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
Happy seasons we have seen!  
Lord, &c.
- 3 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee:  
Lord, &c.
- 4 Some in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below;  
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show:  
Lord, &c.

- 5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
 Thou canst make them bloom again;  
 O! permit them not to wither,  
 Let not all our hopes be vain.  
 Lord, &c.
- 6 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayers:  
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,  
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
 Lord, &c.
- 7 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
 And begin from this good hour  
 To revive thy work afresh:  
 Lord, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee!

HYMN 185. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Oliphant.*  
*Longing for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
 All the promises do travail  
 With a glorious day of grace:  
 Bless'd Jubilee,  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
 Let the rude barbarian see  
 That divine and glorious conquest,  
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
 Let the Gospel  
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light;  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night,  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase;  
 Sway the sceptre.  
 Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 186. 6s. 7s. *Missionary Hymn.**Missionary Hymn.*

- 1 **F**ROM 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 o'er 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 men benighted  
 The Lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! Oh Salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.—*Heber.*

HYMN 187. 12s. & 9s. *Oakham.**Mission to Palestine.*

- 1 **T**HEY have gone to the land where the patri-  
 archs rest,  
 Where the bones of the prophets are laid,  
 Where the chosen of Israel, the promise possess'd,  
 And Jehovah, his wonders display'd;



To the land where the Saviour of sinners once  
trod,  
Where he labor'd, and languish'd, and bled;  
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended  
to God,  
As he captive, captivity led.

2 They have gone to the land where the gospel's  
glad sound,  
Sweetly tuned by the angels above,  
Was re-echo'd on earth, through the regions  
around,  
In accents of heavenly love;  
Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,  
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal;  
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's  
name,  
The truth of their mission to seal.

3 They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—  
have gone,  
The glad mission in love to restore;  
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them  
alone;  
Thy blessing we humbly implore.  
Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their  
shield,  
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;  
O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd  
In mercy, in might, from on high.

HYMN 138. 11s. *Daughter of Zion.*

*Zion Encouraged.*

1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sad-  
ness;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no  
more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of  
gladness.  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdu'd  
them,  
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far:

They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that  
pursu'd them;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of  
war.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee,  
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,  
Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

HYMN 189. 7s. *Watchman tell us, &c.*

*Watchmen.*

1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory beaming star!  
Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveler! yes, it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends!  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler! ages are its own,  
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn  
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveler! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come!

HYMN 190. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Fleming.*

*Farewell to Missionaries.*

1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,  
Go, proclaim Redeeming blood;  
Publish to that barb'rous nation,  
Peace and pardon from our God:

- Tell the heathen,  
None but Christ can do them good.
- 2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,  
May the Spirit seal the word,  
And, through sov'reign grace abounding,  
Heathen, bow and own the Lord;  
Idols leaving,  
God alone shall be ador'd.
- 3 Distant though our souls are blending,  
Still our hearts are warm and true;  
In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,  
Brethren—we'll remember you;  
Heav'n preserve you,  
Safely all your journey through.
- 4 When your mission here is finish'd,  
And your work on earth is done,  
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,  
Find acceptance through the Son;  
Thence admitted,  
Dwell for ever near his throne.
- 5 Loud hosannas now resounding,  
Make the heav'nly arches ring:  
Grace to sinful men abounding,  
Ransom'd millions sweetly sing;  
While with rapture,  
All adore their heav'nly King.—*Baldwin.*

HYMN 191. L. M. *Duke Street.*

*For Missionary Associations.*

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,  
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;  
The voice that marshall'd ev'ry star,  
Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line—to either pole—  
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway;  
Then give thy growing empire way,  
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—  
Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.

- 4 Our pray'rs assist—accept our praise—  
 Our hopes revive—our courage raise—  
 Our counsels aid—and oh! impart  
 The single eye—the faithful heart!
- 5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,  
 Recall the wand'ring spirit home:  
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound  
 To spread the spacious earth around.

*Collyer.*

HYMN 192. L. M. *Lyman.*

*Restoration of Israel. Jer. xxxi. 6.*

- 1 **T**HE trump of Israel's jubilee  
 Shall sound aloud from Calvary,  
 And bid the wand'ring exiles—"Come,  
 "And find in Zion still a home."
- 2 Israel shall hear—that thrilling sound  
 Shall reach to earth's remotest bound,  
 And gather to that holy place  
 The fugitives of Jacob's race.
- 3 Their exil'd tribes shall yet return,  
 Shall come to Calvary and mourn;  
 And, bow'd beneath Messiah's sway,  
 With willing hearts his rule obey.—*Hyde.*

HYMN 193. L. M.

*The Monthly Concert.*

- 1 **D**ELIGHTFUL thought! that sinners may  
 Commune with God, by night and day,  
 And yet more sweet, that thousands *now*  
 Before his throne, in concert bow.
- 2 Oh, the dear fellowship of prayer,  
 Its promises, how vast they are!  
 The prayer of faith can make us rise,  
 On wings of light above the skies.
- 3 Great God, thy spirit now impart,  
 To fire with zeal each languid heart,  
 Send quick!y down that heavenly dove,  
 And warm us with a Saviour's love.
- 4 Thy kingdom spread, thy will be done,  
 From rising to the setting sun;  
 Thy praise extend from sea to sea,  
 And fill the vast eternity.

- 5 Be this our prayer in every breath,  
Through life, and in the arms of death;  
While saints on earth, and saints above,  
Shall join to sing redeeming love.
- 6 From distant climes may incense rise,  
And loud hosannas pierce the skies,  
Till every idol throne shall fall,  
And Christ be crown'd the Lord of all.

HYMN 194. C. M. 8, 7, 4. Coburn.

*Day-Spring.* Luke i. 78.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, see the orient morning  
Breaks along the heathen sky;  
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—  
Glorious Day-Spring from on high!  
Hallelujah!  
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 2 Heathens at the sight are singing;—  
Morning wakes the tuneful lays,—  
Precious off'rings they are bringing—  
First fruits of more perfect praise:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 3 Zion's Sun! salvation beaming—  
Gilding now the radiant hills;  
Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming  
All the world thy glory fills:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 4 Then the vallies, and the mountains  
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;  
Then the living crystal fountains  
From the thirsty ground shall spring:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 5 While the wilderness rejoices,  
Roses shall the desert cheer:  
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,  
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:  
Hallelujah!  
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- 6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,  
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;

Spread the light of thy salvation,  
 'Till it shine on every soul:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

HYMN 195. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Carlrow.*

*Latter-day Dawning.* Isaiah. lii. 10,

- 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking,  
 Joyful times are near at hand:  
 God, the mighty God, is speaking  
 By his word in ev'ry land:  
 When he clooses,  
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,  
 Let us hail the dawning ray:  
 When the Lord appears, there's reason  
 To expect a glorious day:  
 At his presence  
 Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring;  
 While he enters like a flood;  
 God the Saviour, is preparing  
 Means to spread his truth abroad;  
 Ev'ry language  
 Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious;  
 Let thy people see thy hand;  
 Let the gospel be victorious,  
 Through the world in ev'ry land;  
 And the idols  
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 196. 8s, 8s, 6s.

*Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **C**OME, brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
 And taste the sweets of Jesus' word,  
 In Jesus' ways go on;  
 Our troubles and our trials here,  
 Will only make us richer there,  
 When we arrive at home.
- 2 That glorious day is rolling on,  
 The gracious work is now begun,  
 Your sins he will forgive;

O taste and see that grace is free  
 For all who will the call obey,  
 O come to Christ and live.

3 The worst of sinners here may find  
 A Saviour, pitiful and kind,  
 Who will them all receive;  
 None are too bad who do repent.  
 Out of one sinner legions went,  
 The Lord did him relieve.

4 If sinners only knew the Lord,  
 And were acquainted with his word,  
 His sweet forgiving love,  
 They'd rush thro' storms of every kind,  
 And leave all earthly things behind,  
 To gain a crown above.

5 O there we'll reign, and praise, and sing,  
 And glorify our heavenly king,  
 When all the saints get home:  
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
 Soon we shall meet together there,  
 For Jesus bids us come.

6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
 And claim my mansion there:  
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
 To meet you in that heavenly land,  
 Where we shall part no more.

## CHURCH MEETINGS.

HYMN 197. S. M. *Watchman*

*Praise for Conversion.* Psalm xvi. 16.

1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord  
 And listen, while I tell,  
 How narrowly my feet escap'd  
 The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense  
 Assail'd my foolish heart,  
 While Satan, with malicious skill,  
 Guided the pois'nous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,  
 But fell to rise again;

- My anguish rous'd me into life,  
And pleasure sprung from pain
- 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried;  
He heard my plaintive sigh;  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd;  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd;  
Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,  
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O! may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God;  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.

*Dr. S. Stennett.*

HYMN 193. C. M. *Eastport.*

*Apostacy—will ye also go away?*

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,  
To save a wretch like me;  
To whom, or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd  
Thou art the Christ of God;  
Who hast eternal life secur'd  
By promise and by blood;
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd  
Could never reach my case;  
Nor can I hope relief to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.



6 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart:  
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,  
 And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd—  
 If I will also go?  
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
 I humbly answer, No!

HYMN 199. C. M. *Medfield.*

*Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted. Hinder  
 me not. Gen. xxiv. 56.*

1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,  
 I My journey I'll pursue;  
 Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,  
 For I must go with you.

2 Through duty, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command;  
 Hinder me not, for I am bound  
 To my IMMANUEL'S land.

3 And when my Saviour calls me home.  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
 Hinder me not, come welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 200. L. M. *Ward.*

*Not Ashamed of Christ.*

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

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star:  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon:  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he  
 Bright Morning Star! bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
 No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And oh, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not asham'd of me!—*Gregg.*

HYMN 201. L. M. *Lindon.**A Welcome to Christian Friends—At Meeting.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
 A hearty welcome here receive:  
 May we together now partake  
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,  
 To know the Saviour's precious name;  
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,  
 Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
 Send his good Spirit from above,  
 Make our communications sweet,  
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
 When Christians see each other thus;  
 We only wish to speak of him,  
 Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of a'l he did and said,  
 And suffer'd for us here below;  
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;  
 And hasten on the glorious day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.  
*Newton.*

HYMN 202. C. M. *Downs.**Heaven.*

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home  
 Oh, how I long for thee!

- When will my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 If heav'n be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence,  
What folly 'tis that I should dread  
To die and go from hence!
- 4 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths never end.
- 5 There we shall meet and no more part,  
And heav'n shall ring with praise,  
While Jesus' love in ev'ry heart  
Shall tune the song of grace.
- 6 Millions of years around may run,  
Our song shall still go on;  
To praise the Father and the Son,  
And Spirit three in one.

HYMN 203. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*Pilgrim's Farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home or stay with you;  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world can view;  
Farewell, farewell, farewell  
My loving friends farewell.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortals care or bliss,  
I leave you here, and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.  
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound in cords of love;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
That soon we all shall meet above.  
Farewell, &c.

- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,  
 You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;  
 You've counted all things here but dross,  
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.  
 Farewell, &c.
- 5 Farewell, ye youthful sons of God,  
 Sore conflicts yet await for you:  
 Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,  
 'Till Canaan's happy land you view.  
 Fight on, fight on, fight on,  
 The crown shall soon be giv'n.
- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinner too,  
 It grieves my heart to leave you here,  
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;  
 O turn and find salvation near.  
 O turn, O turn, O turn,  
 And find salvation near.

HYMN 204 7s. 6s. *Missionary Hymn.**The Holy City.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a holy city,  
 A happy world above,  
 Beyond the starry regions,  
 Built by the God of love:  
 An everlasting temple,  
 And saints array'd in white,  
 They serve their great Redeemer,  
 They dwell with him in light.
- 2 That is no world of trouble,  
 The God of peace is there,  
 He wipes away their sorrows,  
 He banishes their care;  
 Their joys are still increasing,  
 Their songs are ever new,  
 They praise the eternal Father,  
 The Son and Spirit too.
- 3 The meanest child of glory  
 Outshines the radiant sun;  
 But who can speak the splendor  
 Of that eternal throne;  
 Where Jesus sits exalted,  
 In godlike majesty!  
 The elders fall before him,  
 The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,  
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,  
 Condemn'd by haughty Herod,  
 And by his men of war?  
 He seems a mighty conqueror,  
 Who spoil'd the powers below,  
 And ransom'd many captives  
 From everlasting woe.

5 The hosts of saints around him,  
 Proclaim his work of grace;  
 The patriarchs and prophets,  
 And all the godly race;  
 Some speak of fiery trials,  
 And tortures on their way,  
 They came from tribulation,  
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 205. C. P. M. *Sommerville.*

*Christian Encouragement.*

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades through the wilderness,  
 Who still your bodies feel:  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears,  
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saints' secure abode;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before his face appear,  
 And at his side sit down;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure;  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up;  
 It brings to life the dead!  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last  
 Triumphant with our head.

- 5 That great mysterious Deity,  
 We soon with open face shall see;  
 The beatific sight  
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father, shining on his throne;  
 The glorious co-eternal Son,  
 The Spirit one and seven;  
 Conspire our rapture to complete;  
 And lo! we fall before his feet,  
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
 And at thy footstool fall,  
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
 And God be all in all.
- 

## LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 206. C. M. *Litchfield.**An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.* Luke xiv. 22

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
 Behold a royal feast!  
 Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms:  
 He calls, he bids you come:  
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;  
 But see there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,  
 There love and pity meet;  
 Nor will he bid the soul depart  
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconciled,  
 Invites your souls to come;  
 The rebel shall be called a child,  
 And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 Oh, come, and with his children taste  
 The blessings of his love;

While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,  
Before th' eternal throne,  
'Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,  
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come:  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room.—*Steele.*

HYMN 207. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

*Christ Dying, Rising and Reigning.*

1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
Up to his Father's courts he flies,  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, death, in chains!  
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,  
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?  
"And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave."  
*Watts.*

HYMN 208. C. M. *Carinth.*

*The Wonders of Redemption.*

1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,  
The Sov'reign of the skies,

- Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high,  
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For man, (oh, miracle of grace)  
For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thy atoning blood!  
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends  
To love so full, so free;  
And may I hope *that* love extends  
Its sacred power to me!
- 6 What glad return can I impart,  
For favors so divine?  
Oh, take my all—this worthless heart,  
And make it only thine.—*Steele.*

HYMN 209. C. M. *Fulton.*

*Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board;  
Not Paradise with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given;  
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come;  
Come from your most obscure retreats,  
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more still on the way,  
Around the board appear.



- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come;  
Nor could the whole assembled world,  
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready; come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame,  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the Founder's name.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 210. C. M. *Paxton.**Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,  
Awake the sacred song!  
Oh, may his love (immortal flame!)  
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die!  
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.—*Steele.*

HYMN 211. H. M. *Hopkinton.**A Song of Praise to Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, every pious heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert,  
To celebrate his fame:  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love, to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,  
And such his love for you,

- He nobly undertook  
 What Gabriel could not do:  
 His ev'ry deed of love and grace,  
 All words exceed and thoughts surpass.
- 3 He left his starry crown,  
 And laid his robes aside;  
 On wings of love came down,  
 And wept, and bled, and died!  
 What he endured, oh! who can tell,  
 To save our souls from death and hell!
- 4 From the dark grave he rose,  
 The mansions of the dead;  
 And thence his mighty foes,  
 In glorious triumph led:  
 Up through the sky the conq'ror rode,  
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 5 From thence he'll quickly come,  
 His chariot will not stay,  
 And bear our spirits home  
 To realms of endless day:  
 There shall we see his lovely face,  
 And ever be in his embrace.
- 6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
 The debt we owe thy love;  
 Yet tell us how we may  
 Our gratitude approve;  
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;  
 The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

*Dr. S. Stennett*

HYMN 212. C. M. *Sicilian Hymn.*

*Grateful Recollection.—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.*

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 'Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise;  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above:  
 Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come;

And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home:  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interposed his precious blood.

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

HYMN 213. L. M. *Sterling.*

*The Saviour's Ascension.*

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky!
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!  
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
 He claims those mansions as his right;  
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"  
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
 And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay.  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!  
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"  
 The Lord of boundless power possess'd,  
 The King of saints and angels too  
 God over all, for ever bless'd!

HYMN 214. 7s, 6s, & 1 8. *Amsterdam**Christ Crucified.*

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,  
 With all of creature-good;  
 Only Jesus I pursue,  
 Who bought me with his blood!  
 All thy pleasures I forego,  
 I trample on thy wealth and pride,  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucify'd.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
 'Tis all but vanity:  
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
 He tasted death for me!  
 Me to save from endless wo  
 The sin-atoning Victim died!  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;  
 My fluctuating heart  
 From the haven of his breast  
 Shall never more depart:  
 Whither should a sinner go?  
 His wounds for me stand open wide:  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,  
 And pleasure without end;  
 This is all my happiness,  
 On Jesus to depend;  
 Daily in his grace to grow,  
 And ever in his faith abide,  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 5 O that I could all invite,  
 This saving truth to prove:  
 Show the length, the breadth, the height  
 And depth of Jesus' love!  
 Fain I would to sinners show  
 The blood by faith alone apply'd;  
 Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucify'd.—*Clarks.*

## MORNING.

HYMN 215. L. M. *Rockingham.**The Benefit of Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT 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 darkest clouds withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,  
 Prayer makes the christian's armor bright,  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side:  
 But when through weariness they fail'd,  
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow creatures' ear  
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To heaven in supplications sent,  
 Our cheerful songs would oftener be,  
 Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 216. S. M. *Lisbon.**A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun  
 Pursues his shining way;  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
 With ev'ry bright'ning ray
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
 Its heav'nly parent sing:  
 And to its great original  
 The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
 Beneath his guardian care;

I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind preserver near.

- 4 Thus does thine arm support  
This weak defenceless frame;  
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,  
All worthless as I am?
- 5 Oh! how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
I bring my sacrifice;  
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend  
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee;  
And in thy service I would spend  
A long eternity.
- 

## EVENING.

HYMN 217. L. M. *Alferton.*

*An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,  
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That, with the world, myself and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.  
 Praise God, &c.

HYMN 218. 8s, 6s. *Lanesboro'.*

*Heaven Supremely Desirable.*

- 1 **T**HIS world is poor from shore to shore,  
 And like a baseless vision,  
 Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,  
 And gems and crowns are vain and poor,  
 There's nothing rich but heaven.
- 2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,  
 Swift wings to wealth are given:  
 All varying time our forms invade—  
 The seasons roll, light sinks in shade;  
 There's nothing lasts but heaven.
- 3 Empires decay, and nations die,  
 Our hopes to winds are given;  
 The vernal blooms in ruin lie,  
 Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky.  
 There's nothing lives but heaven.
- 4 Creation's mighty fabric all  
 Shall be to atoms riven;  
 The skies consume, the planets fall,  
 Convulsions rock this earthly ball—  
 There's nothing firm but heaven.
- 5 A stranger lonely here I roam,  
 From place to place I'm driven;  
 My friends are gone and I'm in gloom,  
 This earth is all a lonely tomb—  
 I have no home but heaven.
- 6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,  
 My sins are all forgiven;  
 Triumphant grace has quelled my fears,  
 Roll on, thou Sun, fly swift my years,  
 I'm on my way to heaven.

## TIME AND ETERNITY.

HYMN 219. L. M. *Blendon.**The Wisdom of Redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15—16.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee  
 Did infant Time his being draw;—  
 Moments, and days, and months, and years,  
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;  
 Steady and strong the current flows;  
 Lost in eternity's wide sea—  
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,  
 Before the rapid streams are borne,  
 On to the everlasting home,  
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side  
 Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,  
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart  
 To know the price of ev'ry hour;  
 That time may bear me on to joys,  
 Beyond its measure, and its power.

*Doddridge.*HYMN 220. 7s. *Grant.**The Saint Happy in being entirely at the Disposal of his God. My Times are in thy Hand.*

Psalm xxxi. 15; xxxiv. 1.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies!  
 Ever gracious, ever wise!  
 All my times are in thy hand—  
 All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree who formed the earth,  
 Fix'd my first and second birth:  
 Parents, native place, and time—  
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that formed me in the womb,  
 He shall guide me to the tomb;



All my times shall ever be  
Order'd by his wise decree.

4 Times of sickness, times of health;  
Times of penury and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief.

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love;  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend;

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;  
Till he bids, I cannot die;  
Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit.

7 Oh, thou Gracious, Wise and Just,  
In thy hands my life I trust;  
Have I somewhat dearer still?  
I resign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—  
Still to thee surrender'd stand;  
Know that thou art God alone,  
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee at all times, will I bless;  
Having thee, I all possess:  
How can I bereaved be,  
Since I cannot part with thee?—*Dr. Ryland.*

HYMN 221. S. M. *Inverness.*

*Divine Mercies in constant Succssion.* Sam. iii.

22—23.

1 **H**OW various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Each morning shall thy mercies show—  
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness like the sun,  
Dawn'd on our early days,  
Ere infant reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld  
Gave pleasure to our eyes;  
And nature all our senses held  
In bands of sweet surprise.

- 4 But pleasures more refined  
 Awaited that bless'd day,  
 When light arose upon our mind,  
 And chas'd our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then,  
 How sov'reign and how free!  
 Our souls that had been dead in sin,  
 Were made alive to thee—*Stennett.*

HYMN 222. S. M. *Stonington.*

*Divine Mercies in constant Succession.* Sam. iii  
 22—23.

- 1 **N**OW we expect a day  
 Still brighter far than this,  
 When death shall bear our souls away,  
 To realms of light and bliss.
- 2 There rapt'rous scenes of joy  
 Shall burst upon our sight;  
 And ev'ry pain, and tear and sigh,  
 Be drown'd in endless light.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,  
 Oh, Sun of Righteousness!  
 Our happy souls shall sit and sing  
 The wonders of thy grace.
- 4 Nor shall that radiant day,  
 So joyfully begun,  
 In ev'ning shadows die away,  
 Beneath the setting sun.
- 5 How various and how new  
 Are thy compassions Lord!  
 Eternity thy love shall show,  
 And all thy truth record.

## HYMN 223. L. M.

*Eternity Joyful and Tremendous.*

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand!  
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity!—tremendous sound!  
 To souls who have not Jesus found:

- But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,  
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,  
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;  
An in'trest in the Saviour's blood—  
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!  
The rising doubt how sharp its pain!  
My fears, O gracious God! remove;  
Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord! oh, search, my inmost heart  
And light, and hope, and joy, impart;  
From guilt and error set me free,  
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 224. H. M. *Harwich.*

*The Midnight Cry.* Matt. xxv. 6.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise!  
With all the dead awake;  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take:  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And take to glory all,  
Who meet for glory are:  
Make ready for your free reward;  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting friend;  
Your head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend:  
Ye poor in heart, obtain the grace,  
To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye—that have here receiv'd  
The unction from above,  
And in his spirit liv'd,  
And thirsted for his love;  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride  
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope  
 Of that great day unknown,  
 When you shall be caught up  
 To stand before his throne;  
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,  
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors  
 Shall soon the saints receive.  
 Above those angel powers,  
 In glorious joy to live;  
 Far from a world of grief and sin,  
 With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound:—  
 To see our Lord appear,  
 May we be watching found,  
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,  
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

*Toplady.*

HYMN 225. S. M. *Paddington.*

*Preparation for Death.* Matt. xxiv. 45.

1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God!  
 To stand before thy face;  
 Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
 For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,  
 And wash me in his blood;  
 So shall I lift my head with joy,  
 Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,  
 Thy sov'reign love make known;  
 The spirit of my mind renew,  
 And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,  
 Let me thy goodness prove,  
 Till my full soul can hold no more  
 Of everlasting love.—*Toplady.*

HYMN 226. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Oliphant.*

*The Grave; or, Christ a Guide through Death to  
 Glory.*

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:  
 Bread of heav'n,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow:  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through:  
 Strong Deliv'rer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 227. 11s. *Prescott.*

*I would not live alway.*

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
 the way;  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
 its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;  
 Temptation without, and corruption within:  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
 fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
 tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the  
 tomb, [gloom;  
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
 God;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
 bright plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to  
 greet;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
 the soul!

HYMN 228. P. M. *Columbus.*

*Time and Eternity.*

- 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Yet how insensible!  
 A point of time—a moment's space—  
 Removes me to yon heav'nly place,  
 Or—shuts me up in hell!
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtless heart,  
 Eternal things impress;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And save me, ere it be too late—  
 Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
 With holy trembling, holy fear,  
 To make my calling sure!  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure!—*Wesley.*

HYMN 229. 7s. *Benevento.*

*Reflections at the End of the Year.*

- 1 **W**HILE 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 Spared to see another year,  
 Let thy blessing meet us here:  
 Come, thy dying work revive,  
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive;  
 Sun of righteousness, arise!  
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:  
 Let our prayer thy pity move:  
 Make this year a time of love.
- 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 old and young,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
 When our life's short race is run,  
 May we dwell with thee above.—*Newton.*

HYMN 230. L. M. *Talbot.*

*Eternity.*—Jer. x. 10.

- 1 **E**TERNITY! stupendous theme!  
 Compar'd herewith our life's a dream:  
 Eternity! O awful sound!  
 A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 2 Yes, an eternity there is  
 Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss;  
 And, swift as time fulfils its round,  
 We to eternity are bound,
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
 Have left this fleeting world behind!  
 They're gone, but where? ah! stop and see;  
 Gone to a long eternity!
- 4 And is eternity so near?  
 And must we very soon be there?  
 Sinner—ah! whither wilt thou flee;  
 Or how avoid eternity?
- 5 Canst thou forever bear to dwell  
 In all the fi'ry deeps of hell;  
 And is death nothing then to thee,  
 Death, and a dread eternity!
- 6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up;  
 In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;  
 This everlasting bliss secures;  
 God and eternity are yours.—*Medley.*

HYMN 231. C. M. *Lurens**Church on earth and heaven but one.*—Eph. lii. 13.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our friends above,  
That have obtain'd the prize;  
And on the eagle-wings of love,  
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing;  
With those to glory gone:  
For all the servants of our King  
In heav'n and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,  
One Church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 5 How many to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly!  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

## FUNERAL.

HYMN 232. 8s. *Northampton.**Death of a Sister.*

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd! the conflict is past,  
The heaven-born spirit is fled;  
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,  
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.  
The months of affliction are o'er,  
The days and the nights of distress;  
We see her in anguish no more—  
She's gained her happy release.
- 2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,  
Shall ever disquiet her now;



For death to her spirit was gain,  
 Since Christ was her life when below,  
 Her soul has now taken its flight  
 To mansions of glory above,  
 To mingle with angels of light,  
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.

- 3 The victory now is obtain'd;  
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see;  
 Her wishes she fully has gain'd—  
 She's now where she longed to be.  
 Then let us forbear to complain,  
 That she has now gone from our sight;  
 We soon shall behold her again.  
 With new and redoubled delight.

HYMN 233. L. M. *Hebron.*

*Triumph over Death.*

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

*Andrew S. Morrison.*

HYMN 234. L. M. *Ward.**The Peaceful Death of the Righteous.*

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,  
 When holy souls retire to rest:  
 How mildly beams the closing eye!  
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day;  
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing,  
 O grave! where is thy victory now,  
 And where, O death, where is thy sting!

HYMN 235. C. M. double. *Fulton.**Hope of an Immortal Crown.*

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint and die,  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high,  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long sought rest,  
 That only bliss for which it pants,  
 In the Redeemer's breast;
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown  
 I now the cross sustain,  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain:  
 I suffer on my threescore years,  
 'Till my deliverer come,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears,  
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus done for me!  
 Before my ravish'd eyes,  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of paradise!  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there!  
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear,

4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet,  
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
 And worship at thy feet.  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain:  
 Take life or friends away;  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day.

HYMN 236. 12s, and 11s. *Scotland.*

*A Funeral Hymn.*

1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave—but we will  
 not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
 tomb; [before thee,  
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
 the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer  
 behold thee, [thy side;  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
 enfold thee, [hath died.  
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour

3 Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion  
 forsaking, [long:  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd  
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on  
 thy waking, [seraphim's song.  
 And the sound thou didst hear was the

HYMN 237. C. M. *Eastport.*

*Death and Judgment appointed for all. Heb. ix. 27.*

1 **H**EAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,  
 That Adam's race must die;  
 One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,  
 And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tombs survey,  
 Where you must quickly dwell;  
 Hark! how the awful summons sounds  
 In ev'ry fun'ral knell.

3 Once you must die; and once for all  
 The solemn purport weigh;

For know, that heav'n or hell attend  
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake, the Judge to see;  
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought  
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh may I, in the Judge, behold  
My Saviour and my Friend!  
And, far beyond the reach of death,  
With all his saints ascend.—*Doddridge.*

## JUDGMENT.

HYMN 238. S. M. *Olmutz.*

*The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.*

Matt. xxv. 41.

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

2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall this dread sentence sound;  
And through the num'rous guilty throng,  
Spread black despair around?

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

4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day;  
When earth and heav'n before his face,  
Astonish'd shrink away?

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

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

- 7 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessing on your head.—*Doddridge*

HYMN 239. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Coburn.*

*Lo, he Cometh.*

- 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets  
Blow to wake the sleeping dead;  
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,  
See their great exalted Head!  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,  
Through th' eternal deep resounds:  
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds:  
They who pierc'd him  
Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints behold the Judge appear;  
Truth and Justice go before him;  
Now the joyful sentence hear!  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome Judge divine.
- 4 "Come ye blessed of my Father,  
Enter into life and joy;  
Banish all your fears and sorrows;  
Endless praise be your employ!"  
Hallelujah!  
Welcome, welcome to the skies.
- 5 Now at once they rise to glory,  
Jesus brings them to the King;  
There, with all the hosts of heaven,  
They, eternal anthems sing:  
Hallelujah!  
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 240. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Oliphant.*

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

- 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favor'd sinners slain!

Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus now shall ever reign!

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him  
Roh'd in dreadful majesty:  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away:  
All who hate him, must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day:  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear.
- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom;  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home:  
All creation  
Travails, groans and bids thee come.
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine exalted throne;  
Saviour! take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:  
Oh, come quickly!  
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

HYMN 241. 8s, 7s, 4s. Coburn.

*The Day of Judgment.*

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment—day of wonders;  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound.

- 2 See the Judge, our nature weaving,  
Cloth'd in majesty divinest  
You, who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine:  
Gracious Saviour!  
Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea:  
All the powers of nature shaken,  
From his looks prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner!  
What wilt then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart:  
Thou with Satan  
And his angels have thy part."
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;  
He will say, "Come near ye blessed;  
See the kingdom I bestow:  
You forever  
Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought, our courage raise;  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:  
May we triumph  
When the world is in a blaze.—*Newton.*

HYMN 242. C. M. *Patmos.*

*The Last Judgment.*

- 1 "HE comes, he comes, to judge the world,"  
Aloud th' archangel cries;  
While thunders roll from pole to pole,  
And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,  
And upward lift their eyes:  
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground  
In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,  
Of hosts divinely bright,

- The Judge in solemn pomp descends,  
 Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 Writ on his thigh his name appears:  
 And scars his vict'ries tell:  
 Lo, in his hand, the conq'rour bears  
 The keys of death and hell
- 5 So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
 And at his dread command,  
 Myriads of creatures round his feet  
 In solemn silence stand.
- 6 "Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,"  
 The injured Jesus cries;  
 While the long-kindling wrath within  
 Flashes from both his eyes.
- 7 And now in words divinely sweet,  
 With rapture in his face,  
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
 The sentence of his grace.
- 8 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
 The children of my love:  
 Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones,  
 Prepared for you above."—*Newton.*

HYMN. 243. C. P. M. *Columbus.*

*Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the  
 Judge.*

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall come  
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand?  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all:  
 But can I bear the piercing thought,  
 What if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call.
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;  
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
 In this th' accepted day:



Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face:  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,  
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HYMN 244. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Kendall.*

*Awful Doom of the Sinner.* Luke xiii. 28.

- 1 **S**EE th' eternal Judge descending—  
View him seated on his throne!  
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
Stand and hear thy awful doom—  
Trumpets call thee!  
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;  
While in anguish thus lamenting,  
That he ne'er was born again,  
Greatly mourning,  
That he ne'er was born again.

- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
With the marks of dying love;  
Oh, that I had sought his favor,  
When I felt his Spirit move—  
Golden moments,  
When I felt his Spirit move."

- 4 Now despisers, look and wonder!  
Hope and sinners here must part,  
Louder than a peal of thunder,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"  
Lost for ever,  
Hear the dreadful sound "Depart!"

HYMN 245. L. M. *Talbott.*

*The Day of Wrath.*

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
And louder yet—and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 Oh, on that day—that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be THOU, O Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

HYMN 246. C. M. *Fulton.*

*Final Triumph.*

- 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,  
Behold thy light is come;  
Thy glorious conq'ring king is near,  
To take his exiles home:  
The trumpet sounding through the sky,  
To set poor captives free;  
The day of wonder now is nigh,  
The year of jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,  
The earth must know her doom;  
Go spread the news from pole to pole,  
Behold the Judge is come:  
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,  
Consume the rolling flood!  
Bid every star to disappear,  
And turn the moon to blood.
- 3 Arise ye nations under ground,  
Before the Judge appear;  
All tongues and languages shall come,  
Their final doom to hear!  
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,  
Ten thousand angels round;  
And Gabriel with a silver trump,  
Echo's the awful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace  
To sinners now is o'er;  
The trump in Zion now is still,  
And to be heard no more;  
The watchmen all have left their walls,  
And with their flocks above,  
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,  
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 247. S. M. *Elton.**The Last Account.*

1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,  
The awful Judge appear!  
Prepared to scan with strict account,  
The blessings wasted here.

2 His wrath like flaming fire,  
In hell forever burns;  
And from that hopeless world of wo,  
No fugitive returns.

3 Soon will the harvest close,  
The summer soon be o'er;  
Oh, sinner, then your injured God  
Will heed your cries no more.—*Dwight.*

## HYMN 248. L. M.

*The Chariot.*

1 THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of  
his ire;  
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud  
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead  
are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;  
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,  
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victo-  
ry wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,  
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are  
stirred;  
From the sea, from the earth, from the south,  
from the north,  
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are  
all set [met:  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,  
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love:

When beneath to their darkness the wicked are  
driven,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

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## HELL AND HEAVEN.

HYMN 249. C. M. *Dundee.**Hell, the Sinner's own Place Acts i. 25.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom,  
To "his own place" consign'd,  
What holy fear, and humble hope,  
Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,  
But saved by matchless grace;  
Or else the lowest, hottest hell  
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,  
And thitherward rush'd on,  
And there in my eternal doom  
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! (what wond'rous, matchless love!)  
I call a place my own,  
On earth, within the gospel sound,  
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,  
A place at Jesus' feet,  
And I expect in heaven a place  
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace,  
To all around I'll tell,  
Which made a place in glory mine,  
Whose just desert was hell.—*Ryland.*

HYMN 250. C. M. *Topsham.**The Promised Land.*

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene;  
That rises to my sight;

Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

- 3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore:  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest.  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?—*Stennett.*

HYMN 251. L. M. *Lindon.*

*The Wheat and Tares.*

- 1 **T**HO' in the outward church below,  
The wheat and tares together grow;  
Jesus e'er long will weed the crop,  
And pluck the tares in anger up.
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
To recollect their stations here,  
How much they heard, how much they knew,  
How much among the wheat they grew?
- 3 Oh, this will aggravate their case,  
They perish'd under means of grace;  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers might think we all were wheat,  
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spared for various ends;  
Some for the sake of praying friends;  
Others the Lord, against their will,  
Employs his counsels to fulfil;

- 6 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long;  
In harvest when he saves his own,  
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

*Newton.*

## HYMN 252. S. P. M.

*The Perpetuity of Heaven:*

1 **B**YOND the flight of time,  
Beyond the reign of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections, transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

2 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone,  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.

3 Thus star by star declines;  
Till all are pass'd away:  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day:  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

*Montgomery*

HYMN 253. L. M. *Augusta.*

*The world we have not seen.*

1 **T**HERE is a world we have not seen  
That time shall never dare destroy!  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far  
Than sages tell or poets sing,  
Brighter than summer's beauties are,  
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 There is a world, and O, how blest!  
Fairer than prophets ever told;  
And never did an angel guest  
One half its blessedness unfold!

- 4 It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose;  
And there, to dim the radiant scene,  
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 5 No! for this world is ever bright,  
With a pure radiance all its own  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.
- 6 There, forms that mortals may not see,  
Too glorious for the eye to trace,  
And clad in peerless majesty,  
Move with unutterable grace.
- 7 In vain the philosophic eye  
May seek to view the fair abode,  
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—  
It is *the dwelling-place of God.*
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## DOXOLOGIES.

## HYMN 254. C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who made the earth and heaven;  
Of equal dignity possessed;  
Be equal honors given.

## HYMN 255. S. M

**T**O thee, eternal Three,  
In will and essence One,  
Be universal honors paid,  
Co-equal honors done.—*Beddome.*

## HYMN 256. L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN 257. C. M.

**G**IVE glory to God, ye children of men,  
And publish abroad again and again,  
The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,  
The gifts of the spirit to Adam's lost race.

HYMN 258. Part I. 8s, 7s, 4s,  
**F**ATHER, Son and Holy Spirit,  
 Thou the God whom we adore;  
 May we all thy love inherit:  
 To thine image us restore;  
 Vast eternal!  
 Praises to thee evermore.

HYMN 259. Part II. 8s, 8s, 6s.  
**T**O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,  
 And in the church below,  
 From whom all creatures drew their breath,  
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth!  
 From whom all comforts flow.

PRAISE TO THE EVERLASTING GOD.

*The God of Abraham.*

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love;  
 Jehovah, Great I Am!  
 By earth and heaven confess'd;  
 I bow and bless the sacred name,  
 For ever bless'd.
- 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 power,  
 And him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all his ways:  
 He calls a worm his friend!  
 He calls himself my God!  
 And he shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesus' blood.



174 PRAISE TO THE EVERLASTING GOD.

4 He by himself hath sworn,  
I on his oath depend,  
I shall on eagle's wings upborne  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore,  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
Forevermore.

PART SECOND.

5 Tho' nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way  
At his command:  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view;  
And thro' the howling wilderness,  
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty bless'd;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest;  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound;  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our righteousness  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace;  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And glorious, with his saints in light,  
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,  
He guards them by his side,  
Arrays in garments white and pure,  
His spotless bride;  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
With groves of living joys,  
With all the fruits of paradise,  
He still supplies.

- 9 Before the Three in One,  
 They all exulting stand,  
 And tell the wonders he hath done,  
 Through all their land.  
 The listening spheres attend,  
 And swell the growing fame,  
 And sing, in songs which never end,  
 The wondrous name.

## PART THIRD.

- 10 The God who reigns on high,  
 The great arch-angels sing,  
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
 "Almighty King!  
 Who was and is the same,  
 And evermore shall be;  
 Jehovah; Father; Great I am!  
 We worship thee."
- 11 Before the Saviour's face  
 The ransom'd nations bow;  
 O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,  
 For ever new.  
 He shows his prints of love,  
 They kindle to a flame,  
 And sound, through all the world above,  
 The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 12 The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high;  
 Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 They ever cry;  
 Hail, Abraham's God, and mine,  
 I join the heavenly lays;  
 All might and majesty are thine,  
 And endless praise.

